

FREDERICK GOODYEAR
LETTERS & REMAINS

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FREDERICK GOODYEAR



FREDERICK GOODYEAR—1913.

FREDERICK GOODYEAR

LETTERS AND REMAINS

1887 - 1917

*Primitiæ juvenis miseriæ bellique propinqui
Dura rudimenta et nulli exaudita deorum
Vota precesque meæ*

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FOREWORD

FREDERICK GOODYEAR was born on the 5th March 1887 at Fallow Corner, North Finchley, then almost a country district, surrounded by open fields and woodlands which had not yet been swept away by the advancing fringe of the metropolis. He came of middle-class stock. His father was the proprietor of a sufficiently prosperous coal business; but he has never allowed business to monopolise his attention, and for many years he has taken an active part in the public life of the district and the county. In politics a Liberal of the Gladstonian school, he combines a ripe and kindly judgment with a shrewd independence of mind, all too rare in present times. Many traits in Frederick's character were obviously derived from his father: a mother's influence is less easily defined. Frederick's mother was of Celtic extraction, and from her he probably drew the vein of imagination which coloured and inspired the keen intellectual gifts he inherited from his father. There grew up with him an elder sister, to whom many of his most intimate letters were addressed, and a younger brother Geoffrey, who served first in the Yeomanry, and later, with a commission, in the Machine Gun Corps, and who has gone through the whole war unscathed.

In the atmosphere of such a home Frederick passed a happy and healthy boyhood. Till the age of fifteen, he was educated privately, first by Miss Shoults of Finchley and later at Christ's College, Finchley. He was at that time a sturdily built and powerful boy, with a tendency to voluble argument (stimulated, perhaps, by the *Westminster Gazette*, of which he was, even at that age, a 'constant reader'); but equally prone to relapse into abrupt and impenetrable silences. His physical features were literally dominated by an exuberant growth of thick, curly, dark-brown hair, in whose matted thatch he once boasted that a fair-sized pebble had been found securely lodged. He was already an omnivorous and unprincipled reader of books: but he was quite as fond of long, and usually solitary, rambles in the country, and of the cricket field, where he soon showed more than average proficiency. During this period he made a lasting friendship with one of his masters, Mr. H. T. Evans (now Capt. Evans, M.D.),

at whose home in Wales he spent several delightful holidays. He was also greatly influenced by his uncle, Mr. A. W. Browne.

In 1902 he passed on to University College School, where he remained till 1905. His School record is summed up in the 'Valete' notice in the *Gower* (September 1905):—

'F. Goodyear. Room Δ. Sergeant of Monitors—First Eleven Colours 1904-5. Average Bat 1904. Member of Games Club Committee. Sergeant of Cadet Corps. Member of Scientific Society and Chess Club. Librarian of Reading-Room. Asst. Secretary Debating Society. Case Prizeman (bracketed), 1904-5. Carpenter Prizeman (bracketed), 1904. Colonel Young Prizeman, 1905. Lewis Prizeman (Latin Prose), 1904-5. Senior Reading Prize, 1904-5. Scholar of Brasenose College, Oxford.'

His Housemaster (for though University College is a day school, the boys are grouped into Houses), Mr. A. W. Tressler, under whom he subsequently served at Charterhouse, has added a few personal notes to this summary. 'From the first,' he writes, 'his striking appearance and incisive manner arrested attention. His interests were literary and artistic, rather than academic, and for schoolmasters bent on producing scholars at Oxford or Cambridge, he was not a very easy subject to handle. Essentially an eclectic, he found it difficult to concentrate on subjects that bored him. . . . I remember his once telling me that I could make him do most things, and I accepted it as a compliment, because Frederick Goodyear was not a boy who readily followed the crowd. He was not easy to influence, but you were never in doubt about his attitude, and, where others besides himself were concerned, I never knew him to turn back from the plough to which he had put his hand. . . . No Housemaster could have had a more capable and loyal House-captain.'

In March 1905, Frederick was elected to the Senior Classical Scholarship at Brasenose, and he went into residence the following autumn. The five years he spent at Oxford were, perhaps, the happiest in his life. The atmosphere of the University, offering, as it did, unlimited opportunity for the pursuit of every literary and intellectual interest, appealed most strongly to his discursive nature. He made many friends, both among his fellow-undergraduates and among the senior members of the College, being particularly attached to Mr. H. F. Fox. Owing to his preference for the byways of literature, he did not obtain the full degree of academic distinction which his abilities undoubtedly merited, but he probably regarded the invitation from the College to write the 'Ale Verses'¹ as a worthier in-

¹ Page 149.

centive for his talents than all the invitations to the Examination Hall. He could never be persuaded that his reading should be directed into the narrow channels prescribed by the Examining Body, and throughout his time he browsed at large on whatever aspect of literature, art, or philosophy pleased his fancy. Thus he was, as Mr. Fox writes, 'the despair of his tutors' hearts (getting worse as he went on); but his unconventional course of study undoubtedly developed his mental powers amazingly, and made him a most stimulating and delightful companion.'

At the same time, the shyness, which had always been a trait in his character, became greatly intensified at Oxford. The habit of self-analysis, which is naturally prevalent in academic circles, grew upon him, till he seemed to look at himself as if it were no concern of his; to regard himself as somebody else for whom he was not actually responsible, indeed, as some one whose aberrations were a fit and proper subject for his own entertainment. And this abstraction of mind did not—as it sometimes does—result in a strengthening of his will: on the contrary, it combined with his natural modesty to induce in him an attitude of self-disparagement, which, though it possibly began as a convenient excuse for his eclecticism, in the end became a settled and serious self-deception. The academic influence of Oxford, in fact, disheartened him, as it has many of her sons—refining his critical faculties, but atrophying his powers of action.

It was therefore in a somewhat unsettled mood that Frederick left Oxford after getting—to the disappointment of everybody but himself—a Second Class in his Final Schools. Cast adrift from the moorings to which he had become attached, for the next few years he drifted rather than took up any definite career. So far as he had a profession, he was a journalist, reporting Cricket for *The Field* (through the introduction of Mr. A. W. Browne, who was then Sports sub-editor), and contributing essays, reviews, and occasional verses to various magazines and periodicals, mainly to *Rhythm*. In 1910 he visited Finland for *The Field*, and an account of his experiences there will be found among these letters.¹ And in 1913 he went to Paris with Mr. J. Middleton Murry, and stayed there for some months, during which he was occupied with a long autobiographical novel. Both episodes he enjoyed, but neither seems to have left any marked effect on his temperament or character.

Early in 1914 he forsook journalism to take up a post as temporary Assistant Master at Charterhouse: but the conven-

¹ Pages 22-29.

tional atmosphere of a public school and the necessary routine of the educational machine was hardly capable of captivating him permanently. On leaving Charterhouse, he made arrangements to write a series of books on British Sports ; but no sooner had he entered into the proposal sufficiently to realise what it meant than he accepted a post as Assistant Manager of the Oxford University Press at Bombay (April 1914), chiefly, as he explained, to get himself out of the contract.

The visit to India—and particularly an expedition which he made to Marmagao ¹—gave him a new and stimulating environment. But he was not long enough there to become acclimatised, and he suffered a good deal with his eyes during the hot weather. His shyness, too, handicapped him in Anglo-Indian society ; and his letters suggest that he was more interested in the India of the Indians than in the super-imposed British civilisation in which he had to move. However, within a few months of his arrival, the European War broke out, and after remaining at Bombay till the manager, whose place he was filling, had returned, he threw up his post and sailed for home in January 1915.

On his arrival, he went straight to the headquarters of the Artists' Rifles and enlisted, proceeding to France in May. His temperament was not naturally attuned to military discipline, and before long he had some minor passage with his Sergeant-Major, which he has described, with his usual humour, in the 'Loyal and Heroic Ballad of the Bloody Wars in France.' ² Although it was an episode such as must have happened time and again in the training of our civilian armies, it led to some difficulty in getting a commission. Accordingly, he put in for a post as observer in the Meteorological department, and, despite a change of tone on the part of the regimental authorities, he adhered to his application and secured a transfer, with the rank of corporal, to the Royal Engineers in September 1915. For the next year he led a vegetative existence behind the lines, studying the flora and fauna of France and Flanders as much as, or more than, the atmospheric conditions, on which his military duties were concentrated. In the summer of 1916, however, he had an instinct, as he says, that one of his migratory periods was coming on ; and he was sent back to England to go through the Cadet course at Newmarket, obtaining a commission in the Essex Regiment in February 1917.

During this his last stay in England, he seemed to be more himself than he had been since leaving Oxford : the hesitation and lack of confidence that had overclouded the past few years

¹ Page 76.

² Page 175.

had been shaken off, and it was in a thoroughly cheerful and self-possessed mood that he left for France on the 16th March 1917 to join his battalion.

His experience of active warfare was but too brief. Within a few weeks of his return to France, his battalion went into action in the later stages of the bitter fighting round Arras. On the 12th of May, during an attack on Fampoux, he was buried by a shell, which hit his dug-out. Though he was soon found and taken to the Canadian Casualty Clearing Station at Aubigny, his left leg was so smashed that it had to be amputated. So much is known from the letter which he himself wrote at Aubigny, which is published in this volume ¹: and the clearness with which he describes what happened, and replies to various inquiries about migratory birds, sufficiently indicate the spirit that animated him up to the end. Unfortunately, it seems that further operations were subsequently necessary, and it is to be inferred that his right leg was amputated on the 22nd, that the shock overtaxed his strength, and that his life 'just ebbed out' at 2.30 A.M. on the 23rd May 1917.

Such is the chronicle of Frederick Goodyear's life: cut short as it was before maturity, it is difficult to give more than a chronicle. A character still in process of formation is never easy to analyse: and a character so bewildering to its own curator may well baffle analysis by any one else. One can only mark tendencies, nuances, influences: the manifold and diverse threads, which, in happier circumstances, would, almost certainly, have been woven into a uniform and brilliant texture, had not yet been brought to harmonise. Yet, with all the varied motives which were constantly in process of crystallisation and solution (to use his own phrase), there was always—even in boyhood—a strong underlying individuality which marked him out. Perhaps its dominant feature may be said to be an incontrovertible passion for Truth. There was Puritan blood in his veins, and from it, perhaps, he drew his vehement intolerance of anything approaching deception. In everyday life he deliberately affected a brusquerie of manner and an incisive frankness of speech which sometimes gave rise to misunderstandings; but this was, in the main, a reflexion of his enthusiasm for the attainment of concrete truth, his constant aim both in the field of thought and of expression. He appeared always to regard experience as an opportunity for acquiring knowledge and never to accept knowledge as a short cut to experience. Compromises he could not endure: and he found it far less

¹ Page 133.

difficult to subscribe to two mutually contradictory propositions, each of which convinced him, than to accept some intermediate solution with which he was not satisfied. Thus the philosophy on which he worked had something of the clear-cut but contradictory character of a Cubist design.

He applied the same principles to himself as to the universe, and his own character was one of the problems in which he was most keenly interested. His shrewd and sceptical genius was always mocking him with doubts as to his own correctness: and his habit of introspection gave him an unnatural detachment of outlook which militated against his success in life. After he left Oxford, though he had, in reality, an excellent aptitude for affairs, he sedulously cultivated the idea that his was a wholly useless temperament. But his fatalism had nothing of the easy-going indolence of the East: it had far more in common with the predestinationist dogmas of Calvin. There was, indeed, more than a touch of Calvinism in his composition: and though he was too critical for orthodoxy, he had a stern and unbending faith in the principles of good.

This intellectual austerity was, however, tempered and transfused by a never-failing sense of humour, which he was always willing to exercise at his own expense: and his wide range of interests, his quick sympathies, his keen and spontaneous wit, his frank and generous nature, made him a delightful friend to those who succeeded in overcoming the barriers of reserve which his shyness erected. He was not a maker of conversation: but he was a great talker, and he would never resist a challenge to argument—especially on the subjects which he was continually arguing with himself. Despite frequent fits of despondency which he sometimes worked off on his correspondents, he was essentially not a gloomy fellow: even when he was most depressed, a single word was sufficient to revive his good humour. In a fragment of autobiography he describes his grandfather and his great-uncle thus:—

‘My grandfather was a Nonconformist . . . but he would have none of the gloom of Nonconformity. He was a keen Arminian. “I believe in a free grace for everybody,” he would exclaim to his elder brother Benjamin, who would grunt like Tony Weller, and answer in his hollow, gruff voice: “Save yourself, then.” For my grandfather was rather a ribald man, and inclined to the type of the unrepentant sinner; while my great-uncle Ben was a grim, puritanical farmer . . . but so kind and honest and humorous in the best sense, that he inspired steadfast affection in any one who had the pluck and penetration to know him.’

The family characteristics lived again in Frederick.

One other dominant feature was his enthusiasm for all forms of Natural History. When he was a boy of six or seven only, his father was explaining that a person becomes an 'authority' on a subject when he knows a lot about it. 'Must he know everything about it?' asked Frederick. 'No, not everything: but more than any one round him.' 'Then,' said Frederick, with a boy's logic, 'in this house I suppose I'm an authority on birds?' At an early age he became a member of the Royal Society for the Protection of Wild Birds, and he regularly attended its meetings. His habit of taking long solitary rambles grew from his desire to study nature undisturbed: and his letters bear evidence how strong this interest was in him, right to the end. From the observations which he collected during his life, he has left considerable material for a book on British Birds.

The outbreak of the war came as a shock to all his interests and preconceptions: and his letters show that he was not carried away by any superficial wave of patriotic fervour. But distasteful as it was to his scholar-gipsy temperament, he recognised that his duty was to serve: and he was far too conscientious to admit any intellectual excuse for abstention. So he came back as soon as practicable, and at the end he gave himself wholeheartedly, like so many less critical spirits, to the cause of liberty, for which he was to lay down his life. Had he been spared a few more years, there is every reason to believe that his self-criticism would have matured and given him a solid basis on which to mould his destiny. To his many friends, the cutting short of his promise will ever remain one of the saddest of the sacrifices imposed by the war.

Many of the qualities which distinguished Frederick Goodyear from his contemporaries may be seen, as it were embalmed, in the casual correspondence which forms the major part of this miscellany. Many, if not all of them, he would probably have objected to publishing: but now that he is no longer here, they may serve as some memorial of his rare spirit.

In concluding this Foreword, I have to express my indebtedness to all those who have lent their letters for this compilation, and to Mr. A. W. Tressler, Mr. H. F. Fox, Major H. F. Scudamore, and Captain P. A. Landon, M.C., for the assistance they have given me. I have also to thank the Editors of *The Field*, *The Varsity*, and *The New Age* for their consent to the publication of the contributions which appeared in these papers.

F. W. LEITH ROSS.

Extract from Oxford Magazine, June 1, 1917

OXFORD'S SACRIFICE

‘ SED MILES, SED PRO PATRIA ’

BRASENOSE COLLEGE

FREDERICK GOODYEAR came up to Brasenose in October 1905, as a Scholar from University College School. In the opinion of his tutors he was the ablest man that has come to the College in their time. But he always failed to do himself justice or to profit fully by his opportunities. If his own account was to be believed (and those who knew him best accept it), he was without any ambition to get on, in the usual sense of the word. He was fond of birds and beasts and flowers (on which subjects he had a mass of minute and interesting knowledge) and of desultory reading and talking to his friends. He had fits of lethargy and indisposition to work which were perhaps in part physical, though in part they were due to a certain weakness of will, which he always acknowledged with an engaging frankness which made criticism difficult. He was very introspective and better aware than any one else of his own defect of character, which he exaggerated to himself and finally accepted as inevitable, though it is not certain how far he regarded it as a fault. But he was a most stimulating influence to the intellectual men of his time. Unambitious and dilatory, his interests were always intellectual, and if he deserted the plain road of academical routine it was to wander in no ignoble by-paths. He was an excellent talker, and loved to talk. He wrote admirably on any of the numerous subjects that interested him. He had plenty of interest and sympathy to spare for his friends, of whom he had many who deeply deplore his loss. Some of them never ceased to believe that he would some day find his vocation and use his remarkable powers for some great and useful end.

A Brasenose contemporary writes of him :—

‘ He was in some ways, I think, nearest to a genius of any one who was at Oxford in my time. There were not very many who knew him really well : he was much too shy for the ordinary athletic world, although he was devoted to games himself. What I shall remember most about him was his curious philo-

sophy of detachment. He really looked on life as something rather outside him, and this gave him an originality and humour which made him an ideal companion and friend. I hoped he would stay in Bombay, knowing that, if he once got out here, where duty must mean loss of life or limb sooner or later, his strength of character would carry him into every danger. But he never cared for death, and I don't think he can have minded very much.'

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EARLY LETTERS, 1903-1911

To his Father

DOLANOG VICARAGE,
NR. WELSHPOOL, *Aug. 10, 1903.*

THE birds of this district are remarkable both for the number of species and the multitude of specimens of each kind. Kingfishers can often be heard, but they are very difficult to see. It is interesting to note that I have not beheld a single specimen of *Passer Domesticus* (Linnæus) since last Wednesday, and no starlings since Thursday. But the birds which have excited me most are the dippers. I wish you could see them. There are a good number on the river. If you see them back view, they look like small blackbirds. But in front they are of the most glistening white. They can fly at a terrific pace close to the foam of the river. They often fly right through the water, and then up on to a rock, where they keep on bobbing their tails like a blackbird. Their cry is something like the clock-winding note of the thrush and robin. Their song I have heard once. It resembles that of the wren, but is not shrill like the wren's. In fact it is one of the most musical notes I have heard. Grey wagtails abound on the river. The other day I put up a heron, which was fishing on the banks. Another bird which I should have liked you to see is the goat-sucker. We went out to see them the other evening at dusk. We waited some time and then a pair appeared. They can fly at a tremendous speed. After a bit they began churring, or, at least, one of them did. It was a very weird noise. I also heard the sharp 'wh-it' noise, which the book says may or may not be made by their wings. The hills here go up to 1500 feet and more in places. The views one gets are magnificent. I should think that no other place in Wales can be more luxuriant, and the country at the same time so broken. The hills are not stern and grand. They are of a good, rugged shape, but are covered with fern or heather over the top. There are woods all along the Vyrnwy.

The service in church to-day was entirely in Welsh. I dare say twenty people attended. The Rev. gentleman who officiated

has the most extraordinary intonation you can imagine. It is all right in Welsh, possibly, but when transferred to English it is too emphatic. There is no choir. He also rings the bell in person. There is an harmonium fixed in the second pew from the front on one side, which supplies the music. The machinery thereof creaks like—the dining-room door here. I cannot find any parallel for it with which we are both acquainted. I do not know what the tunes of the hymns were this morning; everybody sang just what they liked—especially H. T. E. The cottager's chapel cannot have been in it. That was at least in English. H. T. E. went to sleep three times during this evening service. He goes to sleep here on the least temptation. The flies too bite him fearfully. I never *did* know such a place for flies, but the place and the flies agree with me much better than they do with him. I am getting used to the salt bacon. They cook two eggs for me each morning, and I have to eat tons of bacon. It so happens too that I like trout. Result: I have to eat both. I frightened myself considerably the first day with the amount I ate; but I did not burst, so I am getting more self-confident now.

To his Sister

DOLANOG VICARAGE, April 11, 1904.

I am writing this in my bedroom, and shall let the postman take it to-morrow. Firstly, I have arrived safely. I am using a single candle as illumination. You see I have here the genuine article. *You* may say that you have four-and-twenty candle power in your room, but I actually have a candle—no trumpery imitation. I do not feel as if I was on a visit—I feel rather as if I had just arrived home. I can scarcely imagine I was ever absent from this place. I was surprised how I seemed to be the intimate friend of every stone even!

Mr. Evans met me at Shrewsbury. He had been cycling and training home from Polmont since Saturday morning. The wind was so awful—he only cycled eighty-eight miles of the way, and that with great difficulty. We took the toy railway from Welshpool to Heniarth. It was only two minutes late. This fact elicited universal comment. Last August it was one hour late in starting, but that was because it had run out of water—to be brief, the engine stopped rather long to have a drink. We move out from Welshpool. Go it! you gallant little engine—rather a steep gradient here—don't puff so—shall we get out and shove? Oh, here's a station which will give it a rest. All

the people get in from Welshpool market, which is on Mondays. This second station is more in Welshpool itself—the terminus being just outside Welshpool L. & N.W.R. Station. Heaps of fat old women, myriads of baskets—Hang it! the engine had work enough with half-a-dozen—what will it do with 200? Oh, we're off again, going a good pace . . . Oh, there's the third milestone, we have done the three miles in exactly an hour by our watches. Hullo, another station—no houses in sight to use it—suppose it is to rest the engine—deserves it, poor thing—I wouldn't like to lug all those fatties up this steep hill. Going a terrific pace—express through one station—it did not take us many minutes to pass the name, although it is the longest on the line. Have reached another station—have been here a long time—why don't we start?—Perhaps the engine has overstrained itself—shall write to the S.P.C.A.—Oh, no, it's all right—I see now—the engine-driver is talking to his girl—never mind *us*, old chap, don't you hurry—off at last. . . . Now, we're at Heniarth—the guard, ticket-collector, porter, station-master, etc., etc., and all the staff at the station open the door of the luggage-van to get H. T. E.'s bicycle—you see they only constituted one entity. Get the bicycle—train steams away; too much fag for the guard, or even the ticket-collector or the porter, or even the station-master himself to shut the door of the van—so it steams away wide open—doesn't matter a bit. Have seen lots of curlews and a barn owl. Annie, the servant, was taken with weakness of the knees when she saw me, but soon recovered. Two brown owls have just come and are hooting this minute outside.

Can you read this? I can't.

We went to church twice on Sunday. I heard the vicar saying in the evening sermon that there were two roads from Galilee to Judæa, one through Samaria and the other beyond the river, also that the Jews were at loggerheads with the Samaritans. The sermon was all about the woman of Samaria. I never listen to an English sermon so assiduously as I do to these Welsh ones. You might tell Mother that; because I am not very keen on going to church next Sunday.

To the Same

ORME'S HEAD VIEW,
PENMAENMAWR, *Sept. 7, 1904.*

This is to wish you many happy returns of the day on which you will receive it. Though, as I believe you are trying just

at present to be young, it may be rather disagreeable than otherwise to be reminded that your age is a quarter of a century. By the way, *agréable* is French and not English. I tell you because that is the spelling you adopted in the postcard we got this morning.

Mother and Geoffrey and myself visited the old church at Llangelynin on Monday afternoon. We discovered the cottage where the keys are kept and were duly shown round. We were informed that the age of this edifice is 1500 years, which is rather startling. Certainly the font looked venerable enough to have been the site of the christening of Dafydd and Llewelyn and Cadwallon ap Cadwaladr and Cadwaladr ap Cadwallon and everybody else. I am not sure whether the above-named gentlemen were heathens or not. Fifteen hundred years ago Christianity can have only just been introduced, I should think. The Anglo-Saxons were then still in Germany and heathens. But you will, of course, remember that Christianity is of longer standing among the Celts than the English. Witness Iona and the Arthurian legends, etc. The gravestones are ancient. The oldest I was able to decipher was 1684. The pews are oaken and old; the Bible shredded and old. The large prayer-book is in a similar state.

The inside of the church is whitewashed with ancient rough beams all over the place. The tombstones are of slate. The grass in the graveyard is cropped by sheep. Just outside the graveyard an amiable donkey made friends with us, and was so economical as to devour all our old banana skins for us.

Yesterday I deserted the family and went for an extensive walk from Penmaenmawr to Bettws-y-coed, whence I trained home by the 6.15. I reached the top of Foel Fras in 2 hrs. 38 mins., which was pretty quick. I made no mistake until I began to descend from Carnedd Llewelyn, when I accidentally got to the lake at the head of the river Llugwy instead of going down to Llyn Cawlyd. This made me strike the Holyhead road not much more than a mile below Lake Ogwen, and I had to walk over eight miles along the road to Bettws-y-Coed station. However, it is of course all down hill, and I covered the seven miles which are definitely measurable by the mile-stones in ninety-two minutes, and before six o'clock I was seated in that tea-shop which we have patronised before, scalding myself with hot tea. If I had known the times of the trains from Bethesda, I should certainly have gone from Carnedd Llewelyn to Carnedd Dafydd and thence down to Bethesda.

It looked a jolly walk along the 'Saddle' from Llewelyn to Dafydd. The marshes throughout were difficult, on account, I suppose, of the rain which fell the night before. In fact it was like walking over a sponge, wherever it was not over rocks and stones. I got so callous about the marshes that I ceased very soon to attempt to avoid them. From the Llugwy Lake to the main road I was leaping from hummock to hummock throughout, my whole way—there was no path—being over an ugly peat-bog. Soon after leaving this lake I got a wonderful view of Lake Ogwen, with Lake Idwal in the Devil's Kitchen on the side of Y Garn nestling about it. The day was just about ideal, it being fairly clear, and the clouds did not come so low as the mountain tops once. Only the top of Snowdon seemed to have a cloud on it all day. I could not see Snowdon from Y Foel Fras—there is something in between, but from Carnedd Llewelyn it looked very fine. On account of its isolated position it seemed about 1000 feet higher than my own situation, although in reality the difference between the heights of these two mountains is only seventy-six feet. The cloud was still on Snowdon when I saw it from Capel Curig. I was fairly successful in birds, seeing a pair of grouse, duly equipped in dirty white trousers, and also, I believe, a blackcock, but of him I am not yet certain. However I think I shall be able to identify him when I get home by his curious note—something between a genuine crow and a 'chortle.' Almost on the very top of Foel Fras I saw three birds which I immediately recognised never to have seen previously. They were of the sandpiper or plover type, but about as big as pigeons! Their shape was long and their eyes very conspicuous. Their heads were streaky and their general colour was that brown colour which is so general among the birds of these islands, and which Uncle Arthur describes as 'British Brown.' They ran with incredible rapidity over the stones and eventually flew away, uttering a plaintive double-note, the latter syllable of which was uttered in a higher key (or whatever you call it) than the other. I immediately suspected that they were stone curlew (*alias* Norfolk plover, *alias* thickknee), and when I got back here and looked them up I found I was probably right. From the very summit of Llewelyn I saw a kestrel, and lower down I saw two dippers, like we saw on the way up to Llyn-yr-Afon. Near Capel Curig I saw an immense hawk, but I think it may only have been an extra large female kestrel. I also saw a heron on the Conway from the train and a large flock of oystercatchers near the Penmaenbach. It is very difficult to decide how far I

walked, but I dare say it was twenty-four miles. I got more road-walking at the end than I had bargained for.

To the Same

FALLOW CORNER, Sept. 9, 1904.

I had an interview with Dr. Roberts to-day, and I asked him how it was that I had had a picture postcard from him of Seaford, stating at the same time that you were there. He told me that he occasionally went to Seaford to stay with his brother, who is a parson at a place called, I think, 'Hoplingstone'—or something like that, about one and a half miles off. He was very eloquent in praise of this brother of his. He informed me that he preaches extempore, and that numbers of people go from Seaford to hear him, so that he gets a very good congregation. Dr. Roberts requested me to drop you a line about this brother, which I am now doing. He seems to estimate his brother's oratorical powers by the number of brother-parsons that may be identified in his audiences, for he (the doctor) said in a very impressive voice, almost in fact with bated breath, that, when he was there about a fortnight ago, there were three clergymen in the congregation, and he had heard that on the previous Sunday there were no less than five. (*Quite* a casket of brotherly love.) After hearing this preacher so strongly recommended—though I forgot to ask what his average sermon-length was—I have no doubt whatever but that you will take steps to put in an appearance at Watlingstone (or whatever it is) on Sunday. Besides, some of those clergymen who attend privately may be eligible young curates. You see, the sum total of the attractions of this place of worship amounts to something stupendous.

I am getting very anxious for you to come back. It is a curious psychological phenomenon, but nevertheless perfectly true, that I am filled with 'hiraeth' and yearning, as soon as you have been away a day or two, though I am perfectly aware that I am just as likely as not to be out of temper and have a row with you when you *do* come. I fancy I must like having rows with you.

In my other letter I told you about three birds I took for stone curlews. On turning the various birds up in my other books, I find that the stone curlew is almost unknown in Wales! As a matter of fact, I am now absolutely and finally convinced that the birds were golden plovers. This species is a veritable 'montagnard.' Besides, I find that the note I heard corresponds more accurately with that given in the books for the golden

plover than with that for the stone curlew. The owls made a tremendous noise round here last night and kept me awake till about three o'clock. They were tu-whitting again this evening.

Father reports that the fifth curate in two years has just left. According to Field, who is of course a dissenter, they have had all five to go on account of being somewhat insane or mentally deficient. The truth seems to be that the rector offers such a small stipend that the chances are rather in favour of his getting a lunatic than otherwise. These curates are such a nuisance that the woman with whom they put up has declared her fixed determination never to take another. So wags the world! Perhaps those five curates were the very five that attended the Reverend Roberts' church a little while ago.

To the Same

FALLOW CORNER, Sept. 13, 1904.

I sincerely hope that your health profited greatly by being drunk. It is a curious anomaly that, whereas an ordinary individual does not do his health any good by being drunk, yet, if the health and not the individual is drunk, great advantages accrue, or are supposed, by some mysterious agency, to do so.

I played cricket for Finchley Second XI. v. Beaumont C. C. at Crouch End on Saturday, but had only made 1 when I was run out. As I was running I got the ball right on the back of the head, as it was thrown in by a fieldsman on the leg-side, but, curiously enough, I scarcely felt it, except that the weight of it jarred my shoulder rather. Everybody thought I must be hurt, as it made an awful racket, the result of striking a hollow body. The only ill effects I have felt are a slight stiffness of the neck and shoulder muscles. I can only just tell where it hit—is that not curious?

I went up by the 12.43 train yesterday, being due at the Imp. Inst. for my exam. at 2.0, but I was ten minutes late! Being late I rushed through the corridors, etc., in the directions pointed out to me, and I suppose I hung up my waterproof and cap! But when I left the room at 5.0 I had not the least idea of the way down! However, I followed the mob and after traversing various 'caverns measureless to man,' which I did not recognise at all, I got to a place where numberless hats and coats were suspended. It is an absolute fact that I had not the least recollection of the place, and it took me nearly fifteen minutes to find my coat, which I rightly conjectured I must have hung up somewhere in the neighbourhood!!! I went into the Nat.

Hist. Museum for a few minutes to-day and examined the worms which are found in the intestines—a seasonable study directly after lunch.

Did you discover what was the correct name of the parish wherein Mr. Roberts' brother is clergyman ?

As you have not much time for correspondence, I suppose I had better answer my last letter to you myself. Here is a rough draft :

CARNBREA,
SEAFORD, *Sept.* 1904.

'MY DEAR FREDERICK,

I am enjoying myself very much. I hope you are well and happy and that you will get through the matric. I hope to goodness you have done some work since I last saw you. I am coming home on Thursday. The weather here is pretty fair. It is time I went to bed now, so good-night, with love from your affectionate sister,
EDITH.'

The above is a model for a letter, containing padding *only*. The actual substance could, I fancy, come from your fertile brain and facile pen alone.

To Miss Shoultz

FALLOW CORNER, *March* 20, 1905.

I have to-day been elected to an open Classical Scholarship at Brasenose College, Oxford. It is worth, I believe, £80 a year. You had so much to do with the foundation of my studies that I feel it is only due to you to be informed immediately of any success that may fall to my lot.

I was examined at Oxford for it last week. It was only at the shortest notice that I went.

Please excuse my slowness in thanking you for the letter you sent me on my birthday. I should have acknowledged it before, if the hurry of going away had not put it out of my head for the time.

To his Sister

BRASENOSE COLLEGE,
OXFORD, *Feb.* 12, 1906.

The sort of Pagan I had really got in the back of my head is a Roman or Greek. As G. K. Chesterton says, an essential characteristic of Christianity is that it came after Paganism, meaning thereby that it is a natural development out of it.

That seems to me sound, as things never happen miraculously in this world. Chesterton in his mystical way claims that Christianity is essentially illogical—Faith, Hope, and Charity being its own discoveries and quite illogical, and that therein lies its truth, life being an illogical thing, whereas the Pagans attempted to live logically. But the other day, just before I wrote to you, I had read an essay maintaining with equal plausibility an almost directly opposite standpoint.

Religion is a vague term and can mean numberless different things. I shall be interested to read Murray's *Oxford Dictionary* on the subject when they get so far. Religion, as used by some people, means a creed, church and ritual, hierarchy and all appurtenances—nothing less. It can also mean a theory of the Universe. It can also mean any belief about any subject which is peculiarly sacred to a man—*e.g.*, Free Trade is a religion with me. On the whole, I think that there is great probability in the statement that man is necessarily idealistic, which means he must believe in something, but that something may be quite terrestrial—*e.g.*, he can believe in Socialism. Surely every one has a religion in that sense. Religion in its widest and best use is an application of philosophy and metaphysics to life. If a religion does not enter into one's whole life, it is not worth having. It is then a superstition and not a religion. Most modern religion is mere superstition. Think of the man in Milton's *Areopagitica*, whose religion went out every day. Nowadays people send their religion away for six days in seven. Their real (unconscious) religion seems a sort of passive hedonism—passive because obedience to the laws that be is now considered such a virtue. Even if you disagree with the laws, you must obey them—be normal. Query, is this a phase of 'Might is Right'?

The mind which is incapable of putting its trust in a theory puts it in a divinity or a church or the preacher at the local chapel, as the case may be. The worship of clergymen is the worst form of modern superstition, and is peculiarly apparent among females, who are less capable of abstract thought and more attracted to personalities than men. This does not apply to you, as you happen to have a masculine mind.

On the whole, I think that what is usually called religion will die out. It seems to me only a debased form of philosophy. The modern idea that religion does not matter shows that modern religion is mere superstition. When Chesterton says that religion is the only thing that really matters, he is both right and wrong. Religion, as to-day understood, is a fantastic sort of thing which it is impossible to take seriously. Yet true

religion, when present, must be the only important thing. Our religion being what it is, people would be very ill-advised to make too much of it.

Can you unravel all this? I believe it is consistent, if you make out clearly which sense of the word religion I mean to be taken in each case. On the whole, it seems doubtful whether man is capable of an unselfish action. Personally I am at present persuaded that he is not. Consequently, taking human nature at what I believe it to be, I believe that the best thing we can do is to be as selfish as possible. But we must not be selfish in an ordinary and narrow sense. The ultimate effects of any action must be worked out. Consequently the power of being virtuous depends on the knowledge of what will be the results of one's actions—*i.e.*, Virtue is Knowledge and Vice is Ignorance, according to the old Platonic doctrine. We are born into a world, or rather into the midst of a species of animal which is highly gregarious and lives in a very artificial society. It is obvious that our happiness depends on the preservation of that society. In judging of any action we must be altruistic and calculate what would be the result if everybody acted likewise. I have not time now to work out test cases, but I believe that following up this train of thought we should come to the conclusion that, generally speaking, those actions are virtuous and vicious which are usually considered so. We already have certain ideas prevalent as to what is virtuous and what is vicious. Utilitarian and Intuitive moralists may dispute how they got there, but no theory of morals can lay serious claim to recognition unless its conclusions as to concrete right and wrong tally with our preconceived notions.

I said that religion would probably die, as man advanced. Yes, but philosophy will live. The foundation of philosophy is the belief in absolute truth. We may come to the conclusion that truth is subjective and differs for the individual. Then, *either* it is absolute truth that truth is subjective, *or* for us—subjective to us—truth is subjective and may be absolute for some one else. Thus you see we go round in a circle, if we say that truth is subjective, and it seems to me inconceivable therefore that absolute truth does not exist.

I think I agree with you in a desire to promote the happiness, *i.e.*, of society. But I go back one further and give a reason for it or attempt to. It is a fact that we prefer to see happy faces around us rather than unhappy. And unhappiness among mankind makes them discontented with society, and they stir up everybody and incidentally make *me* unhappy. As Plato says,

injustice is a disintegrating and justice is a combining factor in society. Hence under my scheme we are committed to justice. I do not believe in prayer, because I do not believe in anything to pray to. I am an atheist as near as can be, *i.e.* I deny the existence of supreme powers except natural laws. They always were and always will be, so there is no necessity to imagine a creator thereof. In my present state of mind I cannot be a Christian, *i.e.*, cannot believe in Christ. In fact he strikes me as a not very important personage in the world's history—a poet and visionary, who went up and down Palestine preaching a new kind of mysticism. Paul is the real founder of the Christian religion. He first saw its capability as a world-faith, and developed it accordingly. Compare St. Matthew with St. John for an idea of his developments. Jesus meant his faith for Jews only, as far as I can see. Paul must have been one of the greatest men who ever lived. Read Frederic Harrison on the subject. Paul is fitly honoured in the Positivist Calendar. Whether I can take a few lessons from the Sermon on the Mount is another question, and at present I am strongly inclined to believe in the commercial value of humility and merey. Who *does* believe in them nowadays? Scarcely anybody. Mr. Chamberlain's Imperialism—possibly all Imperialism—is utterly and hopelessly immoral, judged by the touchstone of the Sermon on the Mount.

After this sustained discussion of lofty subjects I cannot descend to mere mundane affairs, so will write again soon. You might digest this letter a little—I cannot trouble to read it over again myself—and, at least, point out any discrepancies or inconsistencies which you may notice.

My ideas are always in a state of flux, or rather they undergo alternate crystallisation and solution. There has been a sudden crystallisation since my last letter.

To the Same

B. N. C., March 1, 1906.

I thank you very much for your letter. As you liked those two postcards, I am sending you on the remainder of the series. I am sorry that I omitted to say that the pictures have come and are very nice indeed.

I think the question is whether Christianity is true (*i.e.* Christianity without Christ), *because* it is illogical, human nature being an illogical thing. Miracles of all kinds I am prepared to

reject wholesale, including the divinity of Jesus ; but that does not make his body of doctrine, especially as expanded, organised and interpreted by Paul, less valuable. So far as I can work out examples, actions prompted by enlightened selfishness are often such as we call unselfish. As I said, we come back to the Platonic doctrine of Knowledge is Virtue, the selfishness of all men being perfect and complete and therefore equal—not that this last is Platonic. There is more affinity between complete agnosticism and Catholicism than you suspect. At least I think there is. When people waver between Christianity and agnosticism and come to favour the former—if they join a church at all—they often find it more logical to go the whole hog and join the Roman Catholics. If you are going to be supported and not stand and fall on your own merits, you may as well get as much support as possible and not go half and half, like Low Church people do. I sympathise most ardently with Nonconformity as a political movement—and its chief significance has always been political—but their politics, *i.e.* ethical and philosophical politics, are a thing I can feel much more deeply on in some ways than what is usually termed religion. For from my point of view politics are not a game of parties but have a deep philosophical and ethical basis and in their principles include all the essential parts of religion, while religion, usually so-called, contains, even at its best, those essential points combined with, and to my mind mystified by, a certain amount of mythology, which is mere superstition. What are angels, trinities, and unities and so forth but mythology ? A highly refined mythology, if you like, and infinitely more subtle than anything conceived of in ancient Greece, for instance. The almost infinite meanings which may be given to the word religion make it difficult to express myself, but my point is that religion, anyway nowadays, is an inferior manifestation of religion, if you understand what I mean.

What do you mean about the danger or safety of the selfish doctrine ? We are accustomed to assume that truth is desirable for all men. If absolute truth does not exist, there is an end to all philosophy. The basis of philosophy is the belief in the existence of absolute truth. If, then, a theory is put forward that there is absolute truth in the selfish doctrine, it is the duty of all who believe it to disseminate it. To talk of dangerous or safe doctrines assumes either that truth is not for all men or that truth is subjective, which is to me inconceivable, and, as Herbert Spencer says, the inconceivability of a thing is the ultimate criterion. Of course, many people in all ages have held the view that truth is not for all men, but lately a great declaration has

been made in favour of the opposite view in the granting of all the freedoms—freedom of speech, of religion, etc. etc.

People who persecuted had more to say for themselves, I fancy, than most people are willing to admit nowadays. They were mistaken in a way, but they had very good, albeit short-sighted, intentions when they burnt people.

My interest in religion is, I suppose, mostly academic, as habit does for the most part what religion might do. However, if you have a religion, it must be the most important thing about you. Nowadays, most people think they have some sort of religion, but consider it a very trifling matter, which proves conclusively to my mind that they have no real religion, but only habit somewhat vitiated by superstition. I think religion is dying out. I think it was always bound to do so at some point or other. Philosophy is the only permanent form of interest in such matters as religion deals with. However, at present, one sees no awakening interest in philosophical problems. People are in a curious way. I suppose the rule of habit and convention was never before so absolute.

To his Sister

VILLA VICTORIA,

KISSINGEN, BAVARIA, Aug. 21, 1906.

I have now ventured on the waters and have purchased a Brunnenglass, wherefrom to quaff the Nieuy stream. They taste of iron and salt, both of which they contain together with magnesium sulphate. There are very few English here. A perusal of the *Kurlist* reveals only about one to every five pages, *i.e.* about 150 Kurgäste. They are mostly Baronets. Fox knows them all, as they are chiefly, like himself, annual visitants.

Prince Christian is here, whoever he may be—an old man with a beard. He puts himself down as the Graf von Graffenstein. Rather a good title, is it not? The owner of this villa was formerly his valet and is very keen on English people. Accordingly Fox and I are the only people here who get fresh eggs for breakfast. I did a rather silly thing on Tuesday, even for me. In the crowd by the bandstand a girl trod on my toe and turning round exclaimed ‘Sorry!’ I was so taken aback at hearing her speak English that incontinently I replied ‘What?’ Tableau! The band this morning was playing the *Mikado*. It was a highly sonorous brass-wind military band. It cut up everything into sections of six inches and played each section in a different key.

The effect on the *Mikado* was ludicrous. 'Tit-willow' was the most absurd of all. When they came to the Tit-willow part all the instruments stopped except a few brazen trumpets which did the Tit-willow business very loud and high up—a sort of flourish or fanfara. I began to feel that the tomtit was really a specimen of Mr. Dalgarno's famous bird, that stood on one leg and roared like a lion. Talking of birds, I tried to buy a book on the birds of this district, but was informed that there was none. I have now fifty-five butterflies, three moths, and one grasshopper folded up ready to bring home. I do hope they will travel. Yesterday I saw three swallow-tails, but missed them all. However, I got a couple of little tiny fritillaries of a new kind.

Fox's great idea in life is to catch a Camberwell Beauty. Every large bug he sees he thinks is one. He saw some here a few years ago, and so is continually drawn to the clearing in the woods where this epoch-making revelation was made. He likes big and beautiful butterflies rather than rare ones. He has great artistic, but little scientific, interest in things. A case occurred the other evening which struck me as being typical of our relations. We were looking at some clouds rising over the hill. I said: 'How curious!' but he said: 'How lovely!'—not that I did not think them lovely and I expect he thought them curious, but different aspects were the first to strike us respectively. I am anxious to know about your holiday arrangements. I wish I could go to Mürren.

To the Same

KISSINGEN, Aug. 24, 1906.

This paper is of such genteel size that I feel constrained to write straight across it thus. I was very pleased to get your letter. I do not really keep a list of subjects for letters, though I quite agree it would be a good plan. It is true that I sometimes jot down a reminder, but only last Saturday and Sunday did I really keep a methodical list. I got a letter from Lamb yesterday—not the one he sent to Finchley. I am sorry that was not forwarded. I would willingly have refunded you the postage. His letters are so good when they are long, that I consider I have been done out of a treat. I am sure he was quite innocent of any design to get his letter sent for nothing. He was quite cut up about it, and in his journalistic parlance, which you know so well, described it as a 'disastrous incident.' It was a pity, I think, to rasp his nerves so, as he is so sensitive. Here, with your accustomed brutality, you will say 'Poor boy!' or some-

thing equally thoughtless. But sensitiveness is so valuable, as it is nowadays rare, and should not be so quashed and bruised to death. Moreover, how is the world ever to rise from the sink of efficient mediocrity into which it is now fallen, if you treat us geniuses in this unfeeling manner? I am rather of opinion that some arrangement should be made for geniuses similar to that adumbrated in *A Window in Thrums*. At any rate, all registered geniuses ought to have the right to frank their letters, like members of the Cabinet. There might be a second class with the right to send foreign letters at inland rates. Of course I wrote post haste to Lamb to keep the original letter until I was home again. But I expect he will have destroyed it. I get so few good letters, I do not like being thus done out of one.

The rock all around here is of a curious red colour. It is considerably quarried for local road-metal and for building purposes. I will get you a small chunk. There is also some clay of much the same hue, which is used for making bricks, which, when baked, are of the normal dull brick-red. You told me nothing of Hampton Court. If you go to Sandy, you had better take an assumed name, as otherwise the family might begin looking you up, which might be interesting to you, but not so pleasing to Miss Murray. However, I rather envy you, because I always had it in the back of my head to go and disturb the waters in that vicinity, and endeavour to stir up some sediment from the bottom.

Yesterday I had to get my meals by myself. Accordingly I went to supper at Frühlingsgarten, which is, I consider, a very pretty name. Besides, it is homely, being reminiscent of the L.C.C. Here I took the seat we usually occupy when we go there. It is inside the building by a window. Fox always has to sit indoors. However, finding that the same waitress served the table immediately outside, I waited till she brought the first *Münchener* and then said I was going 'aus dem Fenster' (that capital F and that little D are just like). Upon this I stood in my chair and lifted up my leg and stepped out on to the chair the other side. This I did (taking the *Münchener* in my right hand) quite innocent of any intention of creating a sensation. However, these Germans are so conventional that it had a most electrifying effect. It so upset the equanimity of the waitress that she could not bring me anything thereafter without giggling. Meanwhile the boss lady of the establishment came up in huge excitement and said: 'Wenn Sie gogogogoch wachseln, so Sie gogogoch nicht gogogoch Fenster gehen,' or words to that effect. I thought she meant: 'If you grew any more you would not be

able to step through that window'—(I forgot to say the window was open. Of course there would be some reason for the excitement if it had been shut)—so I answered : Ach so, aber ich bin nicht so gross,' which did not seem to satisfy her at all. Then I came to the conclusion that she meant : ' If you step through windows, you won't grow big '—which may be a proverb ; so I said : ' Ha, ha, hach, hach, so, so, so, so.' But still she jawed, so I took refuge in English (as I always do at the last resource) and said : ' It's all right, old lady, there's no damage done '—then she departed. Meanwhile on all sides I heard people going, ' Hach, hech, hich, hoch, huch—er ist bei)

durch) dem)

aus) das) Fenster gegangen '

—or something like that. Several apoplectic old belly-bearers were carried out fainting, while one or two died on the spot, and were immediately swept up and taken to the kitchen and turned into Ochsenfleisch. My extraordinary feat is likely to be remembered for some years. Frühlingsgarten always reminds me of Botticelli's picture of Spring (Primavera). There is a waitress something like Flora and the German ladies are mostly of truly Botticellian proportions, while the trees in the restaurant garden are quite like the dark grove in the background of the picture. I have in training an interesting dissertation on the similarity of the Irish and Bavarian peoples. But I fear another sheet might overweight this letter. So I will relegate it to that somewhat shadowy list of subjects.

To the Same

KISSINGEN, Aug. 25, 1906.

I promised a brief comparison of the Bavarians and Irish. The first and most obvious point of contact between them is their religion. Both nations are Catholics. Hereabouts there are numerous shrines by the road-sides and on the hill-tops. They consist of bas-reliefs in a kind of stage box with a quotation from a prayer on the pedestal. The front of the box is wire netting and people pick flowers from the road-sides and stick them in this, which seems rather futile. Moreover they have a national grievance rather *à la Irlandaise* in belonging to Germany instead of to Austria. They fought for the Austrians v. the Prussians in '66, on the 10th of July of which year there was a battle here. The graves of the troops are to be seen on the hills and some shops and houses show bullet marks then received. However I do not know whether the Bavarians ever exploit this

grievance. The next point of similarity is their dirtiness and affability. Their good-nature is just of the Irish sort. It is nothing short of ridiculous to meet Edmund, the man here, about the place, he is so unfeignedly delighted to see you. He doffs his cap with the broadest and most expansive grin imaginable. Moreover, all men and girls in the shops where you have ever bought anything always recognise you with the greatest joy if they meet you anywhere, which is quite funny. You should have seen August, the waiter at Messerschmidt's, smile, when we met him out yesterday for a bicycle ride. They will do anything to please you, or rather say anything. The servants here always promise to do things in the easiest and most pleasant manner, but they never do them, and are never taken aback when you remind them of their remissness. They are quite splendid. Gaiety is an example of their Irish way of living. It is true there are no pigs there, but they are the one thing wanting, and I am sure if they had pigs they would grant them even more elaborate styes than Mr. Grene found in Italy, and the pampered beasts would form an aristocracy even more overweening than those truculent and arrogant ganders who now swagger down the main street in such braggadocio (*sic*) fashion. The chief institution—the town hall of the place—would then be a gigantic gilt sty and not, as at present, an equally gigantic and equally yellow duck-pond.

To the Same

HOTEL JUNGFRAU,
MÜRREN, Sept. 1, 1906.

I am no longer capable of writing letters. This place is not so congenial for that purpose as Kissingen. At Kissingen there was really nothing to chronicle, so I got into the habit of making much of mere details. Here there is so much to say that I know not where to begin, as if I described on the Kissingen scale, it would take some hundreds of pages, I fancy. All the epistolary themes floating in my head at Kissingen have been rudely banished by the hurry of the journey. Now that I am here, my mental activity has vanished and I am again in that state of intellectual torpor and bodily energy which I usually associate with a holiday away from home. In asking for details of the probable causes of the mental activity, you omit one possible, and I think probable, factor, viz. Homer. Two books of Homer per diem regularly is rather stimulating, I can assure you. Kissingen, *i.e.*, the way of life—*not* the climate, which rather

upset me at the end—was undoubtedly a factor. Of the waitress it is difficult to speak with certainty, so we will let her stand over. I was intending at Kissingen to write you a letter headed 'Mawkish and Confessional.' However, the robust atmosphere of Mürren's 5,400 feet puts this out of the question, unless I write it in the opposite mood in order to ensure adequate restraint, like John Oliver Hobbes. However, you do not yet seem to have realised the delight of the situation of any one informing his sister that he was in love with a waitress. I request you to think of it now for just five minutes. However, for the present I intend to go on answering your letter. As, for instance, who told you that the apron was embroidered?—it is merely a bit of sack-cloth with a green line round it. Oh, heavens! fancy going on to talk of waitresses in general at this crisis. Really, O thou with the sympathetic ear,—Really!! However, we may discuss waiters; on which subject I may say that you never saw August at Messerschmidt's—a most marvellous person with a talent for pantomime and wonderful play of features.

So far the weather here has been perfect—the sun is dazzling. My colloquial German is certainly not up to the poetical standard. I promised you something about learning German. My point was that if, like Mr. Evans, you cannot speak your own language, it is very easy to learn another. I am accustomed to use rather complicated expressions and have a fair command of language for my age. Accordingly I cannot speak German, because I should naturally use equally elaborate expressions in that language. Now you see where Mr. Evans scores. That is partly why he picks up a language so quickly. Again, elemental ideas are easier to render than more specialised and elaborate ones. I believe that, unless you know people well, your ideas are more elemental talking to females than males, especially young females. One's whole interest to start with is whether one is going to fall in love with them or not. This is probably the truth with most people, if they only knew it. Accordingly, I spoke German more fluently under such circumstances. Especially, I spoke German easily to the waitress at Frühlingsgarten, wherein lay, from my own point of view, part of her charm. This is not a more selfish reason than usual.

I am doing considerable nursemaid's work here. Every morning and afternoon, except yesterday and this morning, I have been out catching butterflies with the children. To-day I am writing letters. Yesterday I went up the hills alone. I added about 600 metres to my stature. How much is that in cubits? Every day I catch new sorts of butterflies and

the supply seems inexhaustible. Birds are fairly numerous. Meadow pipits, black redstarts, yellowhammers and Alpine choughs abound. Ravens are more heard than seen. Twice I have identified nutcrackers much to the joy of the family, to whom I am somewhat of a godsend. For instance, the browns, fritillaries, and blues have all gained an additional interest, since I began examining them in hopes of finding new sorts. They are continually catching common sorts and bringing them in hopes of my saying that they are something different. It becomes wearisome at last, and I get muddleheaded at the end too. The flowers here are marvellous, though really I am too late for the great show. The variety of sorts is infinite, apparently. The gentians are a wonderful pure blue. Grass and flowers grow on the steepest slopes—it is extraordinary. Whenever they reach about six inches in height the peasants sally forth and cut it—they seem to think it worth their while, but one would not have thought so. I passed a patch of snow yesterday right down in a hollow among the flowers in the blazing sun. I cannot think why it had not melted like the rest at the same altitude. I heard a marmot whistle the other day. I have not given you any description of the mountains and the wonderful changes they undergo from time to time during the day—of their avalanches, visible on their sides from here—of the wonderful language I spoke at Basel and Berne, where they cannot understand French or German, but are quite at home with a judicious mixture of both. For all these things and many others there is no room in the present letter.

To Miss Shoultz

OXFORD, *June 3, 1907.*

I got a letter from home this morning in which it was suggested that you might care to have a copy of my photo. I have therefore enclosed one in this envelope, and would have sent one before if I had been sure that you would like it.

Did you see anything in the papers last Thursday of the attempt made to burn down the grand stand for the spectators at the forthcoming pageant about four weeks hence? I think everybody's sympathy is with the attacking force. The edifice was peculiarly ugly and utterly spoilt the lower reaches of the Cher, which are the proper haunt of the less athletic forms of boating, *e.g.*, reading a novel in a moored punt. Such an occupation requires an harmonious pleasantness of surrounding

conditions and is susceptible to considerable interruption in the presence of works of modern pageantry.

When there is a little sunshine the country round here is gorgeous at this time of year, and the wet has the advantage of keeping the foliage very green. It is marvellously pretty up the Cher. There are a fair number of flowering trees, such as chestnuts and May, and behind, the meadows are of course now at their very best, being full of hemlock and buttercups. About a month ago, some of the low-lying fields were full of fritillaries, which I think is the most beautiful English wild flower I know. Have you ever noticed how liable they are to albinism? In any large expanse of them there is always an appreciable sprinkling of white blooms. During May and June the wood pigeons are most brilliantly coloured, and there are numbers of them in Christchurch Meadows. The purple tinge on their breasts becomes greatly intensified, so as to be practically a blood-red, reminiscent of some of the exotic doves and pigeons on view in the aviaries at the Zoo.

Personally, I seem mostly engaged in a somewhat frantic effort to produce two essays a week. I believe we are the only college in the 'Varsity who make their Greats men do two essays a week. It is the result of several dons all insisting on essays being brought to them. They all insist on their pound of flesh, and the unfortunate undergraduate accordingly suffers. I suddenly found the other day that, as the result of letting things slip a while, I had four to do in four days, the subjects being comfortably diverse, viz., 'Limits of Governmental Interference,' 'Solon and his Reforms,' 'Socrates,' and 'Utilitarianism.' It seemed likely to be rather distracting to turn one's attention about so often in the time, but, as a matter of fact, despite difference of subject, all four essays were remarkable for their similarity. The real art of writing essays is how by hook or by crook to bring the theme round to something you think you know something about.

To Miss Kilner

BRASENOSE COLLEGE,
OXFORD, Feb. 1910.

I enclose a copy of the Ale verses,¹ as I promised. Jack, I believe, has seen them already. If anybody else would like a copy, I have plenty to spare; in fact, I was allowed so many for myself that I find them rather a drug on the market. I began by sticking one in every letter I wrote. But I began to fear the

¹ See p. 149.

jeers I should be made the subject of, if my correspondents, many of whom knew each other, began to exchange notes. As the verses are allusive, I have compiled for your benefit a copious series of notes.¹ I am aware that your true-born commentator always brays in Latin, but I doubted my ability to give them, if written in that rigid and recalcitrant tongue, the human interest which it was my first aim to impart.

The Ale verses were thrice written (1867-1869) by Humphrey Ward, the husband of the novelist. He was afterwards a fellow of the college and he was part-editor of a collected edition of them which was issued for private circulation among those interested. He was good enough to send me a postcard with the following rhymes on it :—

To the Ale-poet and all Brasenose friends
An old decrepit bard his greeting sends ;
I love your verses, and rejoice to see
A great tradition did not die with me.

By the way—no, not by the way : such a tremendous and soul-shaking fact deserves to be stated as a fundamental proposition—

G. K. Chesterton has just published a New Book.

It is a sort of romance or story—madder by yards than anything that has yet proceeded from his pen. Compared with it *The Man who was Thursday* is as a proposition of Euclid. I make it a rule to buy Chesterton, as well as Shaw and a few other people, as it saves the unpleasantness of a severe moral struggle every time he publishes, which is not seldom. I buy him mechanically on principle. I seem to find it quite easy to get into a fixed habit in such spiritual matters as this. Yet I cannot get into the habit of getting up in the morning or going to bed at night or even having my meals regularly. I take it that this shows the extreme spirituality of my nature : I am obviously more at home with the things of the spirit than with the things of the flesh. It is a fact, of course, that I commonly do get up and go to bed and eat and drink—eventually : but I do not seem to get to do these things as a matter of course. But I buy Chesterton as a matter of course. I wonder—do all spiritual people thus drag their bodies about with them as something alien ? Are they all so acutely conscious of them ? And therefore are they all, by a curious paradox, as fleshly as they are spiritual ? Well, you are not likely to solve the difficulty, so it scarcely seems worth while to ask you.

¹ See p. 151.

This week I have had two interesting experiences of insane people. Chesterton was one of them, and Prof. W. A. S. Hewins, who came down to the Union to speak on Tariff Reform, was the other. There is an immense contrast between them. Chesterton is the maddest madman on record. One revels and wallows in his madness. His madness is always with him. He has a sort of religion of madness. All the characters in his new book, *The Ball and the Cross*, meet in the end in a lunatic asylum. But Hewins talked like a sane man. There was something uncanny in such solemnity and belief in himself being really all fundamentally wrong. He was weirdly unsatisfying. He reminded me of the giant who was the smallest giant on record. So he is the sanest madman on record. When he came into the room, he looked just like the Mad Hatter. He has much the same cast of features. Later his excessive fairness, bordering on albinism, combined with his receding forehead, thick nose, and receding chin, reminded me of the White Rabbit. When he became animated in his oratory, his curious way of shutting and blinking his eyes, of flapping his lips and cheeks (which were like two pork chops), and of floppily gesticulating with his front pair of limbs, inevitably suggested the Mock Turtle.

By the way, I have just recalled one earthly and positive habit which I possess—I always fold up my pyjamas. I don't have to think to do that.

To his Sister

HOTEL SOCIETETSHUSET,
HELSINGFORS, Sept. 14, 1910.

At last a day of rest and freedom, with an atmosphere brooding over the party as of a British Sunday. I am frightfully exhausted with travelling—twice lately I have slept on a train and once on a steamer, besides everlasting motion by day and sight-seeing and exhaustive feasting at every point of pause. Moreover, the absence of fruit and vegetables, the curiously prepared fishes and other savouries, and the wonderful amount of drinking have combined to leave me a bilious wreck. To-day I sit in the hotel, eating nothing, but writing letters with a fatigued mind. To-morrow the Diet opens, and we get to work again. (*Excusez*—quite unintentional.) But I don't think it will again be so strenuous.

We got here on September 5th in the morning, and were immediately rushed about the place by enthusiastic Finns, just as if we were fishes whose organs of locomotion had got beyond

control. The art gallery is interesting. There are one or two fine national sculptors and at least one really interesting and original painter, Axel Gallen. That same afternoon we had tea in a country house an hour away by steamer and in the evening was a majestic and awe-inspiring dinner. Next morning I arose at 6.0 and went one and a half hours by steamer to an elk-hunt.¹ I saw one elk shot and also a cow with calves. I also saw a hen capercaillie in the woods. I got back in the afternoon, and we left Helsingfors that same evening and got to Kuopio the following day at noon. Here we went up a high tower and saw the land (which was mostly water) stretched out before us. The big lakes in the middle of Finland are so full of islands that you never get a long view of water when you are moving about them in steamers. We also saw two elementary schools. Lunch at the municipality's expense; speechmaking—the mayor here is a poet. That same afternoon forty miles by steamer to Stromdal, where we stayed three nights with Baron von Afthan, who has extensive saw-mills, pulp, and iron-works up there. Here we had a strenuous time, looking at this, that and the other all day and eating and drinking like mad. Schools, churches, covered tennis-courts, machinery, pigs (of iron), logs, sheets of pulp, turbines, workmen's theatres, etc., fireworks (in our honour, of course), motor-boats, Americanised Finns are mingled in inextricable confusion in my memories of Stromdal. The Baron is rather like Grandpa, intensely vital and rather absurd. On Saturday we moved on, going forty miles by steamer back to Kuopio, where we saw over a deaf and dumb school. That same afternoon we took ship for Nyslott. About 8 P.M., the water in the lakes being very low, we struck a sunken rock and dented the fish-plate protecting the screw, so that the screw could not revolve. Eventually another boat was sent for and we were taken off and proceeded with our journey. The crew worked all night instead of having a rest of four or five hours with the boat tied up to the bank, so that we arrived at Nyslott at our proper time, *i.e.* about 8 A.M. the next morning. Here we saw over the old castle and were sumptuously entertained (as usual). In the afternoon we left by boat for Punkerhagen, where we stayed for nearly twenty-four fairly peaceful hours. However, the following afternoon we moved again, arriving at Imatra that night (Monday) about 11. Here are great falls or rapids where the great lake-system of the country overflows *via* the river Vuoksi and goes down to Lake Ladoga. There are so many suicides here (chiefly young Russian peasants in love) that their interment constitutes

¹ See p. 157.

an appreciable and serious charge on the parish. We also saw (the following morning) the falls of Wallinkoski lower down the river, and went in a rotten little boat up between the lines of foam on to a contumacious island which stands in the middle of them. I was in a bit of a funk, but the boatman there has been taking people on to it for fifteen years without accident. He also finds many of the corpses of the Imatra suicides. Yesterday afternoon we left Imatra and arrived at Wiborg at about 7 P.M. Here we were only about eighty miles from St. Petersburg. One of the party has gone there temporarily. At Wiborg, after driving round the town in a ridiculous long procession of cabs, we had the usual gorgeous repast (only rather more so), and rejoined our carriage about 11 P.M. We got to Helsingfors about 9.0 this morning. And be it never so foreign, there's no place like home! This is a bare outline of my travels and, if you have had them, you might have gathered as much from the postcards I have sent off. But I am in no fit state to record impressions. My only impressions at present are rush and fatigue.

Please excuse my neglect of your birthday, but if you remember that I left Hull on August 31st, touched at Copenhagen September 2nd-3rd, and reached Helsingfors on the 5th, you will realise that it was very easy not to think of it at the proper time.

To P. A. Landon

HOTEL SOCIETETSHUSET,
HELSINGFORS, Sept. 15, 1910.

Your letter was altogether too kind. I should indeed like to believe that I had the least share in your success in schools and that there is a good as well as a bad construction to be placed on my own fiasco. If you could write an equally persuasive and delightful letter to the dons at B.N.C., they might pay me my schol. for last term. I believe it is very unlikely that I shall get it. At present, I am really no nearer making a living than ever, and am scarcely likely, I fancy, to get any nearer, without being born again, and born different. I am happy enough at present, but this cannot last long. I have only one effective passion—the passion to do nothing. Just now I am in Finland with a party of journalists, who are invited over here to spy out the land and popularise the Finnish national movement in England. I am here for the *Field*. I got here by a most extraordinary fluke, for there is no reason at all why the *Field* should be represented at all, so far as I can see, and it was quite accidental that there was no one in the office prepared to take a luxurious holiday

absolutely free of charge. It is with difficulty that we succeed in paying even for our own postage-stamps.

You would love it if you were here. We left Hull on August 31st, and after landing at Copenhagen for about twenty hours, arrived at Helsingfors on September 5th in the morning. Then from September 6th till yesterday morning we were moving about the country, visiting various places. Now we are back at Helsingfors, meeting members of the Diet and attending its meetings. The weather is appallingly hot, although the latitude is about the same as the Shetlands. But of course the harbours here are all ice-bound in winter. Only Hangö is kept open by dint of extraordinary exertions. The civilisation here is new and vigorous—rather like Canada, I suspect; a most efficient material civilisation imposed straight on a virgin nature. They are frightfully keen on education. In fact, the problem might, I believe, be summed up as Education *v.* Militarism. You cannot really have both—the money and work won't go round. And Russia is all for the Army. There are a lot of soldiers in Helsingfors—all Russian, as the Finnish regiments were disbanded about nine or ten years ago. But one does not seem to feel the menace of Russia here. Further east, at Wiborg, where we were on Tuesday, about eighty miles from St. Petersburg (I believe), it was most noticeable. The town was full of troops and new barracks were being erected on a vast scale. Officers drove about in droschkies (a word I cannot spell) in all directions. Russian officers are mostly of two kinds—great fat gross men or else debauched and dissipated-looking skeletons. But here and there you see a thoughtful, studious-looking man. These must be the men who keep the army together. There are some antiquated warships in the harbour here as well. Some, I believe, have been here for years, and it is doubtful whether they could face the open sea any more. I have heard that the Portuguese for years kept an enormous battleship in Delagoa Bay, anchored, without any engines in her!

The actual face of the country is beautiful, but monotonous. It is composed of granite, with pine, fir, and birch forests everywhere and a few rowans. Land and water are everywhere inextricably mixed together. There are no mountains or high hills. The coast is everywhere surrounded by archipelagoes and there are enormous lake-systems inland, where you never get a long prospect across the water, owing to the numerous islands. Here the trees are all green still. But farther north the birches were already bright yellow and the rowans red. We did not go very far north, our most northerly point being near

Kuopio, which is approximately in a line with the Faroe Islands. Wherever we have been, we have been welcomed as the saviours of the country and entertained very freely, so that my stomach is much out of order (and all for the good of Finland). There is a good deal of hard drinking here. They begin dinner with schnapps or vodka, then go on to beer, then to sherry, back to hock, or champagne, forward to port or madeira, and then cognac probably. It is not a smooth crescendo. After dinner they drink whisky and Swedish punch, a sweetish concoction of brandy and arrak. The food is trying too. (Of course one must eat it. There it is, and what can you do? Unless you happen to have will power and all that.) There is an immense amount of fish eaten of all kinds and prepared in innumerable ways, but especially smoked, salted and pickled rather than right down cooked. There is a great lack of fruit and vegetables, except berries, of which there are many kinds, some unknown in England. Of these they make conserves to eat with meat. The fishermen who live round and among the big central lakes have a frightfully low standard of living. Their food is almost entirely raw fish and hard rye bread. In some cottages they only cook the bread once or twice a year, so you may imagine what it gets like. And eating raw fish often develops a taste for bad fish, so that leprosy is not unknown in the country. There is some cholera in St. Petersburg. Every boat from Russia has to fly a yellow flag as it enters the harbour, whereupon a doctor goes out to meet it and inspect the occupants. Every train from Russia has on board a doctor and nurse. There have only been about three cases in Finland so far. Unlike the Russians, all the Finns have a great tradition of cleanliness, the meanest cottage having near it a hut containing arrangements for a steam bath. In the winter the peasants come out of these baths and wallow naked in the snow. It does not seem to do them much harm. It is the custom to have female attendants (of advanced years) to rub you down. I have not so far undergone this operation. I had a Finnish bath—but it was in a private bath on the estate of a Swedish Baron, who entertained us for two or three days, and he had dispensed with the custom.

A great deal of the travelling in this country is by steamer. When we went from Kuopio to Nyslott (Savonlinna in Finnish—Nyslott is the Swedish name), we slept on board, so you can imagine what long journeys are accomplished on the inland waters. They navigate at night time with the aid of a searchlight. But the water being very low, we ran on a sunken rock at one

point and dented the 'fish-plate' protecting the screw, so that the screw could not revolve and we had to be taken off by another boat.

The Finns are very fine watermen. Up in the north there is a regular trade route down the river Oulu (I think they call it) from Waala to Uleaborg. The river is exceedingly rapid and the boats (which carry tar for the most part) are specially built for the purpose and require very skilful piloting. It is supposed to be a most exciting experience, but the regular boats cease to run after the end of August, because the water gets too low and the rocks are uncovered, so we could not be taken there. But we came across a very skilful bit of work on Tuesday morning. We were staying at Imatra, where the central lake-system of Finland overflows and an immense volume of water (117,700 H.P.—these enthusiastic people always estimate their waterfalls in horse-power—492,000 litres per second) rushes down a narrow gorge, nearly half a mile long and about sixty feet across between granite walls, surmounted by pines. It is not a waterfall, but a continuous waterslide or frightfully violent rapid. For that distance the whole stream is white like milk, the noise is deafening, the mounds of foam horrific, the sweeps and dips between the rocks frightfully swift and insidious. But I was not going to tell you that they navigate Imatra—that is quite impossible. But lower down the same river (the Vuoksi) are some falls or rapids called Wallinkoski. The river is much wider and shallower here, though you are still conscious of an immense volume of water. The falls are bisected by an obstinate little island with a birch tree and a few hardy shrubs on it. A boatman brings you up to this island from below the two walls of white foam in the narrow leeway. He uses a rotten little crazy boat, and though he has never had an accident in many years his work must require a very fine nerve and intimate knowledge of every rock in the stream. There are all sorts of treacherous eddies and backwashes to be avoided. I was very frightened. However, it was all right in the end. His other duty seems to be picking up the corpses of the people who commit suicide at Imatra. There are so many (though I have not the actual figures) that their burial constitutes a serious charge on the parish. They jump off the bridge above the falls of Imatra, and are often thrown up some miles lower down in a wide pool or arena of water (so to speak) formed by the rush of the stream at Wallinkoski, combined with the fact that the river is also compelled to turn sharply to the right below these falls. Most of the suicides are said to be young Russian peasants in love. It is curious that one place should

become so fashionable. I suppose the imagination is worked upon by the knowledge that others have killed themselves there before you. I failed to bring off the coup, unfortunately. Moreover, the swirl of the waters is immensely fascinating. It has a call of its own apart from any predisposition of *Weltschmerz* in the subject. Especially treacherous in their allure are those big swift smooth valleys of water whose form never changes. There is more of the joy of battle, the strife that is courageous and fearless—not the submission, the surrender of fatalism—more of the European spirit in those high flowering heaps where the water hurls itself on a hidden mass of rock. Their shape is for ever shifting. They throw up great sprays of foam at irregular intervals.

I have been shown all sorts of things here. Three elementary schools have I inspected with an air of complete and perfect wisdom. What an imposture ! I am here as a leader of English opinion. One deaf and dumb school has also fallen to my lot. I have seen one art gallery. To this I shall go again, as there is some really fine national sculpture, especially by Runeberg and (I think) Stirgell, much better than that dull, but abominably efficient fellow Thorwaldsen at Copenhagen. There is also at least one fine painter, Axel Gallen.

I have seen saw-mills, pulp-mills—I saw six wet fir-logs hauled up on chains out of the river and sawed into planks before you could say Jack Robinson, and others cut into logs and stripped and boiled and pressed and dried and the Lord knows what all. If I write anything for the *Field*, it may be printed on them, for all I know. I have seen iron-works and also a fine mediæval castle (at Nyslott, which means Newcastle). I also went on an elk-hunt. They only shoot elk from September 1 to September 8th. I did not carry a gun, but I got plenty of exercise (about all I have had here except for a game of tennis at Kuopio) rushing after it through the virgin marshy forest. I also saw a cow and some calves, which they do not shoot. Further, I saw the huntsman disembowel the one elk they shot. He put his arms in up to the elbows and shovelled out the guts.

As you probably know, they have adult suffrage here (except for a small number of illiterates). Fifty-three per cent. of the electorate is female ; but in a Diet of 200, there are only sixteen women, though there is no difference made between men and women at all for political purposes. Even these sixteen women would be greatly reduced if it were not for the system of proportional representation. Some of them wear short hair, quite becomingly. On the whole, the Diet is a scratch-looking lot of people,

which is just what it should be. Only the Swedish party have an aristocratic touch about them. They have the longer political tradition, and for that reason, I believe, have an influence in the Diet out of proportion to their numbers (about twenty-five). I saw a woman cab-driver in Wiborg, and I also, to my great alarm, was shaved yesterday by a very pretty young girl. She did not lather my face in that brutal and businesslike manner which is characteristic of your masculine barber, but stood straight up and painted me, as it were, with a curious air of detachment. It seemed indelicate to tip her. However, I did so, as it seemed only fair to treat her as well as if she had been a man.

This does not appear to be a great country for birds. Possibly it is because there are too many Royston crows, which destroy the eggs of other birds. I have seen some wild duck and divers on the lakes. There are plenty of white wagtails, practically the same as our pied. There are ptarmigan and grouse, not unlike our red grouse. Once I saw a hen capercaillie. I wish I could see a cock. There is a small Zoo, on an island in the harbour. You get there by a 1d. steamboat. The animals are in charming surroundings and beautifully kept. The seals, polar bears, etc., are in tanks formed by railing off a bit of the sea. This is easily possible, as the Baltic is almost non-tidal. Our Zoological Society could work miracles with a similar site.

I expect I shall be leaving here on the 21st and shall get home on the 26th.

To P. A. Landon

FALLOW CORNER, Nov. 23, 1910.

My philosophy of the passions is a sort of refinement on Stoicism. At least, that is how I look at it; though what man truly knows his own analogues and can apportion himself rightly among the many wolfish 'isms' that raven around him, waiting to tear his soul in pieces? I feel that only through passion (which is, of course, only another word for suffering) does understanding come. Yet it is an ordeal I have always shirked. With my whole soul, I have tried *not* to feel. I have instinctively sought to drift and be tranquil. Nevertheless, tranquillity does not satisfy me. I yearn for an intenser mode of life, but am terribly frightened of it. If after all this coquetting with myself, some emotion eventually catches me up,—even then I cannot say I am happy, but I have come to realise that at that point there is

but one thing to do,—go through with it—face out your suffering at each point—realise it vividly. Your reward is that you feel you can ‘think more, because you have been more.’ I am quite Shavian in my sustained desire for more and more self-consciousness. You probably see now where my ‘religion’ (if you like) is Stoical, Puritanical, Calvinistic—lonely in fact. I am a Calvinist who is uncertain of his own election—in fact almost convinced at present of the opposite. I confront Earth, Hell, and Heaven with my own sense of individuation. ‘I’m myself—nothing else matters.’ You see I am a hard man—though I have given you an exaggeration, for I have continual lapses. But I was born with such a sensitive, tender surrounding cuticle that the friction of life was bound to produce, first, excoriation, and, second, callosity. Now, you must be thinking that it is rotten of me to go on writing about myself in what very likely seems an affected manner. But I have been trying to give you an inkling of what I am coming to in my middle age. I don’t mean that I am middle-aged, but there now seems to have set in in me a definite trend, which is, as usual, at once comforting and mortifying. It is for you to decide whether this mental callosity is merely callousness or something better (in fact, though I barely dare breathe the word—Faith). I have been in the fire once or twice—may be going in again: am I in a fair way to becoming a brick or a clinker? I’m undoubtedly hardening. I say ‘it is for you to decide,’ because I think possibly ‘de te fabula.’ You see I cannot help assuming that all passion (love and hate and fear and righteous indignation) eventually burns itself out, consumes itself in its own fires. This instinctive assumption of mine may be in itself revolting to you. I can quite understand that it may be. If so, if you feel bound to reject the ‘tibi luditur’ I affix to my sketch of myself—well and good; you must simply regard this letter so far as an essay in egotism—interesting enough to your observing, active, scientific ego, but quite without reference to your real, ultimate, innermost ego. I am indeed most deeply conscious of the isolation in which each man works out his own salvation. But the mere expression of one’s self is a relief and step in the process.

Now for the Dean of Canterbury! The most noticeable point about his effort is the extraordinary number of words dignified with initial capitals. In the middle of lines, we find the following words (among others) emphasised in this way:—Ocean, Islands, Dominions, Northern Pole, Southern, Flag, Union, Duty, Peace, Freedom (*i.e.*, Britannia’s—a bad brand), Law, Justice (also poor varieties), Home (the same undesirable kind), United

Empire, Homeland, Domain, Realms, Eastern Nations, Empire, God—well, I suppose God was sure to have it. So we will let God pass, remembering his well-accredited jealousy. Truth, Right, Faith have no capitals. I think the Dean of Canterbury has given himself away this time. The only possible doubt cast on the inferences I make as to his mental attitude comes from the capital vouchsafed to Freedom. But then he undoubtedly means by Freedom the protection of private property as an institution, *i.e.* Freedom for unrestrained getting (cf. *Plat. Rep.*). If it was real freedom, it would have a little 'f.' The small initial of 'might' is probably a mere oversight. Perhaps he didn't see a proof—or confused it with the auxiliary verb. But on the whole I think it is clear that the Dean is keen on organisation and assumes that such subsidiary matters as Truth, Right, Faith are sure to be on his side, without his troubling about them. And anyhow they are much less important than the Northern Pole. Why, we know where the North Pole is; somebody has actually been there, it is a palpable reality. But who has ever laid hands on Truth, Right, and Faith? Are they not airy, visionary things of no account to the practical men of the Church Militant on earth?—especially the Church of England as by *Law* established. Just fancy establishing a church by law!

The only organisation worth having is the organisation of Right, Truth, and Faith. Man's consent to organise at all is at best a bargain driven with the Devil, who has much power in this world. The Isles of the Blest, the Golden Age, the Garden of Eden were all without constitutions—were all anarchies. But we have to organise ourselves, because where the Devil has so much authority we cannot maintain an Elysium. Nevertheless British Law and Justice and suchlike things are only pretty bad bargains driven with the Devil. What is Socialism but a line of advance towards a more favourable compact with his Sulphurous Majesty? A man who puts Duty, Flag of Union, Home, Empire, etc., etc., before the only objects for which they can justifiably exist is convicted of having ratted to the Devil. He has deserted lock, stock, and barrel to the enemy. Possibly Dean Wace once in his callow youth was (in the words of the dissenting hymn) 'on the Lord's side.' But to-day Hell gapes for him. Even in the house and cloister of the Lord, shall the Lord smite him! My dear Landon, the formulæ of Nonconformists always have a peculiar cogency for me. Moreover, I have recently been reading Kipling's poems a good lot—with the result that the name of the Lord and other words of grace are ever on my

lips. But the real gist of Kipling is contained in Belloc's lines :—

‘I’m sorry for Mister Naboth,
I’m sorry to make him squeak ;
But the LAWD above me made me STRAWNG,
In order to pummel the weak !’

After rehearsing these lines upwards of 2,007,365 times, I have come to the conclusion that the first two lines should be uttered quickly and jauntily—the reciter may even himself leap about the while in tune to the measure of the verse. LAWD and STRAWNG should be given in sustained bass notes—not less than fifteen seconds each in duration. The fourth line should be got over swiftly and rather perfunctorily, in order that the climax of line three may not be marred for the audience. Try it on Gould, Horan, Emsley, and Rupert.

To the Same

FALLOW CORNER, *April 2, 1911.*

After your letter came I spent several days depositing carbonate of lime in the channels of the kidneys and thereabouts. And when I had finished that for the time being I tried to think out a decent answer to your question, but somehow I cannot. It was like my conceit. I did not like to write until I had got something epoch-making to say. It is only this morning that I have realised how preposterous is this state of mind.

I thoroughly enjoyed your letter. It is so seldom that I get a letter which I enjoy as much as I enjoy some of my own. That is a topsy-turvy kind of gratitude according to the conventions. But really its sheer egoism is the best guarantee of its sincerity. It is awful to find oneself a dumb animal. R. L. S. says the worst hell he knows is wanting to write and not being able to. Any kind of expression is better than none. And as soon as some sort of power of articulation returns, I always know that the worst is over.

Now for the New Art and the New Politics ! As I suggested at the beginning, I am not in the least clear about them. I can only try to continue the discussion a very little way. But in the first place I entirely repudiate as evidence the political views or personal characteristics of the Post-Impressionists. I admit as evidence their pictures and their artistic aims. The pictures are the best evidence. An artist does not always (perhaps often) know what he is tending towards, himself. But with this caveat

I would admit their declared artistic aims also, partly because they may throw light on the pictures they wanted to paint, and of which their actual works are but faint echoes; and partly because when a man both thinks about an art and practises it, he eventually arrives in the ordinary way at some sort of genuine artistic self-consciousness, so that what he says about himself as an artist may be accepted as fairly true. But is there any reason to believe that the post-impressionists were scientifically self-conscious politicians? I don't know, but I should think it unlikely that there is. What a man says about himself is not necessarily more credible than what any one else says about him. His natural power of observation and the opportunities he has had of observing himself engaged upon activities relevant to the point of issue have to be assessed just as in the case of any other witness. So on the whole I should not be surprised to find a connection between the Labour Party and the Post-Impressionists. We know jolly little about how the *Zeit-Geist* works. If we knew more we should call it by some more definite name. A spirit is by definition something that works unseen.

You draw a distinction between being a 'begetter of new progeny,' *i.e.* a socialist, a man who wants to call a new political order into being as a medium for a new art, and an 'obstetrician,' *i.e.* a kind of *laissez-faire* conservative, content with the present order, because he sees it already pregnant with a new art. Well, I don't think this distinction amounts to anything. You have got to evolve Socialism not out of anything but out of the present order. And unless the present order is pregnant with Socialism and a new art, it cannot be done and you are merely dreaming in the air.

In matters of the spirit, is there any difference (except in the metaphor chosen) between a midwife and a parent? The important point about both is the same—they are both necessary in order that the desired birth may take place. You really have stumbled on the old Free Will and Determinism question, which is not a question at all really. It is a mere matter of where you elect to stand in order to look at the cosmic landscape. It is in the nature of things impossible to see it all at once. But you choose to neglect certain features at one time and other features at another. I don't see that your Wm. Morrisian Socialism is affected in the least. You work for more social solidarity, more instinctive unanimity of individual minds in order that a more universal art may be produced. And you work for this not only because it seems to you desirable but because you can see it as a thing possible. The moral and the

intellectual order are the same. The same laws of cause and effect hold in the New Jerusalem as elsewhere. Can you see what I am driving at? Words fail me, though I could pile on the metaphors *ad infinitum* if I thought it would make things clearer. Words fail me, partly because in the present state of language words are bound to fail anybody at this point. However, in our democracy of practical solipsists, there will be many strange words current of which we have as yet scarcely any conception. Oh, what talks they will have, or could have, if they cared to talk.

Now do you realise that almost in proportion as you educate the plebs, you rebarbarise the cultured few? When you initiate novices into a mystery, you spoil that mystery (up to a point) until they have picked up the hang of it. Well, it is like that with education and the spread of culture. The immediate effect is all for the worse. You have dark ages. The leaven does not work immediately. Moreover, at the present day we are not only out to reclaim the lost classes of the modern state; we are out to reclaim the lost wastes of the individual human soul. There are to be no pariahs in our streets and no excommunicated psychoses and complexes in our souls. Not only is everybody to be self-conscious, but everybody is to be completely and unfearingly self-conscious. The old aristocratic culture was fastidious in regard to persons and fastidious in regard to thought and feeling. Now some of us are slumming, some of us pioneering in the wilds, some of us are digging deeper and deeper into the human soul. But we are all being soiled in the process. We are being vulgarised and rebarbarised. Our tender-mindedness is abraded; callosities form; the fine edge is taken off our feelings. This is no time for good taste. Good taste to-day is merely cowardice. Good taste is for those that come after, those who will build ordered cities where we to-day are but hewing timber. But we are preparing the way for a universal and completely self-conscious culture. Thus my notion of rebarbarism is that it is merely temporary and local. We are but on the brink of it. We shall pull through in a few thousand years, not before.

Now Gauguin, of course, is horrid! But I love him! He is a necessary transitional soul. *You* cannot have *your* art till *I* have had *my* art. We guttersnipes and gamins have got to be satisfied first. The repressed blood-lust, licentiousness, and anarchy of the lower middle classes—think what that means, think what an orgy that will make—or would make, if it were going to burst suddenly like a haggis. But the process will be

gradual, and enormously long. The sum total of it will be terrific, but no man will see much of it with his own eyes. The span of his life is not long enough.

But I hope you gather by now the transcendental connection I am forced to trace between Gauguin and the new democracy. It rests, ultimately, as all such vague visions must rest, on something seen by myself within myself. The connection is psychological, hard to express in logical terms. But I am inclined to compare the natural but illogical connection of Anarchism and Socialism, which is so well known. By all means say that 'Post-Impressionism is ugly.' But don't forget that the ugly is really a part of the beautiful, a negative phase of it. You mustn't excommunicate ugliness ; you must develop the beauty in it.

You and Morris would probably live in the New Jerusalem. I can only long for it ; I am more at home with the process towards it. In fact, I am really a Christian, *i.e.* a man who could never be at home in Heaven, who habitually feels himself a constitutional exile from it. Nearly all real Christians (at any rate for the last few hundred years) have been professedly anti-Christian. That is because they understand the ideal Christianity and so are revolted by all attempts to embody it. Christianity is of course Gothic and neobarbaric. We are never satisfied or comfortable with the flesh in which the word clothes itself. We should die of inanition in the New Jerusalem. We can only help build it. We are mere builders and bricklayers. We are mere canaille and banausic compared with the true Olympians who will care to inhabit the palaces we build. Christianity is humanity under the burden of conviction of sin. Have you ever figured at all to yourself the immense suffering its great sway in Europe indicates ? Man must find himself again, recover the lost confidence and joy of his early puberty and adolescence. He can't live for ever in a perpetual *Weltschmerz*. The cosmos must be a jolly little cosmos to him, like Athens or Oxford. However, there is nothing very new in all this.

I don't think toughmindedness means Yankeeism and materialism. It means dissatisfaction with any limits that may be set to the sphere of beauty ; it means a determination to wrest beauty from every corner of the universe ; the refusal to accept any beauty but an all-embracing beauty. The toughminded don't shut their eyes to beauty. They insist on colonising new lands for her. That is why they have to turn their backs on her. They often seem to have been beaten in their strife with

disordered nature. They often announce a victory before it is won. They say of some savage country: 'This land is now ordered and beautiful; we have conquered it for Beauty,' while it is still really formless and chaotic. They may have forgotten the face of her they serve; for during many years of rough toil and strife they have not set eyes on her. They may not have kept their faith strong; they may (some of them) through familiarity and weariness have fallen in love with the coarse and fleshly daughters of the demon they set out to slay. But there is always something gained when all seems lost. A long and tedious process of regeneration has been started (just started) in a barbarous land. The toughminded lay down not only their lives but their very souls in the service of the Spirit, which is Freedom and Beauty. If their eyes ever become shut to beauty, it is merely that they have dared dangers and temptations beyond the strength of man. And before their vision faded and their strength grew weak, they had struck the first blow, and others of their kind must be sent over the seas by the queen of their country to take up the work where they left it when the devils slew their souls and left their bodies without guiding. And after several such generations of pioneers have perished in the wilderness, it is found ready for a recognised law and governor. I am not sure whether I am talking about the Kingdom of Art or the British Empire. As a matter of fact the process in both cases is identical. So perhaps there *is* a parallel between toughmindedness and Yankeeism, as you say. But *do* look at its place in the phenomenology of the Spirit. Wisdom is justified of all her children, and I think the justification of the toughminded is easy to see. Tendermindedness at our present stage of development means fastidiousness, and fastidiousness means pogroms, excommunications, and all uncharitableness.

Look here, that room in Museum Road cost 2s. 6d. If you considered *my* feelings you would let the matter drop. But if you *are* suffering from consciousness of guilt (totally unreasonably) in the matter and want to make expiation and atonement, you may give 2s. 6d. to any charity or philanthropic institution. Not that I think many of them do good, but because I believe that their flourishing condition is almost entirely due to the phenomenon of consciousness of sin in the human soul, so that they exist for the benefit of their contributors and so are justified. You wrote with 'Shavian candour'—I reply in the vein of the same writer.

I am sorry I am too tired of scribbling to tell you, as I intended to, about the Slovak pictures in London. They affected me

more than anything I have seen for ages ; more than Gauguin, more than my beloved J. M. Swan (academic as he is). They are in a small way what you want, pictures sprung out of the unforced consciousness of an entire race. They are rather primitive and decorative, but wonderfully characteristic and natural. And there is a totally new bright red in them ; and a new purple and a new old gold. None of the critiques that I saw really did them justice. The critics were pleased in a superior sort of way, as benevolent old parties are pleased and titillated by children ; but they were not melted. But I suppose an art critic is the last person one can expect to melt. He is afraid to give himself away usually. There is some very interesting stuff about the Slovaks in *The Racial Problem in Hungary*, by Scotus Viator (R. W. Seton-Watson).

By the way, I am reviewing Grundy's book on Thucydides for the *Westminster* ! That is to say, they will print my review, if I can make anything of it for them, which I most sincerely doubt. 'Autopsy' occurs seven times in the first fifty pages. And what about this ? 'The causes that led up to the Peloponnesian War are *difficult to understand and easy to misunderstand*.' I read the book to myself in a sort of sombre Gregorian recitative.

To the Same

FALLOW CORNER, May 11, 1911.

Thanks very much for your letter. You are the most courteous and charming of controversialists. The measure of my boorishness is shown by the choice of the pencil as a screeving instrument. But you see it is like this. I am tired after playing cricket yesterday. Whether it is merely the beginning of the season or the beginning of a consumption, I am not sure, but so far cricket prostrates me for one day after playing. Secondly, it is a glorious morning, so I am constrained to sit in an armchair in the sun. Thirdly, my fountain pen has run out, and I hate filling it—a messy, mechanical job that always brings my incompetence back upon myself all too vividly. Fourthly, no man in his senses could endure the trouble and tedium either of bringing out a table or stool to put the ink on or of continually dipping a random pen in a pot at long range, and far away on the grass somewhere, miles below me at the full stretch of my attenuated arm, which, by the way, has a stiff Post-Impressionist feel about it—like Miss Rice's Egyptian dancers, entirely designed in unyielding triangles. So you see I am obliged to use

pencil. And perhaps I had better give you the tip while I think of it. In case I happen to write anything immortal, the way to fix this shifty medium is to DIP IT IN MILK, or at any rate smear milk over it. Even immortality is not certain to be able to work all on its lone—it is just as well to give it what help you can. The Egyptian embalmers and pyramid-builders felt that. However, there is not much chance of the preservative milk being needed. Long have I waited for the spark from heaven to fall. But it wisely prefers its celestial abode. The temperature has sunk about ten degrees in the last three sentences. The sun has just become obscured by the outliers of what seems likely to prove a very creditable thunderstorm. The old dog that was stretched prone and abandoned has sat up. We really want some rain, I suppose. The very tender green of the lime-trees and things will get shrivelled up. And all these yellow and brown wallflowers on my left are sagging and drooping under a S. wall. It gives them a tawdry look, like a bonfire painted on a theatre-scene.

But this 'ere ain't neobarbarism wot I am supposed to talk about! Neobarbarism is a bit of a horrid monster in its way, a chimæra inflating itself to look like a religion, or a philosophy, or (Lord save us) a MOVEMENT. But you seem to me to have shifted your ground a bit. When I wrote before, I assumed you were up against Gauguin, etc. And, with my natural instinct for acting as a corrective, I spoke up for him and neobarbarism. Of course I like neobarbarism. But I don't think it the crest of the wave by itself. I have to separate my personal weakness and predilection from my philosophy. My philosophy approves the true hermaphrodite art; but I am more at home with the maseuline and innovating principle. I *love* the crude and new, though I *know* that the best is really neither crude nor over-ripe. At the Pater you stuck up for culture, almost for æstheticism. Now you write as a revolutionary. Objectively you seem to want the maseuline, subjectively you incline to the feminine. The schism in your soul runs down the same line of cleavage as in mine, but the values are transposed.

Oh Landon, Landon, a wicked and adulterous generation seeketh after a sign, but no sign shall be given it but the sign of the prophet Jonah. For as Jonah was three days and three nights in the whale's belly, even so is the new democraey still hidden within the bowels of the present mob. Why should I show you a Post-Impressionist poster in Piccadilly, when there are only about a couple of socialists (and bad ones at that) returned for the whole of Greater London? All the same, I

will. Hassall is Post-Impressionist, the favourite advertisement-designer of the present day.

You say Gauguin went to Tahiti. Even so the buceancers went to America. The artistic neobarbarian, like the political neobarbarian, tries to find a congenial *milieu* by leaving the semi-civilised country where he was born for a wholly barbaric land. But the colonisation of the whole earth is a factor to drive our neobarbarians not to emigrate. It will no longer be worth while. There is an intimate connection between democracy and the settling of the whole globe.

The Victorian era was highly culturistie. It would not have stood the following neobarbarisms, observed by me in contemporary suburban life: Rag-time music and dancing, *e.g.* cake-walk, two-step, one-step. Note the names of the tunes we had at a dance t'other day—'The Bogey's Walk' (primitive animism) and 'The Burglar's Prowl' (neobarbarism, even from your point of view). These produced a slight tendency towards orgiasticity, such as would have shocked our grandmothers—a very, very small movement in the direction of genuine sexual self-conseiousness. (They were all girls from ordinary homes.) This will ultimately revolutionise all our marriage-laws (Hurray!) and turn the economic position of women inside out. The old silly sentimentality is dying out. (Damned slowly, though.) The languorous modern Vienna waltz has a somewhat similar effect from a different aspect. Note the jerky breaking-off-ness of the highly popular Viennese musical comedy. This is Post-Impressionist and democraatie. Note Apache danees. Maud Allan, even Isidora Duncan. Note the howling by the band in some dance tunes and popular pieces—this is awfully barbaric. Grotesque movements, golliwogs, use of nicknames (grotesque rather than sentimental), so called 'Art nouveau' in decoration and in architecture (I don't know any in London—you should see Helsingfors, begorra), grotesque simplified pictures of Dutch kids, etc., suffragetism, also use of slang.

Excuse my objurgations in this letter. I cannot stop to put in 'probables' and 'to me's' and 'I thinks,' etc.

Write again.

To the Same

FALLOW CORNER, Oct. 9, 1911.

I am delighted that you have discovered N. Wales. Perhaps it is my favourite country, though I have not been there now for four years. Dolgelly itself I have only slept one night at.

But I often think that Dolgelly to Barmouth is the loveliest bit of scenery I know. So rich!—the brilliant purple heather and the intensely yellow sand. I know no other river-mouth where the fall of the tide reveals such beautifully coloured banks. Coming as it does, straight down from the Mawddwy mountains, the Mawddach collects no muddy detritus, no alluvial slime, only translucent grains of quartz and crystals, washed straight out of the faces of fair, clean rocks. My dear Landon, I grow perfectly maudlin on the subject. It is only too evident that I have not been near the place for years. In my rooms in B.N.C. I had a picture—a quite decent water-colour sketch—of part of the view at Arthog. It lacks the colour I have spoken of. It shows a grey day, when the heather has gone brown. There are ragged clouds, flying low above the hills, showing lightish against the gloomy background of the upper strata of mist that suggest impenetrable upward depths. The sketch was invisible on my dirty yellow-green wall-paper. And I wish it showed the sun gleaming on the salt sandbanks, reflected in a broad-barred opalescence as from the back of a tunny. Only one thing is wanting in that N.W. corner of Meirionydd—that pure deep blue, at once lucid and mysterious, of distant landscapes farther north. And as you are there quite late and the weather has presumably been favourable, you must have actually seen the next thing to it. But I think you have to go to the Highlands or (they say) to the west of Ireland for the perfect effect. I also saw it in Finland. Achill is said to be a revelation. But I mostly recollect it in Scotland, when the Devil, in the person of McFadyean of Univ., took me up to the top of Ben Arthur, a high hill, and showed me all the islands of the West and North, stretching infinitely into a haze, blue like sapphire and of the quality of stained glass. They weren't all islands really; there were capes and bays and landlocked seas. But the general effect was somewhat as of islands. The Devil didn't offer 'em to me; on the contrary, he said he was a Scotchman and so they were all his—or words to the same sense—and they were all labelled 'not transferable.' Then the Devil photographed me, wearing a slouch-hat and puttees, rather like a boy scout, on the summit, after which we descended amid ptarmigans and hooded crows and other absorbing phenomena.

You are right about the infinite amazing variety of N. Welsh scenery. But I don't consider that it is all 'greatly magnified,' unless you merely mean 'intensified.' For it always seems to me, on analysis, to be reduced in scale from something bigger. *E.g.* many of the mountains of N. Wales have shapes suggestive

of far greater size than they actually possess. Snowdon is remarkable in this. Snowdon is about seventy-five feet higher than Carnedd Llewelyn, the second highest mountain in Wales. But, owing to the difference in their forms, they stand to each other in the imagination, in popular repute if you like, as a mountain to a mole-hill. The Glyders and Carnedd Dafydd and many other lesser eminences also have the same way, despite their littleness compared with the heights of Europe, of proclaiming themselves genuine mountains and no hills. In fact, the N. Welsh mountains have an aristocratic principle in them; they seem to have fashioned themselves with impeccable taste, disdaining the vulgar attractions of mere bulk and height. Accordingly they seem mightier than they are. The mind (*i.e.* the mountain's mind) is the measure of the mountain. Now this trait in them seems to me essential. It is owing to the fact that they have succeeded in confining the spacious and expansive idea of grandeur within such very reasonable limits of size that they are able to find room, as it were, for so many other features of beauty. Especially do they also succeed in suggesting richness in the occasional woods and the moist luxuriance of some streams and river valleys.

To resume, my point is that the difficulty of introducing the sublime as a component in a mixed landscape is solved in N. Wales by a very clever reduction of scale without loss of the quality of sublimity. Contrast the Alps. The mere mass of the mountains isolates their chaste grandeur, giving you pictures utterly dominated by that single *motif*. Other phases of nature are not visible in the same *coup d'œil*. Below the snow and rock come myriads of tall pines and conifers that are so overshadowed and outweighed, so to speak, that they are only a shaggy coat to the lower slopes. They are purely subservient and accessory to the mountains. In Wales the woods seem to hold their own, to preserve their own distinctive quality and individuality, in the presence of the cliffs and scarps. And then the pomp of the heather on the other rounded hills and the wonderful scattered farms, typical of the Celtic people, white nuclei in irregular right-angled green oases (patches) on the moorland. They look so domestic, yet adventurous, and so significant—like milestones, at once familiar, romantic, and full of guidance. The slopes on which they stand are *creta notati*. Then the sounds of the water and trees, the intimate twittering of titmice and gold-crests, and the far sounds of sheep bleating from the heights above, perhaps a curlew or even a buzzard—but that was only once, near Aber on the N. coast. The smells of pine and

fern and moss—elemental smells, earth-and-water smells, that make the delicate specialised perfumes of angiosperms seem artificial and meretricious by contrast. Peat—what a word is that, what a thing!—the very meeting-point of the animate and inanimate. I need scarcely add a final caveat. Don't go down to Arthog to see the backs of the shoals gleaming like tunny. You will see them when you come back to London. I am looking forward to meeting you then.

LETTERS FROM INDIA, 1914-1915

To his Brother

P. & O. S. N. COMPANY'S

S.S. Macedonia, May 5.

I WONDER if you can read the enclosed. Rather hard to keep amused.

Very good breakfast this morning. Two red mullets, fried, like the trout at Dolanog, macaroni, and stewed apples with rice. Nutriment and bulk, high. Strain on stomach, nil. Alleluia. Amen.

May 2.—There are not more than twenty-four people traveling second class on this boat. In fact the whole thing is deserted. The sun shines. The boat's all painted yellow, and the sea's blue, and there's nothing else about, barely a blooming wave. What's the good of a sea without a wave? There were a few decent little waves in the Gulf of Lyons, to vary the monotony of things and sprinkle some white on this relentless blue. I suppose we slipped between Corsica and Sardinia last night—a sort of thing we should do at night, so as not to let us see anything. A few unknown birds about at times—brown doves or pigeons, I fancy, also desert wheatear, larks, and some sort of canary. I've got a cabin to myself.

May 3, Sunday.—Didn't attend service this morning. Have finished the two novels I brought with me, and could finish a few more at this rate. We must have slipped the Straits of Messina last night, as we slipped the Straits of Bonifacio the night before. Overcast to-day, and cooler. Due Port Said Tuesday. Have barely spoken to a soul. All yesterday kept myself carefully in hand, saying to myself that I would be civil to any one who spoke to me; but to-day I have almost felt that if anybody spoke to me, I shouldn't be able to make any answer. A few turtle-doves on the boat to-day. Very Sabbatarian boat; they actually didn't put out the deck quoits and things to-day, depriving us of a slight consolation.

May 4.—The Lascars did a fire-drill; the silver spray looked lovely against the blue—picture for Charles Sims; the net result

was that the Mediterranean remained the same size as before. They also started to put up the awning on the top deck—very picturesque—rather like Rubens's 'Descent from the Cross,' as about eight of them in red and blue lugged a bale of awning up a pole. These Lascars are most docile workers, rather silent except when they chatter a bit after the manner of monkeys or parakeets. They go about sixteen to the man, I should think—but then about sixteen of them can work together like one man. They don't look of any muscular strength. I don't observe any *amours de voyage* going on, unless it be that the fat Frenchwoman has made a profound impression on the fatter Turkish Jewman—a slender bond, paradoxically, their admiration of each other's bulk. Both are getting off at Port Said. I can't talk at meals, I've got a table-end. On my left the fat Frenchwoman, who has no English, and on my right a genuine Tibetan, who looks as if he has made up a language for himself and never mastered it sufficiently for conversation.

Wednesday morning.—Just left Port Said. Statue of Lesseps very trousery; heroic and colossal trousers. We coaled there; two lighters came up on either side full of men with a little coal underfoot; they made the dickens of a row, singing and yowling; the rope broke by which they were hauling themselves to the ship. The men seemed to lack individualism: they worked very rapidly in a discreditable ant-like manner, when once they began. Nice spots of colour about, ugly houses and masses of dirty brown men with nice legs in boats. Port Said is all rather ramshackle; goats, ducks, fowls, dogs, and humans filling up the streets. There was a Mohammedan wedding going round the town with a brass band, and another one with bagpipes, or it may have been the same with a new band; and a funeral of a 'saint,' whatever that may mean, of the Greek Church. This had a fairly doleful band, followed by pretty near all the converted kids they could collect, a Lord Mayor's coach in gold and black with the coffin and horses' cloths in the same colours, archimandrites or such with crosses and so on. The chief industry of Port Said is touting. There's a decent shop or two, though, and I bought some books to carry me on, as I find I read rather a lot on board and I had become reduced to alternating between Macchiavelli and Thomas à Kempis. Went to a cinematograph in the evening; and the end of P.S. was this morning, a man and a woman playing 'La Maxixe' interminably, as a roundelay, on a banjo and a mandolin, with an Arab oarsman and a little girl holding up a reversed umbrella for pennies. Pears' Soap is well advertised, but doesn't appear to do much

business. Peter Dawson's whisky probably does better. There are some hawks by this canal—kites I fancy. An awful lot of unrecognisable water-birds on the shallow lakes outside ; and a flock of flamingoes ; and an official-looking fellow riding a rather high-spirited camel. On the other side everything goes jiggety-jig in the heat and the distant sand-dunes look as if seen through the window of a w.c. It's a terrible slow crawl along here, but it's more varied than the mere sea ; another unknown bird, might be a crane.

Desert damned deserted. A few lousy camels browsing in the scrub. There's a railway line by the side ; passing trains are followed by a sandstorm, like motor-cars on the roads. We've done about thirty miles of this muddy ditch at present ; and we're all awnined around, so that you'd need a special under-slung deck-chair to see out.

O tedium, O tedium,
The name both old and new is,
'Twas used in ancient Lati-um,
I use it now at Suez.

'Castiensis taedia vitae,' said
The man they called the Silent One—

Night.—Damn the poem.

This is a bit thick. There's a man with an awfully bad powerful and conventionally creditable voice singing 'Little Grey Home in the West' ; I do hate drawing-room ballads, as if life wasn't bad enough without this sort of stuff. He's done 'Songs of Araby' too, one of the worst, with Araby on the port bows, if the port is the left.

We played cricket to-day and I saw a cormorant, sitting fast by the tree of knowledge, like the Devil, on a buoy in a bitter lake. We bundle a bit through the lakes, but it's five miles an hour in the canal, and Arabs—street Arabs I was going to call them—running alongside and wanting backsheesh. Decent old camels too ; and a wonderful red dog ; and a 15-20 ft. white yacht, with a grey deck and a brilliant red sail against the green-blue lake, with a yellow desert beyond, turning pinkish in the distance—very pretty—

Or some one else who's very dead,
His day's work shirked for good, or done.

But oh, I'd rather any camp
Than this great ship that wanders on
As if its engines had the cramp
With palsy to succeed anon.

O tedi-um, O tedi-um,
 O sand and salt and sun,
 Your re-al name is bawerdum—
 And so this poem 's done.

People seem to have revived a bit since Port Said. I suppose they 're sea-sick in the Bay and home-sick in the Mediterranean. One man has explained to me at great length that people go to Egypt and think they're great travellers—have arrived at the ends of the earth. 'But they've been nowhere, nowhere—can get home again in a week—or less, by Brindisi. Now in Burma—' I immediately saw in imagination another man talking and treating India as Egypt and holding up, say, Japan as the standard of genuine removal, and so, *ad infinitum*. Silly asses.

Thursday.—I sat up last night till I saw the lights of Suez in the distance, and then I simply had to go to bed. To-day I dress at my thinnest, with the result that I started by nearly catching a chill. The Red Sea seems greenish-blue; but the banks are tawny. There are some swallows about and gulls with dark wings and backs, heads black as far as the nape, red bill and white eye-spot. This gives them a comie appearance, as if they were wearing a mask. A few large birds of prey fly about. But whether the black and sooty ones are ravens or vultures, and whether the broad-winged brown ones are vultures or fish-hawks I cannot tell. I can't think what a bird of prey can prey on in this region: a dead camel must be a wonderful beano. If I were a bird of prey, I'd migrate. On the other hand, it 'd be worse still to be any other kind of bird here; being a bird, your only sort of chance is to be a bird of prey and so have a look in at whatever 's going. No doubt they prey on each other a bit, like the Hebrideans that lived by taking in each other's washing.

Crieket-match this morning—First saloon *v.* second do.

Friday.—Second saloon won an easy victory yesterday. People retired when they had got fifteen, and I scored a possible by twice reaching fourteen and then hitting a four—which was more luck than judgment.

I've got a distinct cold to-day. The weather is pronounced phenomenally mild for the Red Sea at this time of year; and certainly there's nothing to shout about so far. There are wonderful nights under the moon, though the moon is a bit undersized. Sirius looks bright green in this air and Mars bright red. The sun is a bit oversized. I don't know what it's like at mid-day, but before setting it takes up about half the sky.

There are lots of flying-fishes about. But I don't spot them

at once. The first I saw made me think that somebody was playing ducks and drakes from the ship, though the distance away puzzled me, as well as the rapidity of the motion. Then I saw at intervals a number of these lighter blue streaks passing over the water. Once I thought it was a kingfisher somehow come to sea; once or twice clots of foam detached from the spray on the top of the waves made by the ship; and then again it was so swift, so silent, so elusive, so translucent that I reckoned it must be illusion. And then it dawned on me. All along here they're dashing away from the ship, sometimes singly, sometimes in shoals. They go across like a light-blue glass bead in a kaleidoscope.

There's a *soi-disant* Mohammedan mosque in Port Said, which you can enter for a sixpenny tip—I suppose about the only one in the world you can get into. I dare say religions get a bit frayed at the edges in a place like that. They shove your feet into sort of fish-baskets so as you shan't pollute it unnecessarily. I polluted it considerably, as I couldn't keep the fish-baskets on. It was all very decorative, barely an inch anywhere without a pattern on it; scarcely any furniture. Beggars, and a place to wash your feet.

In the afternoon now, with the sun behind the other side of the ship, the white bellies of the flying-fish show quite clear-cut against the blue, and their genuine solidity is made apparent.

Saturday.—Had thoughts of sleeping on deck last night. However, the breeze blew softly into the porthole, so I didn't trouble to get the bedding brought up. This morning the rising sun shone right in and fairly did me in. Did a record for this voyage in early rising. I found I couldn't dry after my bath, as I sweated quicker than I could wipe it off. Came on deck and saw something sticking out of the water for a moment. Aha! back fin of a shark, thinks I. Then it rose again and turned over in a familiar curve. Aha, thinks I, porpoise. After which it multiplied itself manifold and kept leaping right up like vast salmons and falling in again with a fine plump. Aha, thinks I, dolphins, and thereon thought no more.

There are a few terns of some sort. I wish I knew why this is called the Red Sea. Find out for me and tell me, if you can. There are rare spots of floating reddish-yellow weed, which, if coagulated in a mass, would make a red sea. 4 P.M. Land on the port bow. I suppose the shores begin here to close in a bit. A big graceful dusky bird with a long yellow bill; a gannet of some kind, or kindred species.

Aden to-morrow, where I post this.

May 10.—Aden is a place and a half. Rather picture-post-cardy. The water in the bay is green and clear; the irregular hunk of rock a dirty brown; for a big distance along the coast the bungalows, etc. run—roofs a leaden red mostly—all the building lines horizontal; they also climb the rock a bit. Magazine (with ventilators), fort barracks, hospital, church, etc., signalling station: and another in an unthinkable position right on the top of the highest jag. I can see the intolerable path zigzagging up to it as I write. The heat is quite different here—clammy. There isn't a sign of vedge on Aden, bar an odd skimpy tree or two in a sort of park near the water's edge. Arab dhows in the bay, like tadpole-junks, usually coloured greenish with variations strakeways; flying the English flag, a few steamers at anchor; rowing boats; tugs with awnings; black and brown men; sandy desert behind and white heaps to do with the salt works. Chuck bread over the side of the ship, and myriads of fish, emerald in the sun, and sepia in the shade, dash at it from all directions, and jig it about like a lump of sodium. Then a great shark does a figure of eight through them, as they gradually worry the bread down, and eats them all up. There was also a fish like a fair length of green hose-pipe, with a six-inch nozzle. And three great rays—say three or four feet square at least—went flapping by, as if they were herons flying under water. Kites fly overhead. There were some wonderful birds about the boat earlier in the day; a sort of brown hawk; a little bird with a variegated head and white rump; and a sort of big kingfisher I imagine, black and white and deep mauve with a long, thick, bright red bill.

Aden is a skin-of-the-teeth sort of place to inhabit. A good few coloured passengers have joined the boat here. One fellow brings his own drinking water—matter of taste, or something. If he bought it at Aden, I imagine fizz would have been about as cheap.

May 11.—Everything is hot and damp. I slept on deck last night. My shaving-soap is stuck fast in its tin and won't shift; the razor skids on your salt, slippery face; it's no pleasure to put your socks on in the morning, and less to take them off in the afternoon; you can't hope possibly to get dry after bathing. Matches will no more light than they will in the bathroom at home after some one's been having an orgy.

It would be jolly to be dry.

Good moonrise this evening. The sky, where the moon was going to rise, got very light as the time of rising approached. The Southern Cross conspicuous, and a large star in the west

(? Mahound) that flickers alternately green and red, but with rather longer spells of green. Very debolched with the climate.

May 12.—Wonderful long swell on, though not a high one; hollows between the waves must often be 200 yards wide, if not more. Our wake makes a zigzag like a drunken man's. On Sunday evening it was a straight track all the way to the horizon. It looked as if it were a permanent pathway, along which the ship had travelled. Slept on deck last night (very damp). Still have a cold. Haven't seen any kind of steamer since leaving Aden, nor indeed any boat at all, except a few dhows on Sunday near the Arabian shore.

A ship passed this afternoon, but only one passenger saw it, as everybody else was asleep on the other side of the deck. He might at least have rung the fire-bell. However, he's a very fat man. Another ship passed to-night. The moon rose among clouds.

Solitary silver-white birds, with long tails, rise occasionally out of the sea, but they are very shy of the boat and keep a long way off. This evening, before moonrise, when nothing was visible but stars, black water and white foam, one suddenly came close and flashed white in our lights; it squeaked curiously, so that before I saw it I thought it was a piece of machinery creaking in the ship. These are most magic-looking, the very spit of the sort of birds enchanted princes get turned into. Nobody seems to know what they are called, or what they are allied to.

May 13.—Oily calm to-day, and yet the vessel rolls in the long swell. There's an engineer on board who yesterday broke out suddenly and in a tone of desperate boredom, as if the irritation of the thing has accumulated for years unbearably, with: 'I can never look at the stars without feeling that some one had started to plot an enormous curve and forgotten to join up the points.'

May 14.—Due in to-morrow: so we'll call this 'arrived safely.'

To his Mother

QUEEN'S MANSIONS HOTEL,
BOMBAY, *May 22, 1914.*

The climate is nasty—I am always asleep. The wind flaps about and smells like dead chameleons rotting on half-dried mud-banks. I cannot keep awake at the office. I am afraid Rieu finds me dreadfully unexpansive, but I am chiefly occupied with

keeping awake. This place where I live is a sort of boarding-house. I am stuck at a table with two decent men of my own class—one the purest Cockney, a small edition of Ambrose, t' other a lame man in the *Advocate*. They are both going home this year, the latter for good. I have played tennis a few times : my racket is rather a failure : it curled up a bit in the Red Sea. Cricket begins with the monsoon : I don't seem to have got my boots here after all. I have opened a banking account like a bird. I have also tied a dress tie. All the same this is a silly place—pallid people with beads of sweat arranged like moustaches on their upper lips, feeling rather sidy, half-unconscious that they are really in prison, broking freights and mucking about with cotton.

Down Colaba way, the cotton floats visibly in the air and mingles with the sour semi-organic dust as you inhale it into the depths of the lung. The Tommies look about the most comfortable whites. I wish to goodness I knew the business instead of having it to learn without interest or belief in its desirability and half-asleep. It's an impossible proposition. The place is just like the pictures. Colours have mighty little value here. A bright colour is a luxury in a cool climate, but here only a bright colour ever penetrates to the softening brain ; it makes little impression. If it wasn't bright it would be psychologically invisible, that's all. And generally speaking, all luxuries become necessities and lose their distinction. Some men must be damnably disillusioned here, I should think. If I survive, I am not likely to be more bored here than anywhere else. If anything, the place has rather more individuality than I anticipated ; I imagined that all towns of a million or so inhabitants were in these intercommunicatory days indistinguishable from one another. It's awfully interesting how every blessed thing everywhere does its bare minimum for its own purposes. A relentless logic governs the world : once you look, there are no frills anywhere. Love to everybody.

May 29, 1914.—Please thank the Pater for his note and newspapers. I see father has taken to the diarian mode of writing, which is very good reading. Why don't you *all* do it ? So good for you, too. Well, it's very hot here ; my powers of attention are at a minimum, and my sight and hearing considerably impaired by the weakening effect of this damned climate. It's useless to try to read. Usually, I can't see the book in the evening ; and even when I can, I can't understand it. Luckily there's a man down with tonsillitis, and I am able to nail him. He discusses Prosody and the exact nature of civilisation chiefly.

Probably the only man in Bombay capable of supporting such a conversation. It's rather a nuisance not being able to see the birds here. Curious, when you think of it, to get a mob of bright green parrakeets screeching like billio in the flowering trees outside the awfice window. Or, if they aren't parrakeets, they ought to be—that colour. There are a few trees about that, despite the season, are out in bright red, yellow and purple, and that sounds all very wonderful. But if they weren't like that, you wouldn't be able to see them at all. Between the physical debilitation of the eye and the mesmeric glare and trance of things, that makes me think I'm going imbecile, because I can't pick things out clearly—nothing has a chance unless it gets a colour. Result: devaluation of colour. Depreciation's the word.

Yesterday I read a book on logarithms and another on Shivaji, the Mahratta chief, whom I then heard of for the first time. I recommended the publication of both. Now, though Shivaji is a Mahratta, the Bengalis are inclined to make a national hero of him for seditious purposes; not that he ever fought the British so far as I can make out, for he died in 1680; but he made a nation out of a lot of mixed rips, and organised an army that gave some real trouble a few generations later. So there is much humming and ha'ing about publishing a laudatory life of him. Twaddle! Best thing is to take up their rotten national hero and so denationalise him. When Shivaji was crowned, he was weighed against gold and the gold distributed to the Brahmas or whatever they call them. He scaled in at just ten stone; rather a great man apparently. At his coronation there happened to be a 'deppitation' from Bombay or somewhere of Englishmen wanting concessions and things. They got fed on rice and ghi till they complained, and then a butcher was sent them, not unaccompanied by a goat, and they felt unenthusiastically better. Ghi is clarified butter.

The population of India is about 273 millions, of whom perhaps $5\frac{1}{2}$ millions might just manage to read a book published by the O.U.P. They've got no money much. Everything has to be published amazingly cheap. I don't see the good of trying to make money in India by selling things to him, *i.e.* the Indian. It seems the wrong way up.

The kites use their tails amazingly when flying, getting them right over to steer and wheel. There's an idiotic crow's nest in a toddy-palm slick opposite the verandah where I breakfast. It would be very interesting if I could see it. Unfortunately, as I say, there's too much light or something and the visual will is

impaired. Anyhow, I can't pick things out. Now, if artists weren't all fools, there 'd be a myriad myriad brilliant Post-Impressionist subjects among the coolies here. However. . . .

June 5.—Bombay may be beautiful, but my eyes are too weak to see it. Last Saturday I had to chuck at the awfice owing to spots dancing in front of the eyes. However, I went out and spent the week end with some men on Pali Hill, a little way out, and that was very pleasant, though they were mostly interested in pursuing the jackal on horseback, about which I knew nothing. There were a lot of birds in the compound. I've bought some bird books, since I hope to identify a few next time I am out of town, whenever that may be. There's a fascinating thing ealled the dayal or magpie-robin, nearly as long as a thrush, black and white, and fond of jerking up its tail behind the back of its head. There were a lot of nice squirrels and lizards at Pali Hill too. Pretty decent stars too. I am taking on a man to teach me Hindustani, though I doubt the use of so doing, for there is no grammar in swear words. Of course life is all right here, if you take everything gently: but then you see that's my way of living in a temperate climate, and if I get any gentler I shall snuff out altogether. I should think it's better here for females than males. I suppose they're in a minority and they can sleep comfortably all day, instead of snatching furtive moments of guilty slumber in an awfice-chair, which is very wearing to the nerves.

By the way, this Munshi man, who is to teach me the lingo, did a version of 'God Save the King,' which was performed before George v. by 400 selected school-children. Might make a subject for Max Beerbohm.

Very troubled about my bank-signature. I had not the sense to keep a copy, and I have to forge it each time, as I have no regular style—matter of mood.

July 10, 1914.—Having sent all the chokras, the sepoy, etc., away on errands to-day, I left the door unguarded, with the result that two drunken (alleged in mufti) sailors penetrated and wanted money to get somewhere. A lot of talk of a white man or white men or something. They were a long time going, and me babbling something about not caring what colour they were. I had a lunatic in the other day—an Englishman without any boots on—who began by telling me he had just got out of Poona asylum. Even if he *was* a lunatic he might have had the sense to conceal that vital fact. Another beggar was a missionary, who said he had sent all his money home and wanted to get back to the field of his labours in Assam. He had just had fever, and was prob-

ably sincere : very down in the mouth. I couldn't imagine any heathen native being greatly benefited by his company. Tried to do me down with a terrific hearty hand-shake when he went. I didn't succumb.

If those Kessingland cottages are the ones I thought, they certainly appeared rather comfortable. I am sorry you are selling them, as I might have taken one some day and started a comfortable life. Curiously enough, it did not occur to me when I was there. I should like to live in a small cottage in the country or in a village, if you like—I'm not keen on the romantic aspects of the country—and there I would placidly write a book which no one would publish or read. That seems to me the ideal life.

We have had a packer away part of this week, and heavy sales—third best week on record : so it has been rather a chivving business getting them out. Also a book went mad and sold 1600 more than it ought to, which was very okkud. I cabled home for more, but what I shall get I haven't the faintest idea, because of the complications of the code.

July 21, 1914.—My boy has always had a bean in his head that he ought to be paid on the 14th of the month, though I only landed on the 15th. I thought he had forgotten all about it, when yesterday he suddenly revived the question by spreading on my dressing-table a large sheet of paper with an elaborate letter which he had got written. The gist of it was that he had been engaged on the 14th (by Rieu) and therefore ought to be paid on the 13th. Otherwise the month consisted of 32 days. I had already asked Rieu whether he had made it clear that the engagement dated from the 15th. And Rieu said he had. The total sum at stake was about R. 1 and mightn't seem worth sticking out for. However I reflected that though I didn't care for the actual sum of money, nor for the principle of justice by which the boy was not entitled to it, yet I could not possibly live perpetually with a boy who, I felt, had done me down. Accordingly, I eventually gave him the choice of having two days' extra pay plus wages to date and clearing out, or staying and being paid on the 15th. Of course he stays. The curious thing is that he quite persuaded himself that he had a grievance, and for that reason alone I nearly got rid of him ; because I considered that if he brooded continually on a grievance he might at length get over any prejudice he may at present have against stealing. And if he began abstracting my clothes it would presumably be ages before I found anything out. On the other hand, it scarcely seemed worth while to get rid of him till he showed signs of stealing. Yet I suspect him of being in debt

and always pressed for money. If he is in money-lenders' hands, as heaps of these boys probably are, he will remain continually short.

Last month he wanted an advance of six rupees on the 4th : whereupon I denied with oaths that he should receive a penny before his proper day. I always begin like that in order to get time to think. Besides I hate being asked for money. However, subsequently at breakfast I reasoned that I stood to lose nothing by an advance on wages, so long as that advance had actually been earned. Now by the 4th of the month I had already received about thirteen rupees' worth of service. So with the utmost magnanimity I forked out a ten-rupee note. Having denied him at first, I thought it advisable to give him more than he had originally asked for, as that would produce a comparatively noble effect. In this transaction, too, I was influenced by fear of the boy turning thief. As a matter of fact, these boys are usually quite amazingly honest, considering their opportunities. For that very reason, I suspect that any one that does begin to steal becomes quite abandoned. I imagine that the ordinary European valet always reckons to absorb things in small quantities, but tends not to exceed what seems a reasonable limit : so that it is not to be expected that he will become an abandoned universal thief.

To the Same

BOMBAY, July 28, 1914.

The 2s. 6d. stamp on the parcel of boots was so intriguing that I return it herewith. As usual, I have to add a proviso—*i.e.*, *if* I remember. For it is a long while from Tuesday to Saturday. Rieu is going home on Saturday. As he is travelling Austrian Lloyd to Trieste, he is wondering whether a fortnight or so hence he will be held up by belligerents in the Adriatic. I suggested to him that in these civilised days, once anybody had got into the Mediterranean, it was pretty impossible for him to be delayed for more than a day between there and London, because of the number of routes and quantity of traffic. However, he seemed to be gloomily contemplating the chance of spending his wedding day as contraband or something at Fiume or thereabouts.

I seem to have run away from Europe just as it was beginning to get interesting.. A civil war in Ireland or a general European war would be very exciting. Nothing ever happens here. Three years ago the Hindus and Mohammedans, so they say, had a

scrum at the Mohurrun. I am told that one of the police officers used to walk into the Gymkhana, put down his revolver on a table and remark, 'Bagged six this morning,' or whatever the number was. I think they called the military out. Next time, it is said that the Volunteers are promised: which ought to make it a more serious matter. No doubt, if you see East, he will be able to contradict all this.

There are some pleasant little buff-and-white herons here, called pond-herons or paddy-birds. They are very tame, being incredible, it is said in one of the books I have, 'even to the native Christians of Salsette,' who, being outcasted by their apostasy, are presumably promiscuous feeders. These herons are more like bitterns than our herons, and have the regular bittern trick of making themselves all sorts of different shapes. The ordinary swifts here have white rumps like house-martins.

July 30, 1914.—Rieu has been tearing round getting his passport viséed by all the consuls he can find in Bombay, or at any rate, the Austrian, Italian and German. There are exactly twenty-five Austrians in Bombay, one of whom is liable for service on the preliminary call and is therefore going home by the same boat as Rieu.

The *Times of India* has violent scare headlines to-day, viz., 'Conflagration Imminent,' but I can't see anything in the telegrams to justify it. All the same, it's perfectly stupid being shut up in this supercivilised hole, while you all go ramping about how you like. It's a curious thing that for some reason it's a physical impossibility for me to be present when anything happens. I've scarcely ever even seen a horse fall down in the street. With the full knowledge that this won't be read for sixteen days at least, I prophesy no general conflagration. A prophecy in a sealed packet is, you must admit, a very honest document.

I have just read a most amusing book called *The Heroine*, by E. S. Barratt. I had never heard of it till recently. It was published in 1813, and is a whole-hearted skit on the romantic fiction of that period. I recommend it strongly to all of you.

Aug. 1, 1914.—Yesterday the whole office was demoralised, being in a state of nervous excitement at the prospect of presenting Rieu with a wedding gift. At about 5 P.M. the head clerk or accountant, Mangesh, came in and confidentially asked me to be present. I left the correction of the type-errors of an emotionally-intoxicated typist and went in. The office became momentarily hushed, and then every member of the staff came in—a shoddy-looking crowd—and ranged themselves round three

sides of the room. Mangesh advanced and made a speech. His English forsook him in his emotion—it always does in a crisis. Then the sepoy (? = a commissionaire—a sort of native and glorified errand-boy in a quasi-uniform with a big brass-plate dangling on him with the name of the office) handed out a silver salver—very gorgeous, considering their screws. Rieu, touched with genuine emotion, made a speech. He really thinks of all these people as if they were his children. He started the office and engaged them all himself and taught most of them their work. As a matter of fact, he was too affected to make the aplomby speech that they would have liked best. Of course they had also presented a bouquet—very solid with a little fountain of silver tinsel wire in the middle—and had thrown a long wreath over him that dangled down to his legs. The head stock-clerk had produced a large buttonhole on his own. He is a man of independent mind, who insists on taking his wages in a cheque, instead of notes, though he has not a banking account. They treated me to flowers similarwise : so I insisted on making a speech too, very abrupt, like a dog barking. Here are some jewels from it—‘I don’t know what I’ve done to deserve this, as I’m not going away’—rather ironical, that. Also, ‘I take it as a token that you intend to serve me with the same loyalty and devotion as you have shown to Mr. Rieu. And I’m glad of it!’ That was my peroration. I can only hope that they did not twig the confession of weakness implied in the last sentence. Mangesh referred gracefully to Rieu’s intended memsahib. There was general applause, and Mangesh interpreted Rieu’s words to the packers and the underlings. The wreaths were drenched in rose-water or some other strong scent, and were very awkward to work in, and we dared not take them off. I left the bouquet on a side-table and an obsequious chokra immediately brought and laid it beside my arm on my desk. The wreath made me feel just like a sacred cow. It swayed before me, as I lolloped about the office, like an artificial dewlap. I dined with Rieu last night and did not see him this morning.

The wreath was mainly made of the longish white buds of some flower, strung on silvery wire, with a few semi-double pink roses and maidenhair fern. The bouquet contained a curious white flower, with enormous long spikes, otherwise, like a convolvulus.

Aug. 2.—I hear to-day that all English passengers on the Austrian Lloyd *Marienbad* were transferred to the P. & O. *Medina*. There are sentries all round the docks : also modifications are frequent in sailing orders.

Later.—I see by to-day's telegrams that Germany has declared war on Russia. All this has come very suddenly at the last. It is curious to be reading the *Weekly Times* of a fortnight ago, where Austro-Servian relations are dismissed in a rather dull half-column. I suppose the overland mail route *via* Brindisi is not likely to be interfered with. Still one begins to wonder whether letters will get through. Almost anything may happen during the fortnight of transmission. I do wish I was in town and in the middle of any talk that's doing.

Aug. 4, 1914.—They keep the end of the cable to Aden guarded. The papers are now engaged apparently in making new headlines out of old material. The head stock-keeper, whom I have already mentioned as a man of independent mind, wanted me to withdraw all the O.U.P. money from the National Bank! I explained to him rather inclusively—I mean inconclusively—that the essence of a credit system is that you all agree to believe in the existence of nothing in particular, and the best way to keep it going is to go on believing.

To P. A. Landon

BOMBAY, *Aug. 6, 1914.*

Things have changed pretty completely since you wrote. It is curious to read again to-day your complaints about the monotony of life. What about us here cut off from the centre of interest? For boredom I left England, and it was an entire error of judgment. Here I am doubtful whether we shall ever get authentic news, for I understand that all telegrams have to pass the censor and that we shall not be allowed to know anything that is not fit for the eyes of a potentially seditious native. My business is not affected yet, except that Hodder and Stoughton cabled to-day to stop all work on a series of vernacular translations of English novels which we are producing for them. But cotton, shipping, and brokering are absolutely at a standstill. There are sentries round the docks, and the end of the Aden cable is guarded. I am alone, bar natives, in the office now, as my boss sailed for England, to get married, on August 1, over three weeks earlier than he intended. I hope his boat, the *Medina*, gets through all right—he had originally meant to go Austrian Lloyd, but wisely swapped the day before. This letter, I suppose, stands a chance of being held up. I am feeling fairly sorry for myself, partly the result of the monsoon, which has been at its horriddest for three weeks now. Everything is sopping wet and dark and depressing. I was on the point of

writing to you again when I got your letter, at last. I really thought that you so objected to being addressed in imbecile rhymes that you had made up your mind to stick out for a proper letter before answering. It was a ripping letter, just right to cheer the heart of an exile. But it made me wonder whether I had any business in life except to be amusing and how grossly I had neglected that duty. However, I can't get it back again now, especially with the dulling routine of regular business hours.

I live in a sort of boarding-hotel, quite a decent place, with the office 100 yds. on one side, and the Gymkhana 100 yds. on the other. If it hadn't been for this war, and the prospective rise in prices, I should have accepted an invitation I received yesterday to join a chummery in a flat for the next three months. However, it would have been Rs. 30 at least per mensem more expensive than this place, and in the circs. I couldn't risk it. What I should like most would be to join a chummery in a bungalow a little way out, but I see little chance of that ever coming off—partly owing to my poor knack at making easy acquaintances, accentuated by the in-driving nervous effect of this place. I stayed a couple of nights in the hot weather in such a bungalow, and it was blissful to sit in the compound at night and gaze at the stars, and to watch the birds, squirrels, and lizards in the day-time. Here I am cut off from these delights, which are my proper method of recuperation, and should normally take the place of pegs and 'going down the road,' by which many men here keep going. I read a good deal, but it is no country for reading, owing to the relaxation of the powers of attention, and a sort of break-up of consciousness, by which one has to snatch at things in one's good moments, and simply rest and wait in one's bad ones. I think people read very little in India, bar purely armchair novels. I can judge this a bit by our sales, which are almost entirely of books for schools and for university examinations. The average man in Bombay is amazingly uninterested in things. We just snatch at the practicable surface and go on to the next thing. It is an axiom that thought is incompatible with mere self-preservation. People seem to avoid the depths with a deliberate pertinacity much more noticeably than at home. They are quite right. However, I should like to be in a cold place, where the landscape is not an opaque tawdry painted pasteboard, and thinking is necessitated by the transparent bluish distance; where things lead you on to think into *them*, instead of compelling you back to think into yourself. No wonder this country has produced such wonderful doctrines

of the Ego. Thought becomes quite pure here. No one could be tempted into any of your Jenkinsonian compromises between the pure and the practical reason. On the one hand is instinct, desire, action; on the other a circle of thought. Do you see what I mean? In England, if you say to a man 'Being = not-being,' he may conceivably contradict you and start arguing. Here I feel sure he would either agree, or be totally unaffected. Nevertheless there is a third possible mental state, the psychological basis of which I do not understand, but which I had worked out for myself considerably before I came here. It consists in action, conducted with complete mental detachment and emotional indifference, against a background of metaphysics. What I do not understand about it is this—why act at all, if the indifference is as real as it seems?—There goes the dinner-bell, so I must suspend my proposed quotations from the Yoga of Action in the *Bhagavad-Gita*.

Dinner has modified the asceticism of my thought. However this sort of thing is rather interesting: 'As the ignorant act from attachment to action, O Bahrata, so should the wise act without attachment, desiring the welfare of the world.'

What world is it of which one should desire the welfare? For me at any rate it is not the world of men, whose so-called welfare doesn't provide me with an interesting formula. It must be something wider than that. I get tied up when I try to prosecute this line of thought further.

Again, 'All actions are wrought by the qualities of nature only. The self, deluded by egoism, thinketh: "I am the doer."' The word translated 'egoism' seems to be a subtle affair and seems to mean the sense of individual existence, the mere saying to oneself 'I am.' This cuts much deeper than our word 'egoism.' Apparently the last-quoted verse enjoins a complete indifference to whether one exists or not, and this can only be attained by an intermediate stage in which one passionately asserts, 'I am not.' One comes to know that one's own existence or non-existence are really one and the same thing.

The mail goes out to-morrow, so I must bring this dull affair to an end, and leave the Yoga of Action unexpounded. Give my love to anybody I like, and remember me to mine enemies. And write again as long as Britain continues to rule the waves. I understand the overland Brindisi mail route is stopped, so this will take three weeks at least to reach you. I intend to run away from India as soon as possible, and hope with luck to run into your arms.

To his Mother

BOMBAY, Aug. 22, 1914.

I played cricket three times this week-end without success, except that going in last but one in the dark to secure a draw for the Gymkhana, I played a masterly innings of 0 not out, raising wild shrieks of naïf barbaric amusement from a large crowd by refusing to play at balls on my body and letting myself be hit. As you know, there is little twilight here, and if you under-calculate by a quarter of an hour or so the proper time for drawing stumps, you suddenly find yourself playing without any light at all. The crowd that collects reminds me of those you get at a match against a lunatic asylum at home. They are wonderful howlers when a European misses a catch. When it rains they squat down and draw their numerous black umbrellas over themselves like tents. When a ball is hit into the middle of them they seldom take much trouble to get out of the way, yet nobody ever seems to get wounded. When they have encroached on the ring and are shifted back, the efforts of a cripple to move back with the others will raise a lot of laughter.

Aug. 31, 1914.—Reports from the war are very curious. One day we gain a brilliant victory somewhere and the next day we gain an equally brilliant one twenty miles farther back, and so on. Even on the East we now hear of fighting in the Warsaw district, after being led to believe that the Russians were well into Prussia. And the Austrians are apparently still in Montenegro. I hope they use plenty of the native Indian troops. After all, there are a good many warlike natives in India who have had a very peaceful time lately, and it cannot be too good for them. Yesterday rumours got circulated in the bazaar that the Germans had invested Paris and that the Amir of Afghanistan was invading India. This fear and expectation of an attack from the N.W. must be inbred in the Indian peoples.

It has happened so often before. So now, whenever they hear of any fighting, they instinctively feel that something threatening must be coming out of Afghanistan. The perfervid patriotic speeches of the Bengalis have been rather mocked in some other quarters. When, it is asked, did a Bengali ever fight? And it is additionally pointed out that they are no relatives of the heroes of the *Ramayana* and *Mahabharata*, though the latter came from the Ganges region. This line of argument shows the continued vitality of the Epics here. Who would care in England if anybody dissociated them from Arthur, or on the other hand from

Beowulf or even Alfred ? We scarcely have any national heroes before the sixteenth century, or so it seems to me.

The chance that there seemed a week or two ago that Turkey would join Germany caused a wild flutter, for fear it should alienate Mohammedans. The unity of Islam has in the past been notorious. I wonder if it is as great now. I wonder whether a Shiite doesn't hate a Sunnite worse than anybody else.

P. & O. Regulations *re* dogs on board :—' Dogs must be placed in the charge of the butcher on board ' ! Rather anxious for the passengers. But wouldn't Mogie have enjoyed it !

Here's a thing it would be very interesting to try on. It is a prescription, from an ancient Syriac book of medicines, for making hens lay eggs :—' Work up wheat flour into a paste with wine, and give the mixture to the hens to eat.' Do try it.

I see the Germans are at Compiègne. The better they do now, the bigger will be the reckoning for them afterwards. I do not believe that Germany could beat France, even if the latter stood alone. She never has done in the past. For the '71 business depended to such an extent on the unpopularity and mismanagement of the Second Empire. If Bazaine had not been in Metz, or even had not surrendered, and there had been a field army for Gambetta's recruits to join, it is doubtful whether the Germans could have won, even after taking Paris.

Sept. 7, 1914.—More troops came down here as the old ones were drafted away on transports. There are hundreds of mules picketed on the cooperage, an open space near the sea. Lines of mules are very curious looking, as there is more variety in their forms than in cavalry horses. They all lash their tails incessantly with a curious vicious swish, quite different from a horse. I saw them all the other day in the early morning in lines facing each other with fodder lying between. The white and grey mules were all kept together, but most of the brown ones had a few white freckles. Sometimes a native would sing a little and half a dozen mules would twist their necks round all together, farther round than you would think they could twist them, and would gaze over their tails at the singer. The men do not have tents, but long sheds are constructed by driving poles into the ground, against which mats made of frond-like palm leaves are draped or hung to make the walls, while the roof is of corrugated iron. The whole scene is permeated with the smell of ammonia from the burning heaps of stable refuse. All round the mule lines are the black gun-carriages, making a sort of laager.

Down on the alleged sands, which are mud-colour, with a few

rocks on which a dirty muddy shallow sea breaks, in Back Bay, which is the west of Bombay Island between the points of Colaba and Malabar Hill, this morning there were strings and strings of English and Indian cavalry exercising and bathing the horses. It was rather a remarkable sight—they were distributed like flocks of wild animals—some a dark line in the far distance, others close by, and others far out in the water. Each man was leading one or two vacant horses. The English cavalry here have Australian horses mostly—‘Walers’ they call them. I don’t know the points of a horse, but they strike me as being of a powerful but ugly build. The shoulders are very thick, suggesting draught or draft horses—I can’t spell it.

I see that the Pater writes that he expects to hear that I have joined something here, like everybody else. Little he knows me. It quite discounts the value of that optimistic remark about my future which he made in a former letter. He might know by this time that I never join anything. Some mornings I go out and watch, in a siekly sort of spirit, the volunteers drilling. If it was a new life, I might bring myself to try it. But it would merely mean more appointments to break tagged on to the rest of life; and being visited with contempt for not keeping the rifle clean. I shall never join, nor ever cease to think about joining.

I have before me what I understand to be a sort of Jules Verne novel in Bengali. Little bits of English stand out rather funnily in it. For instance:—‘No man’s land,’ ‘receiver,’ ‘electric silurus,’ ‘stickle-back,’ ‘sprittle-bag,’ ‘sprickly-bag.’ These last three must, I think, come in a passage where somebody is making a telegraphic apparatus and can’t read the message for certain.

Again—‘Thunder,’ ‘pipe-fish,’ ‘pilot-fish,’ ‘tunny,’ ‘red band,’ ‘limpsucker’ (which is clearly a mistake for lumpsucker), ‘Diodon,’ ‘globe fish,’ ‘Captain Hall,’ ‘Fragments of Voyages and Travels,’ ‘second series.’ However, there isn’t enough English in the book for me to reconstruct it.

All the same these isolated words are very fascinating. This would be an interesting way to learn Bengali, to begin by memorising a list of all the words for which there is no Bengali equivalent. I wonder this system of language-teaching has never been used before. It has much to recommend it. It clears the ground before the actual acquisition of the language begins. Most logical, most exhaustive!

What else?

Ha—‘Inspector of mines,’ ‘mine-gas,’ ‘wireless telegraphy,’ ‘rotophone,’ ‘adometer,’ ‘tube,’ ‘private,’ ‘South Sea Bubble,’ ‘handkerchief.’ This search for English words is most exciting.

Goodness knows what I shall find next. 'British Museum,' 'hull,' 'John Dory' (another of these fishes), 'kingfish' (another), 'ultimatum,' 'articles of association.' Do you know what this game reminds me of? Why, of the way they set out to write books in the university of Laputa. You may remember that they had a big frame with rods across and handles by which they turned them. I forget the details, but the result of turning the handles was to produce various fatuitous concomitaneities of words, which were taken down in a book as they stood—and thereby learned volumes composed. For the *note* (as Cardinal Newman would have called it) of a truly learned book is the number of other (satellitic) books which are thrown off by it, or attach themselves to it, by way of explaining it. And a book that is perspicuous without commentary is no deep and learned work, as we know—any more than a king is truly a king without courtiers, pomps, ceremonies and general paraphernalia all about him to make his true relation to his subjects clear. Well, then, what books would produce more commentary than the books, as above described, manufactured at Laputa? And that Swift well knew, and is wrongly thought to be satirising the methods of philosophers, but was rather approving them. And a book is truly a book by virtue of its fatuitousness. And a letter is equally a letter by the same token. And now nobody is left in the office but me and the sepoy, who is wondering what business retains me so late. Ha, you wait till I am a free man once again and compose a fatuitous book (which of course I shall never do).

To the Same

BOMBAY, *Sept.* 15, 1914.

Please thank the Pater for the *W. G.* of Aug. 19 and *Times* of Aug. 21. I heard yesterday from Scudamore; his letter postmarked July 24 arrived by the China mail, which seems a complicated route. As I was ruminating over the newspaper at breakfast this morning and not intending to move for another half hour, provided that the paper would last as long as that, which I doubted, a chokra came tearing up from the office with some obscure yarn about pani (water). I guessed what was the matter. After three days' continuous rain the office had sprung a leak. I went over to see. I couldn't do much, as only hamals (male housemaids), packers, chokras, and such haunt the building at an early hour, and they none of them talk English. I found water dripping in at the middle of the office and spoiling the stationery and some goods. I rooted out the landlord from two

floors up and brought him down in a reluctant mood. We found the cause was as follows. Attached to the floor above, part of which is unoccupied and neglected, is a small balcony. The pipe draining this was blocked ; so the balcony had become a shallow bath, as deep as the step of the French window opening on to it. Gradually the water had oozed over this and run all over the floor until in the middle of the room it found a way down on to us. The landlord, whom I did not treat with tact, suddenly decided to lose his temper and made an awful row and raved about, waving his arms. I took no notice, after one or two attempts to get a word in, and even let him rave around between me and the wall, which necessitated a violent concussion with my elbow, without budging. He was roaring complete nonsense. However, it was all done with a purpose, and he kept it up till I was sick of it, and at last I let him get into the lift, from which I had previously cut him off, and get away to his own part of the house. However, he sent his son and an army of domestics to mop up the flood in the unoccupied room. Thither I had also despatched all my own available forces, deeming it futile to deal with a cataract from below. My clerks now began to arrive, and the room became full of people. So I hauled off my contingent and tried to get them to start the day's work in the ordinary way. But they were in no hurry to do this after so much excitement. The landlord's son was most indignant with me for kicking up a row about the leakage and described how much worse it had been for them—who had slept on the premises ! He apparently wanted me to go and inspect his bedroom in return for his having a look at our office. I could only say that he looked fairly healthy after his troubled night, which was more than our books did—not the right line to take. It was all put down to the rain, nothing to the building. The landlord kept saying, 'I am not responsible for leakages' in frantic tones, and 'I treat you too well.' He asserted that the rain came from a new direction against which he could not guard—I only know that it blows into our bedroom in the hotel much as it did a month ago. I found an article in the contract, saying that the lessor was not liable for damage due to fire or tempest. I suppose this was a tempest. But it all arose from a part of his building over which, as it was unoccupied and I presume unlet, nobody but himself had any control. However, I let myself be defeated.

Still raining : four days with barely a break. However, there is no flood in the office to-day. The troops in camp here must have had the most appalling time during these rains.

Sept. 27, 1914.—I wish they would catch the German cruiser

Emden, which is careering around in the Bay of Bengal. Yesterday, about thirty troopships left the harbour. I wish I had seen them go. As usual, I found out soon after it had happened; they were preceded by the *Fox* and followed by the *Swiftsure*.

Rumours go about that we sent a lot of transatlantic liners to Archangel, embarked some Russian troops, took them to Aberdeen, and then trained them through England, and so to France. A bad yarn. How the dickens the Russians could get to Archangel in any quantities I don't know. Yet private mails assure people of the presence of Russian soldiers in trains in the Midlands.

To the Same

BOMBAY, Sept. 30, 1914.

On the whole you seem to get gloomier about the war at home than people do out here. The *Emden* has just nicked four more boats—round the Laccadives this time. The Government have made a bad muck about her: they kept on (three times) declaring the Bay of Bengal was safe, when the *Emden* was still there. I see in Father's letter references to the same rumour about Russian troops in England as I wrote about in my last. Rather curious, as Father's letter arrived within twenty-four hours of my posting mine! The details were the same, too—Archangel, Aberdeen, Atlantic liners.

We seem to be in for some hot weather again. Not that the thermometer rises much—about three degrees at mid-day perhaps. But it is beginning to *feel* so hot again. Playing cricket last week-end was most fatiguing. By the way, are you stopping all games in England? Is it believed that torpid livers will induce more acrid anti-Germanism?

Oct. 1, 1914.—There is no wind now. The nights are very hot and still: the mosquito curtains very stuffy.

Back Bay looks very pleasant in the morning. The water is almost dead calm: and is no longer so yellow as when it is disturbed during the monsoon. For it is very shallow for a long way out, and the mud and silt are easily raised. But now it is a very pale bluish-green under a similar sky. The breakers are almost too lazy to break, such as they are; the water near the beach gives an indolent swell and a heave, but only a tiny ripple actually breaks the surface. Malabar Hill sticks out on the right—a very opaque thick green, with red and white houses in between. Colaba sticks out to the left: the fancy architecture of Cuffe Parade is always conspicuous. Beyond that a

line of rocks going far out. And there is some white straight ahead, on the horizon for a man standing on the sea-face, where a reef is. There is a tendency to haze, which, combined with eye-weakness, makes you a trifle uncertain whether things are there or not. A lot of Tommies pulling their horses out to bathe, falling off their backs into the water, etc. etc., or drying and dressing on the sands; or swinging along by the water, each man with a led horse, or two. Three girls with black pig-tails, dressed in clean white clothes with big white hats, with rather deep-coloured arms and legs, paddling. Along the front, a good few natives lounging about, and some Europeans, riding or walking. Just behind is the B.B. and C.I.R.M. building, with whitish cupolas. There is a narrow stretch of grass, the railway and then the Maidan behind.

All very monotonous. But there have been some fine butterflies about the puddles left by the retreating monsoon.

You will have seen that the *Emden* dropped a few shells in Madras the other day. All the native Madras booksellers promptly fled up country, so that we couldn't hold there a small trade-show designed for to-day. Our agent there was on tour at the time. Our office was not hit, though it stands in Gange-town, which was the part of the town affected. But the clerk in charge thought fit to wire (at the office expense, of course) to the agent to return, which he promptly did, for no particular reason at all, except to enjoy a debauch of *sense of something happening*. Now the *Emden* shelled Madras at 9 or 10 in the evening (I forget the exact time). So the office clerk waited till the next day and then sent his telegram! I can't think what he thought he was doing. As if old Rangaswamy the agent could have held the roof up, if some more shells *had* come along next day!

Oct. 6, 1914.—The sunsets have been very gorgeous lately. They pass through three phases:—(1) The sunset proper, (2) illumination of high clouds in the east, (3) afterglow. The curious thing is that in the intermediate stage (2) the west is for a short time quite dull. The phases (1) and (3) may be seen in their full scope on Back Bay and (2) over the harbour, towards the mainland. As the island is very narrow indeed at Colaba (in the south), it is easy to dodge about and secure all the effects.

A peculiarity of the afterglow is the solid blueness of the sea under the most brilliant orange sky, with a fan of rays deriving from below the horizon, and a few flecky clouds, some perhaps blood red. The sea now looks like a huge stone; the nearer

shining sands, the tide being out, are yellow and orange with the reflection.

Stage (2) is the most interesting. High, towering, rolling clouds are heaped up in the east. As the west, where are only tiny clouds, goes greenish, these turn a tender pink and yellow—almost confectionery colours—the colours I have always associated with the N.Z. pink terraces. These clouds turn deeper to orange, losing their tenderness. The north goes deep mauve. The mainland hills are blue. There are white, dead white rolls of cloud in front of the coloured ones; a dead white moon may be hung in the blue sky towards the zenith. White lightnings play in the clouds. Nearer, but by perspective all in the picture, are a few smoky, greenish-grey clouds. Or there may be a fair canopy of cirrus, which for a moment or two only catches the fallen sun and goes purple. This is reflected in the water of the harbour: and then is the most extraordinary thing, water deep purplish-mauve, with deep blue hills beyond. It is impossible not to believe that the harbour is full of unfermented wine. ‘Wines and spirits everywhere, but not a drop to drink,’ as Coleridge would have written if he had visited these parts. For some reason—perhaps the general and equal diffusion of low light that distinguishes this time of day—the water has no sheen, the purple seems part of itself. This phase, if it occurs, is very short. North and south comes a deep blue again, with shadings into light green. And then the orthodox afterglow. There is often enough vapour in the air to create a doubt whether some of the colour is reflected from a thin but concentrated film of cloud or from mist more generally diffused. There *is* a twilight here, but no *dusk*. The twilight is very highly coloured. Things then look as if painted, their intensity of illumination then falls to about that of a picture. During the day there is too much light to see them by properly.

An enormous straight roll of cloud came over the other evening, yellowish like a sandstorm in mid-air. It was comparatively low, and the mists in it could be seen torturing themselves in and out as the whole mass, with a dead sharp front edge, moved on. A dusty wind blew up with this. But nothing happened—it grew dark, but did not even rain. There was a *boding* sensation in the air. The last I saw of this was after sunset when it had reached far west, covering with its hinder part most of the sky, and cutting down the afterglow to a narrow strip—‘a low red glare.’

Last night was a wonderful one for insects—one of those nights—you get them just the same at home—when *all* the

insects come out and flop about rather stupidly. Great nights they are for sugaring for moths. Do you know the feel of nights like that? A tremendous sense of something going on in the insect world. The tables were overrun with ants, though our room is three floors up. Small moths were everywhere; mosquitoes hummed past your ears; idiotic painted-green things, half way between a dragon-fly and a daddy-long-legs, sat for hours on the same spot in the mosquito curtains; grass-hopper-shaped things also hopped about; moths, innumerable smaller fry (especially 40,621 small winged ants), and curious malshaped things whose affinities I could not gather. The little ant-like things came through the mosquito-nets in swarms. I slaughtered them in myriads, till I came to the conclusion they were less messy alive and so desisted. You couldn't pass your hand down your forearm without gathering something or other.

Oct. 16, 1914.—There is no news. I am messing about with getting vernacular translations done of Conan Doyle's pamphlet 'To Arms,' and of one of Hodder and Stoughton's war books. Anything more unsuitable to this country I cannot imagine: nor have I the faintest notion how to circulate a vernacular book rapidly. If I had had any sense I would have refused to take this on. The people at home always seem to think that because there are 300 millions of people here, there must be a wonderful market. But most of these are illiterate even in their own languages, and anyway there is very little reason why they should read translations of English books, largely incomprehensible to them, owing to differences of customs and surroundings. However, when I have wasted a little more money over this, in addition to what we were already committed to in translations and standard novels and things, I dare say the scheme will die out. This propagation of English literature might interest an enthusiast: but it is no sort of a job for me. I tried to borrow the Government translators for Gujarati and Maratti and got very legitimately snubbed, Govt. saying that they saw no point in the translation being made, which was just what I thought too. However, Bengali, Tamil, Hindustani, and Kanarese are all going ahead: and Hindi, I think, too.

You have rumours at home, but they are nothing to the rumours that grow in the bazaars here among people with no knowledge of geography or anything else;—*e.g.*, that the King has passed through India on his way to Kabul to the army there (they cannot imagine an enemy failing to attack India by the N.W.); that the whole German fleet, having annihilated the British, is in the Bay of Bengal (the *Emden* by herself has pro-

duced this effect); German airships also turn up and trains full of German prisoners and wounded. One pathetic fellow, who wrote very decent English, was writing to-day to the *Times of India*, asking what exactly was meant by the Prussian militarism which it was designed to crush. Was it the army and navy plus aircraft; or what? That gives you an idea of the difficulty of translating an *idea* out of one civilisation into another. Language may be modified till a sort of translation is possible; but no grip of the actual idea is thereby conveyed: of course, definition is possible in a way: but no definition is more than rough: for otherwise the word defined would not be in use: you cannot properly define anything except in terms of itself: and the apprehension of a meaning is almost purely intuitive.

I saw some statistics recently of literacy, arranged by religions, in the vernacular of English. There are eight religions:—Hinduism, Jainism, Buddhism, Islam, Christianity, Sikh Religion, Zoroastrianism, Animism. I see that there are in all India seventy-four animistic women who are literate in English. That really is a remarkable combination: and I should like to know what their standard of literacy is. I wonder where the dickens the figures came from.

Oct. 21, 1914.—From the *Indian Churchman*:—‘Many public events this winter will not take place unless the war is brought to a speedy termination, including the C.E.M.S. Conference, the Lord Mayor’s banquet, and the Oxford and Cambridge boat race. This leads to the disorganisation of trade.’ From the same:—‘The seventh day adventists are busy amongst our people at certain centres in India. They have succeeded in making a few proselytes at Bombay and Simla, and possibly at other places. That they are radical schismatics is proved by the fact that they rebaptise those whom they win over.’ Humorous journal! You may be relieved to hear that I am not a seventh day adventist.

The local censor of telegrams has come to stay at the hotel, and occupies both the room and table next to ours. Last night he was unable to contain himself, and, after extracting oaths and vows of secrecy, told us that the *Emden* has sunk seven more ships. (Making nineteen in all.) He is not letting this out in the Indian papers for a little while, as he wants the Admiralty to get a good grasp of the fact first. The silly part about this *Emden* business is that it has been mainly the result of over confidence. Trade routes have been repeatedly declared open which were not safe. Time and again the Admiralty (or some-

body) have shown that they have not known where the *Emden* was, but they have always pretended to know. I can never see the force of trying to pump up self-confidence by a sort of drunken self-congratulation. You know the sort of thing: 'The seas have been swept of German ships, India and S. Africa are united,' etc. etc. Of course there is considerable disaffection in India and S. Africa, not enough to be very troublesome except to people who insist on pretending that it does not exist. I suppose that it is only the miserable plebs who are fed on this sort of thing, and that the people in charge don't really think that a war can be waged by means of mutual admiration.

To the Same

Nov. 4, 1914.

I am afraid that the few people I run across here are neither intelligent nor well-informed. In fact, though born in a suburb, I never recollect moving in such a superstitious and unphilosophical circle. I have no doubt that I am grown like them—a thought which if it does not make myself hate myself, at least gives me a pretext for pretending to do so and for considering my life as an aimless piece of flotsam. I have no doubt that there are interesting people in Bombay, but probably if I came across them I could not cleave to them through inability to be interesting in return. This train of reflection is set up by the outbreak of war with Turkey. I should be very interested to overhear an intelligible talk about the possibilities of a Moslem rising here. By the way, Ricu should be in the Suez Canal about to-day, so I hope they don't blow it up till he is through. I don't like another month alone, while he is careering round Africa.

Nov. 11, 1914.—They seem to have caught the *Emden* at last. So far as I can gather, what proved her downfall was her approach to the cable station at Cocos-Keeling, enabling a message to get round, stating her whereabouts—that and the fact that there was a British cruiser within striking distance. Whether she had actually cut the cable, or whether the *Sydney* was just in time, I cannot yet gather; no doubt you will know long before this reaches you. 10,000 Territorials, all from the west of England, have arrived here, and are being drafted up to their various stations. Some of them have not proper tropical uniforms yet, and it is still shocking hot here—the day temperatures hanging round 92 degrees, though the nights are at about 77 degrees. This is rather late for such hot weather, but apparently all the seasons have been late here this year.

Nov. 13, 1914.—Rieu has turned up. I omitted to get a pass out of the Commissioner of Police yesterday, and as his office does not, it appears, open till 11 A.M., I could not meet Rieu on the pier and had to wait outside with the rabble. Luckily, however, Rieu's brother, being a Government secretary, managed to bring them off early in a special launch; so it was not long to wait after all. The office staff produced the usual flowers.

The mail is just delivered. The first thing I find is a parcel-ticket from Shearn's. The Pater is a perfect marvel. I believe that he would contrive to shower the fruits of the earth upon me, were I at the North Pole or in the midst of the Sahara Desert.

Nov. 19, 1914.—The apples are a success. They are not quite so good as they would be at home; there is a sensation of flaccidity and languor about them which is inseparable from this absurd city. However, they are a great deal better than any other apples I have had here, *i.e.*, than the very rare ones supplied by the hotel.

I suppose this war will go on for months and never let me away from here. That is my chief interest in it at present, except for a comparison that urges itself upon me between the modern Germans and the Jews of the first century A.D. I have been reading Gibbon, which has refreshed my memory. I am rather tired of seeing Nietzsche attacked by cheap journalists, and also by people who, conventionally speaking, ought to know better,—dons and such; though dons never know anything, except forms of words. And it is merely a convention that they 'ought to know better.' It is not really to be expected. Treitschke is fair game. Nietzsche laughed at him in his autobiography. When N. talked about the Will to Power, the last thing he meant was a pack of Germans going out in a herd to conquer the world. But the word goes in excellent, and comes out fleshly. As a matter of fact, N.'s religious teaching is just as much a natural development of Christianity as a denial of it. If life becomes worth living again—an unlikely event—I will work that out in detail. I did, as a matter of fact, write a lot about it in Paris last winter. However, pleasurable occupations need a pleasurable setting. Hell's Hell, and Bombay's Bombay. This is no place to dream of the Abraham's bosom of a sphere of thought 'Beyond Christ and Nietzsche,' being the next storey on the card-pagoda, of which the present topmost storey is N.'s 'Beyond Good and Evil.'

Dec. 1, 1914.—On Sunday I laid hold of one of the only two punt-poles in Bombay and started in to push the boat hard, like you do in the shallow placid waters of the Cher, when the

comparatively heavy seas of Back Bay, operating upon the boat against the action of the thin top of the pole, the water being rather deep, caused the pole to snap suddenly, and I sat down backwards in the water, remarking 'Pull me out' to Rayner, who was in the other end of the boat, which he did, being a delegate of the Royal Humane Society, at about the time when I was beginning to wonder whether he was going to come at all and whether I should not swim the six strokes of which I am capable, in hopes of reaching a sunken rock, a necessity of which he fortunately relieved me, though it seemed a long wait, whereas he had actually arrived very quickly, forgetting to take the cigarettes out of his trouser pocket, by which they were completely vitiated by the salt water, and diving so badly that he fell partially on his stomach, speeding the punt in the nor'-westerly direction which I had already imparted to it.

Dec. 4, 1914.—What delightful entries are to be found in catalogues of toy departments !

'Large plush ducks'—most luscious ; the accompanying illustration rather spoils it, but as a mere kick-off for the imagination, it is excellent.

'Fluffie, a white plush cat.' That word 'plush' is what does it.

'Grey cloth elephants.' 'Lions on wheels, in fine fawn plush.' 'Brown felt horses.' 'Soft brown plush chimpanzees.' They sound like new species, outrivalling the fauna of Equatorial India.

'Fluffie' reappears elsewhere as a 'popular plush cat'—sounds like a musical comedy actress.

'Smart camels, very attractive.' 'Grotesque cat.' 'Strongly made dog.' 'Jointed cow.' 'Large wood horse, a general favourite that will stand real hard wear.' 'Hall-marked silver kangaroo.' But that's from another department : I'd rather like to see one if only at the Zoo. But I like the 'large plush ducks' best. Large plush ducks—Larzh plush ducks. Larzhushzhu. . . .

To the Same

BOMBAY, *Dec. 14, 1914.*

Rayner now claims to be related on his paternal stepfather's side with those Goodyears down at Margate. That's the second disreputable relative I've picked up here.

Among the papers by last week's mail, I see in the *Westminster Gazette* and the *Publisher's Circular* references to an

article or pamphlet by Bernard Shaw. I think it appeared in a supplement to the *New Statesman* and was called 'The Commonsense of the War.' I should like it very much if you can get me a copy.

He seems to be accused of delivering 'a stab in the back.' Have you noticed that adverse moral criticism always turns up in England in war-time? My own opinion is that it is a factor of strength, because it gives all the orthodox people an outlet for their feelings and enables them to recreate their sense of moral aplomb. Without the alleged 'enemy within the gates,' their certainty of themselves would tend to weaken and atrophy.

To judge by the dull and meagre criticisms to hand, Shaw in his criticism is almost right, but not quite. He has taken the discussion into depths where he himself is not altogether at home. The moral illusion, or sense of righteous indignation, appears to be, in our present state of development, one of the most valuable assets possible to a man in action. In manœuvring for position, it is essential to get this feeling, if you possibly can. It is an extremely powerful weapon. Now, to the historian, philosopher, critic, or any detached observer, the justification of moral indignation is simply its power. But, for the man (or nation) in action, it is fatal to the moral illusion to reach this position that 'might is right.' We therefore come to observe this paradox of consciousness, that, in order that a man may get the benefit of his sense of right, it must appear to him as an end in itself, and not as a means to his own self-glorification and triumph. Now, when Shaw says that we took a jolly good opportunity, and took it rightly, to go for Germany, he is correct, considered as a purely detached observer. If, however, he could persuade his fellow-countrymen of his correctness, they would lose their moral illusion, or spiritual vision, which enables them to fight. Now, where Shaw goes definitely wrong is at the next point. He says that our (and Grey's) one mistake is our hypocrisy, that we pretend, and deceive ourselves, that we are going to war for some high moral purpose, instead of manfully and openly proclaiming that we are out to beat Germany, because she is a hated and feared rival, and because, as long as we can, we will hit on the head any people that look like getting as big as we are.

But our instrument in hitting these peoples on the head is precisely the alleged hypocrisy or illusion of superior morality which Shaw condemns. He approves the end, but rejects the means. To reject the means is, in effect, to go back on his approbation of the end. His mistake is that, having gone so

far in his argument, he has not followed it to its bitter end and admitted the effective value of moral illusion.

I have sketched this out at some length because Shaw is accused of failing through following out an argument too far. He has failed through not following it far enough. His failure is precisely where your ordinary stupid newspaper man pretends that Shaw is strong, *i.e.*, in pure intellectuality.

Most hitting at Shaw is hitting the air, because, though he is vulnerable, nobody, except sometimes G. K. Chesterton, spots his vulnerable point:—which, generally speaking, is that, at the long last, his intellect fails him. He is always trying to be a little cleverer than he can be: only by such continual exercise could he have brought his mind to its existing acuteness. But that's his soft spot. And the way to beat him is not to shirk his argument, or talk about something else, or refuse to take him seriously, but to follow his argument step by step, until he comes to his conclusion, and then look out for a lapse from genuine intellectual subtlety just in front of the final conclusion. But if you cannot or will not follow the argument right through, you had better hold your peace. You may be fairly certain that in arriving at his existing frame of mind and opinions, he has passed right through and out on the other side of those in which you love to linger. To tackle him you must treat him in the same way, and pass through and beyond that frame of mind in which *he* loves to linger. But you can't stop short of it and reach him at all. However, I should like to see his article for myself.

I understand that Shaw condemns us for not landing men in Belgium ourselves, in advance of the Germans. By all means, if we could have done so without falling conscience-stricken. There would have been everything to gain by the act, *except* the moral illusion. We had to forgo the lesser weapon, because (in the rather curious frame of mind in which we exist) its use was incompatible with a stronger one. The frame of mind in question is ludicrous enough to any detached intellect. But its existence is a fact as solid as an army of five million men.

I disagree with the Pater about the Navy and the Admiralty. He was rather gloomy and critical about them. I think they have done marvels all through. They have had no target much, and themselves have been a big target for submarines and mines. In the circles, the losses are inconsiderable. The important thing about the Yarmouth episode is not that the German ships got as far as they did, but that their whole sortie was so futile. When you consider the extent and mistiness of the North Sea, it is easy to conceive that it is impossible for the most enormous

fleet to be everywhere in it all at once : and close blockade of ports is now impossible. Moreover, they never got to Yarmouth—an English fleet got out after them : they seemed to have no plan, and they shelled in the direction of the land but never got within range : further, they could barely hit once an anchored ship. What does this point to ? A planless expedition, undertaken purely for moral effect, and itself the result of partial demoralisation. Bad and vague shooting means poor morale. When an enemy sets out to produce a moral effect, the reply is simply not to be affected : the reply lies in the individual soul of each person.

Further, Jane is right in claiming the fight off Chile as something very like a victory. Anyhow, the loss in ships has now been avenged. But look at the situation when the Pater wrote. When I was a kid, he was always impressing upon me with glittering eyes, staccato tones, and much punching of the air, that the English fought their foes on sea at whatever odds wherever they met them. And I gathered that this fighting policy was the foundation of our maritime supremacy. What is undoubtedly true is that such a policy is necessary for the stronger fleet, if it wishes to maintain its supremacy.

To my mind, the following is the moral effect on the German fleet of the Chilean action :—‘ These fellows will fight us recklessly even at a disadvantage. But we know that in most actions with them *we* are likely to be at a disadvantage—a *fortiori*, then, what the deuce is going to happen when power plus this audacity are both on the same side ? ’ You can’t win wars without losing men or ships. That’s why you take good care to have more than the other people. The annals of the British fleet are probably full of insignificant losses like that off Chile, but we don’t hear of them. We hear of the big naval victories, the foundations of which were laid on the audacious self-sacrifice of outclassed ships. I don’t mean that ships should go tamely up to bigger ships to be sunk : but that a ship that goes down fighting, if it belongs to the superior naval power, is not lost. Again, the German sailors have been assiduously drilled into the belief that the British Navy is an imposing shell, and that the men behind our guns are effete. The first necessity of Germany’s fleet at the outset of this war was that her men should find themselves able to stand up to ours ; the second that ours should not stand up to them. The *Goeben* and *Breslau* bolted, and the Germans had to wait until the affair in the Bight before German sailors would stand up to the English. If Cradock had refused to attack off Chile, the Germans would have

been able to claim that our men had not stood up to theirs. You see, there has been no considerable naval action yet ; no losses on either side that affect the general relative proportions of the fleets. So all the actions yet fought are to be valued rather morally than materially. As a result of them, which side is going into the big battle with the better fighting record ? That 's why Cradock had to do as he did.

In the same way the importance of the East Coast raid is precisely what you each individually let it be. It is clearly an attempt to stampede public opinion into bringing pressure to bear on the Admiralty. Thus considered, the raid is a complement to the effect of the North Sea blockade. The possibility of these raids by small flotillas of picked fast ships in heavy or misty weather, so long as they were prepared to take a certain amount of risk, has always been theoretically admitted, both before and since the beginning of the war.

To the Same

BOMBAY, Jan. 4, 1915.

I should have written this letter as I went along. I noted hundreds of details that have now escaped me. Moreover the first touch of the office this evening made me feel in a minute as if it had never been.

I left Bombay on the 24th in the evening with two bags, a deck chair, bedding and basket of food, and got on a small steamer called the *S. Franceseo Xavier*, which took me all the way to Panjim or Nova Goa for seven rupees. Of course there was my boy to pay for as well and some other extras, but that was the net first class fare. As for the accommodation, it did not affect me, as I slept on deck and took all my own grub. There were no other Europeans, except what relics of ancient Portuguese there may be in some of the Goanese clerks and waiters. We kept close to the shore, with the flattish, brown, dusty, thinly-jungled foothills of the Western Ghats on the left, and did not stop anywhere till the night, when we began putting into numerous little ports. We stood outside, while boats came alongside and exchanged passengers. All very animated. There was a moon entering the second quarter, and always a dullish beacon-light on a bluff to the north of the little harbour. Once or twice we fairly entered a creek, and you could feel the ship roll as she crossed the bar. At Vengurla the false dawn was in the eastern sky. In the morning the hills were richer, and there were extensive cocoanut plantations coming down to the sands. We passed

many fishing boats, often dug-outs with catamarans, and soon came into the region of old Portuguese forts, ancient walls and bastions fronting the water. The view running into Panjim is very beautiful, as you can see miles up the river. The foreground is brown rock and green trees and a pretty little tiled town, and beyond the hills fold across each other, getting bluer and paler and higher as far as you see. It was Christmas morning, so we were all bunting, and at the quayside enterprising members of the crew let off squibs and crackers. You must remember that the Portuguese territory is predominantly Roman Catholic—the only piece of India where Christianity is the rule—and the most energetic bit of proselytising ever done in India, I should think. As for the methods employed, I don't know that they were very reputable. However, these R.C. natives are about the most cheerful I have ever seen, and seem partially to escape the *taedium vitae* characteristic of the country. They continue many of their native caste distinctions, marrying within the prescribed circle and abstaining, at any rate the Brahmin Christians, from meat. Townend met me with the only motor in the place, a ramshackle little affair painted red. I had a confused struggle about my luggage and the customs and rescued my bedding from a disinfecting shed, whither it had been borne in triumph. The Portuguese officials cannot talk English, and Townend frankly left me to my own devices, saying that it was all like a Gilbert and Sullivan opera, and if I understood that kind of existence, I might be rapidly successful. I didn't do badly, plunging among the confused ruck of passengers and coolies, and maintaining in a loud voice—in a language they did not understand—that I was a very special and privileged person.

We left the luggage in charge of a shopkeeper and made a dash in the motor for Old Goa. The motor was driven like fury along dusty red roads amongst the palms and old walls till we came to the site of the old town, which 300 years ago had already ceased to be the most gorgeous and brilliant city of the East. Its transient glory at the end of the sixteenth century is a legend. Yet it seems well authenticated by many travellers, and is fully accepted by the careful *Imperial Gazetteer* of India. Even 200 years ago one Hamilton counted eighty churches. At present there is nothing but a few wonderful churches, monasteries and convents, ruined walls and the thatched huts of impoverished natives. We were pressed for time, else we could have seen over more convents and churches. As it was, we only went over the church and monastery of Bom Jesus, a fine renaissance building, consecrated in 1603. All these places are

now run by secular native priests, the orders having been suppressed. We saw the tomb of St. Francis Xavier, who landed here in 1543, I think; also his toe-bone; and many horrible sacred pictures. There is a pretty courtyard with stonework and tropical plants. All the building is high and ample, with enormously thick walls, rendering it wonderfully cool. The Portuguese used not to build with verandahs, like the Anglo-Indians, but with these thick walls, and sometimes a wide corridor running round the outside of the building. Perhaps the English used to do the same. Anyhow it is not a bad method in this climate. After viewing all the usual catholic paraphernalia, we went back to the motor and drove through Panjim to Donna Paula.

The old Portuguese used to go in for slipshod oriental clothing indoors, and outside to dress with the most ostentatious vanity. Poor men used to live together and subscribe for a single silk suit between them. In this way only one could go out at a time, with a man to hold an umbrella over him. None did any work. The men passed most of their time in the gambling houses; while the women were locked up at home. These latter also disdained all domestic interests, and their sole occupation was to introduce a certain audacity into their love intrigues. They used to drug their husbands with native Indian drugs, etc., etc. A most extraordinary community. No wonder there were all those churches, monasteries, and nunneries, and St. Francis Xavier, a boss saint, devoting his life to the place.

It is curious to think of this big European population, most of which went there as soldiers. There were many expeditions, as the natives were always attacking the place; one was of 12,000 men. Now there are not more than a hundred or two of whites of all sorts in the whole territory, let alone a single town. Of course for a while it had almost a monopoly of the Indian trade with Europe—the sea-borne trade, that is. These soldiers never went back to Europe—they died in Goa. They had frightful pestilences there; they also had auto-da-fés; and Albuquerque once killed every Mohammedan he could find in the place. The present Portuguese officials do not wear pith or cork helmets, like Englishmen, but have the old-fashioned umbrella-man with them. It is extraordinary to see the adroitness of the umbrella-man—the officer turns about quite unconcernedly, but the sun never touches his head for a moment, and his man is always rigidly at attention behind his shoulder.

From Donna Paula a launch runs across to Marmagao. When the motor stopped, about a dozen coolie women plunged at us

and began lugging the things out from between our legs and everywhere. They were laughing and chattering and scolding as if possessed. I said to Townend : ' Here, can't we get some men coolies who can carry something ? ' But he said that these women were all right. And so they were. I have never seen elsewhere over here such a cheerful noisy lot of fish-wives—all R.C.'s who do not marry till grown up. They seemed thoroughly to enjoy their free life. The married women were distinguished by a sort of scarf across their breasts.

Generally speaking, the Christians do no work ; and the labour at Goa is Hindu. The Christians live in great part on money sent them by their relations working as clerks, waiters, etc., in Bombay, Karachi, on boats, in E. Africa, etc. Goanese cooks, too, are everywhere hereabouts ; and the bandsmen in the picture-theatres and all the cheap music is Goanese. (By the way, the scavengers in Goa are mostly semi-wild-looking small dark pigs.) The imports of Goa greatly exceed the exports, and the balance is made up by this export of the lighter and pleasanter forms of labour.

Townend's bungalow overlooks the sea, being on the edge of the cliff, and we slept pleasantly in the front verandah. One night I woke up and thought I saw a ship afire, but it was the moon setting, a dull red. The cliff is not quite perpendicular and nourishes a luxuriant vegetation—the monsoon here exceeds 100 inches.

Christmas afternoon we loafed about and bathed in a delightful rock-theatre. The sand is washed away from it every monsoon and returns again regularly. The cliffs are fortified with old black walls with musket holes. We had Christmas dinner at the Marshes. Marsh is the chief railway man here ; as Marmagao is a railhead of the Madras and S. Mahratta line. It is a long way round to Bombay and much nearer by boat.

On Saturday 26th we looked at Marmagao. There is no town : only the quay with berths for three big ships, the breakwater, at the end of which they want to put a small lighthouse—at present they have a glim on a pole. But the engineer in floating out the caisson sunk it by accident off the quay, spoiling a berth, and he can't get it up again. Godowns and offices and the railway are all on reclaimed land below the hill. They keep dredging and adding to this land by means of the dredgings. The harbour is portioned for dredging purposes into strips by means of posts with triangles on them, like motor-signs. You get a line from one on the top of the hill to another by the water-side and there you are. The hillside is jungle and paths and

crosses and huts and a small old R.C. church, and a corrugated-iron 'hotel,' kept by the relatives of a man in our office. The bungalows are hidden in the trees near the top, though the top itself is rocky with nothing but burnt-up grass and low bushes on it. At the inner edge of the reclaimed land is one large white-washed building, the old Governor's house, when the Portuguese first tried to move the chief town from Goa to Marmagao. It is a curious story of futility. They were too indolent to get it done, though there are ruins of further houses and a small castle on the brow of the hill with a cross and a flag on it. This one big white building is labelled the Royal Palace Hotel, and you can get a fairly wholesome drink there and could stay there at a pinch. But most of the building is a warren of offices—the British Consulate, Shaw Wallace's Ry. Goods Office, etc. In front is a large courtyard paved with big rough blocks of purple laterite with weeds growing between—very old and peaceful and picturesque. Marmagao gets busy whenever a ship comes in. Now that the war is on, this practically never happens.

They quarry on the top of the hill, and the trucks of stone come down a cable line. The other day the cable broke and a truck hitting the bottom leapt thirty or forty feet in the air.

Towards Vasco are some oil tanks. As English firms own the oil, coal, and railway in Marmagao, the whole place is run, as much as it can be, by English in opposition to the inertia or passive resistance of the Portuguese. It is really a fine harbour and only needs development.

An A.T.M., acting D.T.S., on the railway (everybody in India has some job designated by absurd initials) came on the Saturday, a man named Peters, and we three, with Brain, the pilot, went up the R. Juari on Sunday in a motor-boat, belonging to Brain and Peters in shares—rather an old engine that took a lot of watching. We went, I suppose, twelve or fifteen miles up the river, which is very green and beautiful, fed in the shade of the cocoanuts, bought some off a native, played bridge, came back and bathed off Vasco Sounds, where the water tastes of salt herring. A shaft pin sheared through on the way back and kept Peters and Brain amused for quite a long time. Brain has a way of suddenly talking, especially when excited, in a loud, sing-song that can be heard for miles. It is a long time since I met a man whom I could hear with so little effort. Early in the day he fell in the water, and his light mauve washing suit became a rich purple.

There are numbers of stake-nets in the river with large, crested

terns sitting on the stakes, also a kite or two and an osprey (probably).

When we got back, we found the crew of one or more of the German boats shut up here careering round the place, very drunk, with a drum and a sort of reed-pipe, chanting the songs of the Vaterland. I recognised some more birds at Marmagao, bulbuls and king-crows, or long-tailed dangos. They are quite common, but I am slow to catch them. The latter are a smoky black, nearly as big as starlings, with long tails, with a slight curve in the feather.

Vasco is a pretty little place on a sandy isthmus among the palms. It was planned for a bigger place and roads are driven through, reminding me of undeveloped parts of Bournemouth, putting palms for pines. They make concrete there for the Marmagao breakwater, and there must be nearly a quarter of a mile of irregularly arranged huge blocks, looking like a primitive temple in the palm-grove. There is also a valuable shop where you buy tinned meats, as I did, when I decided to go on to Mangalore. There was a whole push of officers in it off the German ships, looking bored to death. One of these ships has a cargo of copra. Three months ago the fly was already in it, so that, when Townend went on board (the cargo all belongs to Bombay), it was so overrun that he had to keep picking them out of his drink. It must be worse now, unless the copra is all done and the flies dead of inanition.

Two British vessels hang about just outside the port—one a third-class cruiser and the other a former R.I.M. boat—both of very small power. About once a day they leave territorial waters and go for a steam. The officers, etc., used to come on shore and play tennis and bathe. Now that Angola is invaded, it is rather curious that Portugal doesn't bag or elivvy out these German boats. The Portuguese gunboat here is a poor affair, a sort of converted steam yacht. It never moves. Some time before the monsoon, it will buy a little coal at an exorbitant price and steam back to the neighbourhood of Panjim for better protection. On Christmas morning Captain Lewis of H.M.S. *Dufferin* swears that he thought he heard firing; he gallantly cruised up the coast. Nothing doing. It turned out that they had been letting off fireworks in some of the Goanese churches. This he told us without any humour: either he is rather stupid or else wanted a change from the scenery of Marmagao.

On Tuesday evening I left Marmagao in S.S. *Sabarmati*, with tinned butter, tinned cheese, tinned meat, etc. etc., and went on to Mangalore. The fare was nine rupees and I was again the

only European on board. The captains and officers on these boats are Mohammedans.

As you get farther south, the hills near the sea edge are more broken and less plateau-like. There are wide sands and occasionally really high blue mountains visible behind, which are purple just before dawn and after sunset. The cocoanut palms become taller and more graceful, and the general aspect of things more genuinely tropical and like the story-books.

At one place natives in dug-outs sold to the passengers sugar-cane. This they strip and cut up in sections and chew. Absolutely everybody on the boat was eating it and drinking cocoanut juice from the young cocoanuts. The sea around (and the decks of course) was strewn with sugar-cane debris. I saw a young fishing boy in a dug-out just big enough to hold him—he looked like an imp in half an elongated filbert. Occasionally the water lapped over the sides, and he baled the boat out quite unconcernedly. In these fishing boats I noticed numbers of dead sharks and dog-fish, including a hammer-headed shark about 3 ft. 6 in. or 4 ft. long: also a broad flattish fish of a brilliant greeny-yellow.

The ship I was on was very full. On the next pitch to mine were three Arabs, one of whom offered me a cigarette, which I regret that in the shyness of the moment I politely declined. I woke in the morning to find them Allah-illahlahing like fun right in my ear. At sunset they did a long ritual with a sort of litany, *i.e.* one recited in an elaborate sing-song, and the others replied in a mumble. They had two gorgeous rugs to sit and lie on, but brought out special mats for praying.

There was a woman who called herself an Eurasian, but was very probably just a native R.C. The native R.C.'s of Mangalore and this coast are apt to call themselves Eurasians for swank, just as Eurasians like to call themselves Europeans. Some people consider that they are really Eurasians owing to admixture of Portuguese blood hundreds of years ago. Her husband was in the subordinate medical service in Quetta and had just left for the front. He wanted her to go to England, as she could have had her passage paid by Government, but she preferred to go home to her mother at Mangalore. I think that she was rather glad to get away from her husband for a bit. She had two bad-tempered little girls with her rising three and four respectively on the same date next May, the elder of which had fever. When the Arabs said their prayers this kid would persist in imitating them and saying 'Allah' and all that. However, three people seized her in the midst of her dramatic performance

and sat on her while an enema was administered in full view of the rest of us. In fact, all the first-class passengers except me and the Arabs clustered round to see ; it was a great event on an otherwise placid voyage.

We arrived off Mangalore on the Thursday morning. The voyage was slow, as this boat took cargo and often stopped several hours at some little port, while loading and unloading from broad dhows alongside.

A very charming native police-inspector came and interviewed me on the ship. You see, I was a European coming from an alien port, and might have been one of the captains of the German ships at Marmagao. He started on quite irrelevant topics, but I twigged immediately what must be up, so plunged and told him all details, eventually filling up a paper with my father's name, my place of birth, etc. etc. This inspector had the best Oxford manner of anybody I ever saw. He came ashore with us in the launch. It is all sandy, and it was a long way in as the sea is shallow. Two rivers come together and run out here, the bigger being the southern one. Inside the bar, they form a broad shallow harbour. The actual opening to the sea has not always been in the same place. And tentative efforts have been made at artificial improvement, but nothing apparently has been effected hitherto. Mangalore itself, with 50,000 inhabitants, is an almost invisible town. From the sea it appears as a long cocoanut grove with a few factory chimneys and church spires sticking out of them. Never have I seen chimneys in such a fine setting and adding so much to the beauty of a place. It is about five miles long, a straggling place. Of course, 50,000 people in five miles would be quite thick in England, but the native takes up very little room. Everywhere the palms wave over the bazaar or the huts and cottages. The roads are never straight or flat, though not awfully narrow. They are red and rough and wind interminably among the trees.

The inspector of police was most agreeable and invited me to tiffin, which of course I could not accept, and told me all about gharry fares, etc. I got into a gharry, which here is a vehicle obviously designed for bullock-draught, though actually ponies are used. It is like a tiny private omnibus, with your head in the curve of the roof. Your boy sits on a seat across the inside of the front : you sit on another across the back, which has to be lifted up every time the door (at the back) is opened. When you stop the driver gets out, opens the door and, as you stand or stoop up, lifts the seat. On restarting, the horse gets off as soon as he hears the door shut. Then the driver runs round

the side, collaring the reins from the ground or somewhere and gets up while the cart is moving.

In this I drove to the railway station, a northern railhead of the S. Indian Ry.—days and days by land from Bombay—and arranged for grub in the station refreshment room. Then I went on to S. Aloysius College, where I walked into a native Jesuit, with a long beard, who turned out to be the professor of logic. This is a fine building, with various later additions, and educates you from the very beginning up to B.A. Madras. But when they have rather weak candidates for matriculation, they send them up for the Bombay exam., as it tends to be easier. I saw all over this show (and may even have sold them some classical texts)—it is very well equipped. Excellent laboratories, etc., etc., and their own electrical generation. The stinks man who runs all this is Father Chiappi—an Italian, like all the European Jesuits there. He has the biggest voice of any man I ever met: he was roaring and laughing the whole time and showing me all these things with an absurd childish delight. They send these Italians to England for seven or eight years before they come to India. All the teaching is in English. Chiappi had also been to America.

Near by is a strange, semi-ornamental black stone wall, round a rectangular plot of ground, culminating in two small light-house-like towers. This was built of stones from the demolition of the R.C. church here by Tippoo when he took the place about 1784. The Mohammedans, of whom there are over 10,000 in the town, still come up at Ramazan and Mohurram, I was told.

I next tried to see over a hospital, but I understood that the required man was performing an operation and couldn't attend to me for fifteen minutes. So I didn't trouble to wait. Then I went to another Italian Jesuit place where they teach all sorts of crafts, boot-making, modelling (chiefly ikons, etc.), painting (religious), iron-smelting and working, carpentering, woodwork, basket-making. They keep the kids free till their earnings reach As. 3 per diem: after which they are charged Rs. 3 per mensem for board and lodging. The Jesuit in charge here was clean-shaven. The painting they were very proud of. It was started by a certain Father Masqueni (I think that was the name) who also elaborately painted every mortal inch of the inside of the chapel at S. Aloysius' College—a big church. Very ordinary religious painting, but not so bad as you would have expected.

I went into the church of the seminary and saw a picture of five black Jesuits murdered in Japan and now floating in the

clouds : also Ignatius Loyola with his original disciples. Old F. Xavier was there. I immediately recognised him by his toe, the bone of which I had seen a few days earlier. I claim that this is a feat of reconstruction from fossil or bony remains, far exceeding the most brilliant of Prof. Owen's. Under the high altar they rang up a curtain, and behold, a wax figure recumbent languidly in a glass case. I was told that this represented a boy murdered in Rome and that the real bones were inside the wax. But the native sexton could not tell me when or where or why the murder took place. Apparently an interesting trick for exciting emotion. A martyr manufactured specially for India, no doubt.

I could have seen more seminary, but it now verged on noon, and I had touched neither food nor drink all day. So I went back to the railway station (a long, deserted platform) and found my grub ready for me. I bought tinned sheeps' tongues and cherries for the return journey to Marmagao, and my boy bought bread and plantains for me. Then I drove along to Jeppoo to one of the tile factories of the Basel Mission. They were the first to make tiles here, and Mangalore tiles are now used all over the place. Their patents have run out by now, and many native firms have followed them. Most of the mission people are Germans, and have been sent away to Ahmednagar or Wellington. Luckily I found an Englishman (I think) in charge of these works. He has three to run alone now, two in Mangalore and one forty miles away. So it was sheer luck to get hold of him. He showed me all over and took me for a walk on to the big railway bridge near. About one hundred or more dhows were sailing up stream. They had brought clay from the pits ten miles farther up, and had unloaded it at the other Basel Mission factory lower down. They were a fine sight, all with their sails up. In the distance was visible Kudri Mukh, a mountain over 6000 feet high and rather a good shape. I got back to the quay (at 4.30) half-an-hour late for the last launch. As a matter of fact, I had not worried, because I knew the ship was not leaving till late that night. And I reckoned that, if the launch went so early, it might be better to get a sailing boat out. However, I found that at certain tides the bar was dangerous, and that was why the launch was not to go out again. However (again) there was an Indian in the same plight as myself, and it was a calm evening and the port officer allowed the launch to take us about 6.0. I wandered about in the mean time among the native parts and along the quayside, where were heaps of half-cocoanut shells and of empty sea-shells like smooth cockles and other things. We went out

about sunset, and the moon, one day before full, rose like a new-coined rupee over the palms, with the red low houses of the quayside below them. The boat rolled about like fury over the bar : and I thought my boy, a timid creature, would walk into the water when getting on to the ship. However, he didn't.

That morning, when leaving the ship, I had arranged, as I thought, for my pitch on deck to be kept for me. I had sent my baggage for safety to the captain's cabin, for the decks had to be swabbed down. Now when I returned I found the boat chock full everywhere. My pitch was not kept, and there was no visible room anywhere. I routed out the captain, who offered me a cabin (which is really the swank thing). I refused. So he went very red-eyed on deck and we had a vast to-do, and somehow I got a zareba marked out for me between the companion and the starboard boat, whence I could at will gaze outwards at the sea and hills or inwards at the mass of humanity. The space behind the end of the boat was also a useful cupboard. The other passengers were mostly native R.C.'s returning with their families to Bombay after the Christmas holidays—most of them would be clerks in offices. But one was a B.A., LL.B., no end of a blood in the subordinate civil service. They discussed moral, political, religious, and philosophical questions with untiring zest in English, Hindustani, and Konkani. What was the reason for the decadence of the Roman Catholics ? Was the *Imitation of Christ* of superior spiritual value to the *Bhagavad-Gita* ? They read Bernhardt and talked a lot about him. Only in the heat of the day did this curious flood of rather insipid speculation cease.

On Friday morning another European got on board at some small place where we were loading mirabilens—a kind of nut (I always thought they were plums till then, for you see mirabilen plums in the market at Bombay). He was an oldish chap and in conversation reminded me of Bettsworth. He had been taking a fortnight camping in N. Canara. He boldly slept in a cabin. Most of the day he spent in my zareba, where there was room for about three—rather a shame considering the thickness of the others—in fact there was nowhere else for him to spend it. He also ate the ship's food, which I had never tried. On Saturday we got to Marmagao, and I had seven hours on land with Townend. I left my boy on board to guard the zareba. Townend's cook visited him there, ostensibly to get back a tin-opener I had borrowed. However, I found my boy tending to breathe rather hard (as he had at Marmagao on the way out), liquor being very cheap there.

That night the other Englishman and I agreed that there was the deuce of a jungle-fire going on. But it suddenly became the moon, one day past the full, rising perfectly huge like a balloon. By the way, there are several stars in these parts that twinkle green and red: and generally the stars show more colour than at home.

At Vengurla we wasted so much time loading that the captain decided that he could not reach Bombay harbour by Sunday sunset. No boats are now admitted between sunset and sunrise. In fact, no boat may then move in the harbour. We could have done it, if he had made a dash. But I suppose they were glad of the excuse to save coal. Really we were due in at 1.30 P.M. Sunday, but we were already two and a half hours late at Marmagao.

Anyway, we made it an excuse to call at another port and then very tediously slum up the coast all Sunday and Sunday night. The moon made a terrible fuss about rising that night, illuminating half the heavens before she actually appeared. And I was livery with the want of exercise (remember I was sitting or lying in the same place all day and all night, except that I dared to use a rather unpleasant bath which I filled with permanganate of potash) and tinned foods. Celestial movement seemed very slow all those last hours—the sunset, the moonrise, the rise of the morning star. In the end I got on land after 9 A.M. on Monday morning, and was in the office here about an hour later, and thereby did not outstay my leave.

By the way, Mangalore harbour was full of very interesting native and Arab sailing boats, some with three masts. I believe these do long voyages without compass, it being certain in the sailing season that the stars will not be obscured.

I found two weeks' mails awaiting me, and the newspapers; for which many thanks. I received £3 from father. Of course I love to get it. In fact, I am so greedy of money, so long as I don't earn it, that I know that he doesn't get his proper return of gratitude. Please thank him very much, if that is any use.

The first touch of the office was an awful damper on Monday. And I found what I had not realised, that there was no one to tell my adventures to who could appreciate my vein of humour and comment. Even if my way of telling a tale is not legitimate, the sense of isolation is not less real. I had had such a successful day in Mangalore and had dealt so well with all the different people I met there that I could not take the Bombay snub again.

On Tuesday afternoon I decided that I would tell Rieu first

thing on Wednesday that I was going, and no obligations would restrain me. My mind was a ferment of getting-out-of-it anyhow.

I like India better than anywhere I have been, but I hate a mass of Europeans in a town here worse than anything. I cannot camp just outside the gates of Paradise. I cannot bear the thought of all the vegetable and animal life and the natives living their natural life and the big skies and the sunsets just near—yet all the time shut in this intolerably stuffy Fort with horrible people, whose life centres round the Gymkhana, the Yacht Club, and other beastly places. Thousands of motives for getting away rose up, as they do on these occasions. But it was not easy. So I spent the interval carefully steeling and preparing my mind, as I have before done at a crisis, and told Rieu on Wednesday morning.

I am here till Saturday week (16th). I cannot decide what to do; to return to enlist (if I should pass the medical) or book vaguely for, say, Yokohama and see what happens. I suppose I haven't the pluck for the latter.

It is awful to be on the brink of this most wonderful and attractive of all countries and to know that you can get no further; that your position there depends on work which would always keep you stationed in this vulgar silly town; and that never, never would you be able to live for more than a week at a time the country life which suits the genius of the place and brings you on fair terms into contact with the real life of the place and the people.

By the way, I do not believe this is all liver. By eating nothing Sunday evening, I arose on Monday quite free from liver and very jolly. I cannot resist returning to the extreme revulsion of feeling which came upon me on Monday morning. Mangalore had been a revelation to myself of my own power, though probably I over-estimated what I had achieved there, as the people whom I induced to show me over their places were all religious or attached to a mission and were not, therefore, typical. However, that's how I was feeling; that, after all, I could, if necessary, represent the office adequately about the country: also that I should not get lost travelling, nor starve. For the lack of practice I had got into a state of mind in which I doubted my ability even to go by train anywhere without a mistake. Remember—I have not been in a train since July 26.

LETTERS FROM FRANCE, 1915-1916

To his Father

ARTISTS' RIFLES,
FRANCE, May 16, 1915.

WE left on Friday evening and arrived here—which is the place I expected to go to—about noon on Saturday. We all tumbled out of the train, but had to get back, as there was a red-tape difficulty about the detrainment. We were travelling most comfortably—eight in a second-class carriage. So we went on to another place, where we had to get out with everybody else. We could hear the guns in the distance and watch the motor ambulances loading a Red Cross train in the siding. For the rest, a marvellous silent place, a small country station with the rank growth of May muffling it all about. After hours of waiting, we came back here in trucks and finally arrived at about 9.30 P.M. Here we live in barracks. Button-cleaning, etc., is tuned up to a high pitch. Boots have to be polished—all that webbing equipment cleaned, etc. etc. So imagine my state of mind—you know how the insignificant always terrifies me. As usual, I am very conscious of the comparative dryness of the continental air. However, existence goes on despite one's resistance to its details.

As for the commission in the S. Wales Borderers, I must sleep on it again, now I have been moved. I doubt if I could get permission to take it, though I am over twenty-seven. And no doubt the training here is the best possible. On the other hand, I should not like to be here for more than a few months without getting one.

We did some interesting fatigue work at the docks at Rouen—carrying bales of hay and straw, laying out the boards for stacking it on, pitchforking dung, carrying bran and filling sacks with mangel-wurzels, and attending a rat-hunt. I didn't have a chance to go to the cathedral.

To his Mother

May 20, 1915.

In my letter to the Pater I did not say how much the apples were appreciated. As for the Y.M.C.A.'s his solicitudes for the utility of his subs. may be laid aside. We used them with great pleasure as clubs at Richmond, Southampton, and Rouen. Of course you have to turn out every now and then, while a converted drunkard holds the room, but that is not very often. I am not proceeding further with the offered commission in the S. Wales Borderers. Probably I am too young for the Colonel to give me leave, and anyway it is better to go on the normal tack here.

The men we have come to here are more like the Artists as I remember them ten years ago than the men of the draft I came out with. There are some with ideas and some who really paint. The sergeant-major of my company is said to be a student of the occult, etc. etc. In fact, one can cultivate pleasing speculations in the diversity of the men, despite their external uniformity.

There are no bugles here, and it is difficult to know the time in the morning without getting up; and as you know I am always interested in the time while I am in bed in the morning, I have now bought a wrist-watch off a man who had two and has just got a commission. I paid him fifteen francs. It is nearly a year since I last carried a watch.

To the Same

May 29, 1915.

Please thank Edith for Buchan, vols. iv. v.—self-sacrificing of her to let me have her copy. I got her bug-wash. I have not yet needed it and I should have to be pretty bad to consort to such a drastic remedy. I have more sympathy with the fraternal bug than with those artificial concoctions of mustard and ordure. Still, perhaps I shall have to change my mind later. When I opened the pareel, I was the object of general commiseration, because it was not something to eat

This is a good country for birds of the warbler type, but I haven't watched them much. I am now picking up the shooting a little, but I can't shoot as well as I could at school eleven years ago.

We have a drum and fife band here (or part of one), and they often play in the square in the evening much to the delight of the populace, who haven't had any music of any kind for months.

The impassive children and women with babies, etc., are static, as in the pictures of crowds in rural places on the continent. You know the style—storks in the background, though there are none here.

I often wear no socks and find it cool. At Rouen I went two short route marches on consecutive days in full kit without socks and found the experiment successful. There are some fine old Flemish farms hereabouts; large courtyard—as big as Tom Quad at Christ Church—and old grey and red buildings, with perhaps a low tower, partially ruinous, moulded bricks and a couple of broken small figures in niches, quasi-dutch gables, etc., entered by archway, like an inn, dated, *e.g.*, 1676.

The frogs have a croak here distinct from any I have noticed before. Due perhaps to the fear of being eaten, but I don't think this kind is edible. Croak of triumph no doubt at being inedible in a frog-eating country.

There are few things more beautiful than very white aeroplanes in a blue sky.

To the Same

June 5, 1915.

I was very glad indeed to get letters from you and the Pater. I saw Frank Gill's name in yesterday's casualty list. There's plenty more killing to come yet.

Letters *from* home are normally uncensored. I think it was the Pater who had the curiosity to ask this. Did you notice last Sunday a German report that bombs had been dropped here? Quite imaginary. Austro-German interference in Italy's Turkish campaign is very interesting and supplies the missing link in the story of Italian intervention. Nice sort of Allies they must have been.

I was in a café yesterday evening, when an A.S.C. man asked me the French for 'thank you.' I told him, and he said: 'Oh, I was wrong then—I said "bon soir."' He then went on to expatiate on the value of women as fighting units, alleging that their present average inferior size was due entirely to artificial subjection, the female being naturally larger than the male, as among ants and bears. That the comparative freedom of women in recent years had already resulted in a considerable access in the average female bulk. That fifty years hence his descendants would gaze upon his photo and exclaim, 'What a bloodthirsty fellow he must have been to go out killing Germans' (on the transport) 'in 1915.' Even so, we might be equally mistaken

about the real psychology of mediæval men. 'Mediæval' he pronounced as two words, and then asked me if he had got it correctly. He then complained of the difficulty of knowing how to pronounce many words, which made one avoid them in conversation. Whereupon, perceiving that I had to deal with an ingenuous type of mind, I explained that that was the penalty of reading more books than other people. He then said that a certain theologian has suggested that an impartial observer from another planet would be compelled to report that two fiends had undoubtedly entered into competition who could make the world worst. He next asked who was Jacqueline Roberts to whom there is a statue in this town. I was obliged to make inquiry of the landlord's daughter, who, sorely overtaxed, retreated to take counsel of the landlord, who did me the honour of emerging, stomach first, from behind the bar to explain that in the time of Louis XIV. the town was besieged, and J. Roberts revictualled it by bringing produce in a boat over the marshes. Or so I gathered.

To F. W. Leith Ross

June 15, 1915.

I have meant to write to you for a long time. Your letter of six weeks ago, inviting me to grub, reached me here ; and I now learn from home that you again asked me over to see Scudamore. I am very sorry to have missed him. Perhaps he will be turning up in these parts. I did not after all prosecute the commission which was offered me in the S. Wales Borderers. The letter from the adjutant did not reach me till we arrived here, and then I thought it better to wait for a commission here by the normal channels than to tackle the colonel to let me go. Meanwhile life is anything but agitated. I have just been put on to point duty (police) in the town. One gets many of these long periods of on-duty-quasi-passivity. No doubt they explain why the army has always been such an efficient school of stupidity. Life becomes largely a state of abstract reflection for me, though I trouble less and less to follow definite trains of thought ; the merely natural play of vague ideas and images suffices, if not to amuse, at any rate to occupy me. The surrounding country is jolly, chiefly owing to the luxuriant growths about the dykes and water-meadows with their abundance of flowers. I enjoy taking a book and lying in the grass. I seldom open the book, but from habit I am uncomfortable without one. I gaze upwards and see a vast waving spire of red sorrel against a pure

blue sky. There are no sounds but the furtive tread of grass-insects, the complicated and curiously muffled symphony of the air-currents in the tangle of plants, a few chirping birds, a distant aeroplane and the vibration (scarcely a sound) of the guns miles away. They all fuse together delightfully.

Such is war.

To his Mother

June 19, 1915.

On Monday I went out for a walk among the dykes. The country is still splendid, in spite of the dry weather. But land that is submerged in winter does not dry rapidly. There are heaps of flowers, water-lilies, yellow iris, etc., a fine flowering rush, with a stem and crown of blossoms like an agapanthus, but the blossoms are pink and shaped like buttercups. I made up my mind to make further expeditions, but was put next day in the police and now do point duty in the town every day.

It chiefly consists in saluting officers. I UNDERSTAND THAT A VAGUE MALAISE COMES OVER THEM without this moral support every few minutes. Then the police-sergeant (who really is a professional) comes round and says 'All Quiet?' And you answer in the affirmative, having just misjudged the pace of an old lady and near as a toucher got her run over. My calculations in these matters are of the most delicate, being all based on the exploits of Mogie in front of tradesmen's carts.

I usually address Englishmen in French and Frenchmen in English, which also adds greatly to my efficiency. If you are passing the Army and Navy stores, there are some excellent sparkling lemonade tablets sold there in glass tubes. The acid drops were just right for point duty.

To F. W. Leith Ross

June 25, 1915.

Thanks very much indeed for your letter and particularly for the offer of literature. I am not entirely destitute, as I occasionally get a French book in the town. But I cannot resist Rupert Brooke's last poems, which I have been wanting to read very much indeed. I stayed in the same house with him once for a couple of days, and that was the only time I met him. Not a man easily forgotten, though at that time I was secretly rather contemptuous of his poetry. I remember arguing with him about Shakespeare's probable methods of composition.

You should not insult the memory of B. N. C. in the latter half

of the first decade of the century. There were a good many men who read all sorts of things—*But* we read in (for Oxford) a rather Philistine spirit, as of men making themselves acquainted with some of the less important appanages of life. Possibly we instinctively foreseented the war.

As for this battalion, which is the 1-28th London and not the 3-28th still at Richmond Park, you would find a few men of speculative proclivities in it. There are some Artists who really paint. One Lee Hankey, who went away with a commission the other day, is pretty good. And I know another man who has no god but Leonardo da Vinci. However, literary masterpieces are not served out as rations, I admit.

Edith wrote to me about the same day as you did, and I heard from her that she had expressed doubts about her orthodox godliness for the intended purpose. But no doubt you and Prudence have successfully overcome them. By the way, what are the considerations in favour of christening? A strange rite. It turned my great uncle Ben into a hyper-baptist. And he kept a chapel out of his own pocket till his first wife died after fifty-four years of married life, when he sold it, and I think it was converted to profane uses.

I gather from the papers that the British Army is to the German Army much as the Fuzzy Wuzzies were to the British—of a barbaric and unarmoured bravery. *Moi, je n'en sais rien.*

To his Father

July 23, 1915.

I am afraid that the slow process of days here has already brought me too near your birthday for this to reach you on it. However, many happy returns.

Will you be so good as to keep this copy of *Bird Notes and News* for me? Put it in my drawer in the corner cupboard or somewhere like that. There are one or two things in it I may want to refer to.

I don't think I could ever agree with you about social and political liberty.

Taking it again from the personal side, I might modify the phrase 'the illusion of freedom' to 'the conviction of freedom.' Now this is, in essence, a purely internal state, independent of all externals and, in exceptional people, has actually been attained as well in a prison as elsewhere. But most of us are incapable of that degree of mental detachment and require certain external conditions of freedom to produce it. But again

these conditions vary infinitely with the individual. And in any case, the attainment of such a conviction is a process, perhaps requiring external conditions during its development and education, so to speak, which later become no longer necessary.

Now where I should never agree with you is in the sort of conditions which would foster it; they are, I think, different for me. But you seem to me to make inadequate allowance for this purely personal factor and instinctively to identify conditions of freedom with *your* conditions of freedom. So that, in writing, you pass easily and unconsciously from the internal state to certain external conditions, which suit you more or less, without marking the transition.

Now, you deal in the same spirit with civil liberties. But it is one of the peculiarities of the present time that theoretically 'free' institutions, like the franchise, are not working as expected. It is a matter of the internal or psychological state of the voter. Every one of the Gadarene swine was apparently and theoretically at liberty to run up the steep place instead of down; but every one had that inside him which made him run down.

The subjection of an ignorant slave is brutal and obvious. But if you free him and educate him, you can still subject him. You have only got to find another handle. It may baffle you for a bit, but when once you have found it, it is a more powerful lever than you ever before used, and much more easy to work. Instead of beating and kicking, you now implant suitable ideals in him—and he does the rest for you. It is like lifting a heavy weight by pressing an electric button instead of using your own back: but the weight still moves *your* way, and a great deal more expeditiously and satisfactorily.

Now, to take a single point, I believe the Press is still a great factor in forming 'opinion,' as they call it: though what they really form is prejudice and emotion. The papers with the biggest sales are all idiotic, considered as organs of your ideal free democracy. They are only comprehensible (and in their way admirable) when considered as the instruments (rather than the organs) of some power ruling outside Parliament and bent (instinctively, no doubt) on sterilising the franchise. Before the Ballot and Education Acts, you could intimidate the elector at the poll—a clumsy device, and retail in its scope. Now you feed him up wholesale with all sorts of twaddle before he gets there. And the wider the franchise, the easier this is. For delusion is like everything else, it is cheapest to produce in quantity.

The above is purely negative and destructive.

The positive or constructive side is to be sought purely in the ambition and appetite of individuals.

I must just pull you up about the drink trade, the curtailment of which you call a self-imposed restraint.

Now to curtail the amount one drinks may be a self-imposed restraint. But to curtail the privileges of the existing poisoners is not an act of self-denial, but of self-assertion. There are two distinct questions: (1) What and how much shall I drink? (2) Who shall sell it me?

Why confuse them? I believe I agree with you about (2) but not about (1).

I hope you are not one of those people who get drunk on the idea of alcohol (blessed word). It is really very curious that people get more muddled in their heads by thinking about intoxicants than by drinking them. And it is a false material view that would consider the evidence of a doctor on the physical effect of spirits of more importance than the evidence of a dialectician on the intellectual effect of the thought of them.

Only brewers and temperance-promoters *think* about drink. Other people want it, without sentiment or *arrière-pensée*. The so-called drink question in England is insincere on both sides. The driving force is the same on both sides.

A. says: 'I can't control my workmen unless they drink.'

B. says: 'They're more docile in the end, and I get more out of them if they don't.'

On both sides it is a problem of how best to control the poor, without their losing their value.

Also, the cult of physical health is simply absurd nowadays. Health has a relative value, like other things. That value is very low, if your health is to be used by somebody else for his benefit.

Again, doctor's health is only a special kind and takes no account of the mental activity of the patient which may be stimulated by a different physical state.

To the Same

ARTISTS' RIFLES,
FRANCE, Sept. 23, 1915.

I expect to get a job (not with a commission) under the Meteorological Office here. The office will take me, but the Colonel has not yet given his consent. But I believe he will. This job will, I believe, take me in and out of the trenches in

the part of the line down south recently taken over by the English. I may go to Mailly (I think that is the name of the place). I may be merely attached to the R.E. or I may be transferred to the R.E. as a corporal.

To F. W. Leith Ross

Y.M.C.A., FRANCE, Oct. 6, 1915.

I often derived great pleasure from Rupert Brooke's poems, and was reminded of you whenever I opened it. So if I have not written for so long, it is not that I have been totally forgetting you. Several men borrowed the book, so you may take it that you conferred a wide-spread blessing on the troops when you sent it to me. I have now moved from G.H.Q. to 3rd Army H.Q., where letters addressed *c/o* The Chemical Adviser should reach me. I am attached, and shall probably be transferred to, R.E. : it is a little job on wind-observations and oxygen-breathing apparatus. I haven't yet been near a trench, but may do so shortly. And I have given up the idea of a commission, at any rate for the present. The worst of it is that I am getting to that point of *déraciné*, *desdichado*, or whatever the word is, that I begin to feel equally not-at-home with the upper, middle, and lower classes of society. Perhaps I shall end my days in Colney Hatch suffering from the delusion that I am a King. 'Kings are naturally lovers of low company.' D'you remember turning that into Latin prose? An amusing easy passage in Potts, I think.

Well, I am glad to be away from the relaxing air of Flanders, up here on a rolling plateau, which I think is built of chalk, though the coping is something different, greensand I guess as a geosciolist. The only thing is that the continental climate here is disconcerting. Chalk without a sea-breeze to a true-born Englishman is like cheese without a raw onion. But perhaps you do not know of that taste. That is because you have never been billeted with a H.Q. sanitary unit. Daily I hear my native tongue around me and comprehend it not. Aberdeen (but that would not floor you) vies with Manchester, with Yorkshire, Cheshire, Devonshire ; Birmingham with Irish and Suffolk-Canada—*trop difficile*.

I have heard once or twice from Scudamore, the last time when he was very busy helping to prepare the big shemoozle. I trust he is through all right.

By the way, the chemical adviser here is called Hartley and is, I understand, in private life, a don at Balliol. There is a

sergeant here named Worrall, who is quite a typical scout and was under Hartley at Oxford, but whether as scout or lab.-man I do not know. By an interesting *περιπέτεια* (is that accent possible?) which also contains many of the elements of *ἀναγνώρισις* (I rather believe in that accent) he has the right now, I believe, to order me about. Unless, therefore, you consider me too mean a person to be a tragic hero, my life fulfils many of the conditions of true Aristotelian tragedy, modified to suit the modern social scheme. But my real boss (under the officers) is a miner—quite a character. He made the other day the penetrating observation that there were no stops in French except *compris*, and that wasn't a stop.

However, I have some hope that I have almost done bowing the head in the houses of many Rimmons and that shortly my sins will be forgiven me—a sentiment which disgusts you, as it does me. But in a relentless world a man must work with whatever mental conceptions he can, whether he likes them or not. Hateful as it is, one has to Hebraize to save even the relics of one's Hellenism. I often compare myself to Apollo in the house of Admetus. The gap between Jew and Greek is less than we begin by thinking. But don't imagine that I attend the Y.M.C.A. bible-class here. . . .

To his Mother

ATTD. METEOROLOGICAL OFFICE,
FRANCE, Oct. 10, 1915.

I had an opportunity on Oct. 7 to tell an officer that I was keen on the weather business. Whether as a result, or partially as a result, I was packed off at 8 P.M. the following day to assist an observer here. I was sent in a car, like a hossifer, 1½ hours' joy-ride, straight in the eye of the planet Jupiter. So my address now is Pte. F. G., Observer, Attd. 5th Division H.Q., B.E.F. I am still in the chalk country, not far from the river Somme, which winds along a valley which is much too broad for it, and which is accordingly filled up with broad meres filled with reeds, and yellowing poplars in rows along the firm strips between. But farther north it is surprising how little the trees have changed colour or shed leaves.

At any rate for the present, I am in a most comfortable billet and enjoy all the luxuries that could possibly fall to a private within a few miles of the line.

The last day at the last place was amusing. Four men who

had been up for instruction were returning to the trenches, so they stood the instructor several drinks. Whereupon the latter, together with several members of the Sanitary Section, spent the afternoon playing pitch and toss by the grease-pits. It was exorcruatingly funny. They played awfully well and with unfailling zest. When a man was short of coppers, he went and changed half a franc in the neighbouring Y.M.C.A. The Sanitary Section was composed of middle-aged men, representing all the vices, drawn from every part of the country, returned from the trenches with rheumatism, etc. Great humorists, all of them; especially a man in the Suffolks, who lived at Cambridge and claimed to be a fishmonger. But the others disputed this high pretension, and asserted that he only went round with a small handbarrow of fish, at the very most. He was rather discredited when he had to admit that he knew no fish called ray, alleging in fact that it was not the name of a fish at all. I believe the truth of the matter is that it is a north country name for a skate.

The villages here are close-fisted, inhospitable-looking places. The houses and long barns, with huge doors, and the big archways into the village farmyards are right on the road—never the sign of a front garden—something bleak and hard about them. No new cottages and always some decaying—every sign of gradual depopulation. You come across people using the primitive flail. I think a French Hardy might treat it. Perhaps he has arisen already.

2 A.M., Oct. 16, 1915.—I have very little time for reading at present. We have a daily programme which involves about twenty hours' duty for each of us in every forty-eight; and a lot of pottering about between hill-top, billet, and signal office in the middle of the night. As we have just changed billets, we have been rather distraight. We have to do all our own cooking here, at least the other man does. There is a furious scrounge for fuel. One ewt. of coal *via* the Forwarding Officer, Southampton, would be amazingly welcome, but I doubt whether the cost of sending would make it worth while.

This work is gradually getting organised as a separate unit, and we shall get an officer from the office at G.H.Q. sent down to reside permanently with this Army. If only they will send Chapman I shall be all right.

Rather uncanny this solitary wandering in the night. Apart from the outer semi-circle of guns and star shells, there is much to notice—unknown birds flying over, duck, larks, some sort of plover—the noise of small animals killed by stoats—phosphor-

escent centipedes. I don't think they are phosphorescent on their own, but I take it that they feed on old vines and garbage just beneath the surface and then come up radiant.

On a calm day the dark smoke-balls from the German anti-aircraft guns hang about sometimes in hundreds. Against a pale green sky they look like the flecks on the skin of an apple.

Lucky I am used to the Welsh character. My colleague and superior has it strong. Secretive, cunning, partially inarticulate, handy and contraptious, silent and apparently surly, occasional outbursts of the national fire. To-day he noticed that the old man whose cottage this is, and who lives in the other room of it, had left a small nail loose on the latch of the door of the shed with his beansticks in, to see if we used them for firewood. He lives at Llanelly—brewer—practised poaching, so far as I can gather, on his own uncle's land. Now once more to the hill-top.

To the Same

FRANCE, Oct. 25, 1915,
S. Crispin Crispian.

Both lots of Shearn's fruit were in fine condition. I munificently presented the last lot in its entirety to the H.Q. Sergeant-Major. They are nearly all regulars here, and I found that my position as a sort of gentleman private needed a little shoring up. He seemed quite pleased about it.

Edith's Bath chap was both instructive and pleasant—instructive because I was not certain that a Bath chap was really a chap at all. I had an idea that it was a sort of synthetic pork, standing to true pork and bacon rather as a chicken cutlet stands to a cutlet. It was rather rich for quantitative eating, but saved us two fires. However we seem to get a certain amount of fuel by various methods, though one never knows where the next instalment is coming from. You cannot buy coal for money as Father suggests. Shearn's packing case was of course converted and even the nutshells.

I am still an Artist. I believe I am attached R.E., but not transferred. I expect to be transferred with the rank of corporal, but it may take months. They should make the pay retrospective—about 3s. a day. I have nothing to do with the R.E. here. I doubt if it is regular, but I ration from the H.Q. staff rations. It is much better for me. I have given up the idea of a commission, at any rate *pro tem*. As a matter of fact, I got into two little rows for want of discipline (I always said I could stick it for six months but could not answer for longer),

and was solemnly told that I was not fit to be an officer till I had obtained greater control of myself. When I took them at their word and got the office I am now under to apply for me, I was told that I was not doing what was expected of me, that I had gone behind the backs of the regimental authorities and that I was supposed to take a commission. Not that there was any ill-feeling so far as I know.

To his Father

Nov. 11, 1915.

The coal arrived this morning, intact, just in time. We had one packing case in hand. What sort is it? Did it cost much to send? It caused considerable amusement, I understand, wherever it passed. The sack was covered in mud, the address all but obliterated. There was no question of payment—the ration cart brought it.

About 6.45 A.M. at this time of year one or two flocks of assorted finches, with a few larks following a little to one side, fly over the observation hill, S.W. into the river-valley, presumably to feed. They are most punctual and make a tremendous rustling, full of business. The partridges turn out a bit earlier. I had two coveys within a foot or two of my head, as I was lying against a bush the other morning. It was in the same place that I heard and felt a mouse (I suppose) trying to pick my brains by gnawing through my cap.

Yes, we do everything for ourselves, at least the other man does. He gets rather sick with me at times. But I tell him that if he will insist on a standard of living higher than my minimum requirements, he cannot expect me to help him produce it. And on the other hand he has the advantage of doing what he likes in the billet. He invents various things and all that, and moves the table to a better place, etc., and I never mind a bit. But I draw the line at assistance, or approval greater than mere politeness requires. Occasionally he treats me to a lecture on tact, human nature, and how to get on, in which he seems to think I need instruction. No doubt this is the Welsh style, when dealing with serious matters. He never rises above the elements of cynicism.

To his Mother

Nov. 18, 1915.

The pork-pie has been sampled—but not yet totally consumed—and is excellent, especially this cold weather. For it has

already turned to true winter here—two considerable falls of snow—and this morning it is still freezing at 10 A.M., and may go on all day. The pie was ably packed in slices of cake, an exceedingly useful kind of packing.

John, the other observer, got his leave-warrant suddenly last evening, and cleared off about midnight. I may get leave any time after he returns; but he has not been very well and is applying for an extension. It is rather curious, but I have much less to do while he is away than when he is here. For they have not sent a man to take his place, but have cut down the programme to a bare third of the normal. Our Met. officers may be dabs at forecasting, but they are awfully unbusiness-like, not to say unmilitary. We never get instructions from them without wondering what on earth they mean us to do.

It isn't bad being all on my own for a bit, with no one under me and no one over me within striking distance. The army offers few such situations, and they are to be made the most of by such as I am, who am wretched without recurrent periods of isolation for the purpose of reflecting into self.

To the Same

Nov. 20, 1915.

The Irishman who cuts up the meat at the Q.-M. Stores here has just returned from leave. He explained to me the horrors of No Treating: 'I couldn't take you into a bar and ask for two whiskies. At least, if I asked for two whiskies, I should have to drink them both myself, and you wouldn't get any at all.'

The old man whose cottage this is insists on coming in to console me in my temporary loneliness, and we have rather tedious conversations. He is only interested in money and careers—a very typical French peasant, I imagine. All he knows of England is the price, rate of interest, etc., of Consols, in which he appears rather well posted. I asked him if he had lived here all his life. He said he had, but 'J'ai voyagé un peu dans la campagne de soixante-dix, comme soldat.' I think he had an epileptic fit the other night. Anyhow, he was wailing and sobbing like a wild beast. I wondered if I ought to do anything, but he was just as usual the next morning. He was called out once from talking to me by a man, and when he returned he said, 'Il est venu chercher des médicaments pour sa femme qui est malade.' I said, 'Vous avez des médicaments? Vous n'êtes pas médecin!' He: 'Non, je ne suis pas médecin, moi, mais j'ai acheté des médicaments de sept francs pour ma femme,

et le lendemain elle est morte.' *I* : 'Et la femme de votre ami est malade de la même maladie que votre femme?' *He* : 'Presque. Pas tout-à-fait la même.'

Soon after his wife died, he came in and found me alone. He was feeling the necessity of unburdening to somebody. 'Me voilà veuve! Plus de femme!' I didn't know what to say, and returned, 'C'est triste pour vous, monsieur.' *He* : 'Oui, c'est triste. Il faut s'y conformer.' Then he said what sounded like 'C'est une morte.' And I said rather quickly, 'Oui, c'est une morte,' as if one should say in English, 'Yes, she's dead enough!' But I think he must have said 'C'est un mord,' or 'une morde,' whatever the word for a *bite* is, *i.e.*, it's a bite, *viz.* a blow, probably a colloquialism. They often pronounce the final consonant here. They also say *travale* for *travail* and *vielle* for *vieille*. He went out, exclaiming, 'Ce n'est pas un petit affaire.' Genders not guaranteed.

The billet is full of mice. The old man catches rats too, but they have hitherto neglected our side. When I am up in the night, the mice come out and run about in the ashes of the fireplace. A mouse will dart along the wall, and then stop before turning the corner of the wall to the fireplace. He leans forward so that his legs plant backward, and points his tail like a pointer dog. He quivers slightly all over and his ears, which appear enormous, are cupshaped and held at right angles to his head. His back is as straight as a die, and he looks wonderfully long like that. Then, when he thinks it is all right, he makes a dash round the corner, unless I try to stamp on him first, in which I have never yet succeeded, when he goes back whence he came.

Nov. 21.—To-day I translated into French two sort of wild love-letters for the sergeant who helps the Q.M.S. They were to ladies he had left behind months ago near where I was all the summer. I suppose he suddenly felt conscience-stricken and thought he would drop them a line. If they can't talk English, he certainly can't talk French. However, my observation is that these temporary sentimental *rapprochements* flourish best when there is no common language. I suppose mutual recriminations become impossible.

Nov. 25.—I got your letter of 19th last night; also Wells' book, which seems to be a joint family benefit, and I thank Edith for providing it, you for sending it, and Father for addressing it.

The cake appeared the day before yesterday and disappeared to-day. It is A1 and by the same token torpedoed me amidships, but is now permanently (I hope) submerged.

Last night as I was taking the 1 A.M. reading, an enormous owl flew right between me and the moon. I saw its shadow first. Most uncanny.

We had a shell in the back garden on Wednesday. The hole will serve as a rubbish-pit and save much digging. We don't often get shells here.

To the Same

Dec. 20, 1915.

I received Father's note acknowledging receipt of new address. This place is flat and muddy and a good deal duller than the last. I have not received my property, and it is doubtful whether I shall for a long time. Meanwhile will you obtain out of my deposit and send me half a dozen pairs of thick socks and stockings. I want any amount here, partly because they have supplied me with a pair of gun-boots—a size too big. I had to have another medical exam. to-day in connection with my re-enlistment in the Regulars; the doctor found my eyesight rather bad, though reading uninteresting combinations of letters across a dim room never seems to me conclusive evidence of the actual *utility* of an eye, so he passed me subject to wearing glasses. Accordingly I may, for all I know, be provided with a pair gratis. As I am perfectly happy without, it is rather amusing. But I had to admit when questioned that I couldn't recognise people in the street. But then I don't want to very much.

The mud continues to interest me exceedingly. For one thing it is impossible for me to slither to my post without keeping my eyes on it. In that way it comes to fill my soul. At first it gave me colic and diarrhœa (following on the stomachic derangements of the last few weeks). I took violent means to cure them. Some day, perhaps, I may tell you how—an unconventional cure. Now I am more inclined to study its morphology—the interesting change in consistency after rain, as when you add a little more water to the embryo dough. Its stickiness and gumminess after short spells of fine weather. The amount of standing water it can take on top, and for how long. Also the black mud of once cindered paths. How to recognise a deep hole, though filled level with the surrounding morass. The slipperiness of the often inclined planes of the half-hard bottom. Bottomless mud and how to walk over it. Ploughed mud. The proper pacc for mud-walking. Speed is hopeless. Yet to take it quite easily and indolently is fatal, for

then you get stuck and have to wrench each foot out separately, at the same time re-wrenching on the foot you are pivoting on. The length of pace ; there are obvious advantages in a good stride, yet short paces are more equilibrrious. I shall write a text-book on mud-walking. Mud-walking for distance : sprint-mud-walking : ornamental faney and speetaacular mud-walking and mud-daneing. Famous mud-walkers and their ' very good steps, ' as Mr. Evans would say. The glide : the slither : yawing : tacking and luffing : ' in irons, ' and how to get out again ; the full squeleh : the hip-wrench : the inside and outside edge : the Flemish roll : the ski-step : broad and narrow gauge mud-walking : high and low gear mud-walking : should the knee be bent at an angle of 45 degrees or 90 degrees ? The advantages of bandy legs. Mud-walking for the knoeck-kneed—a special chapter. An appendix on slime-wading—not strictly a part of the same subject—as the slime-wader walks on a moderate bottom, covered with liquid or semi-liquid. Nevertheless it is to be admitted that he who goes mud-walking may occasionally find himself obliged to do a certain amount of slime-wading as well. Mud-eleg daneing, the Gluey Glide and Leech-Hug, to slow rag-time. And so forth and so on.

To F. W. Leith Ross

Dec. 25, 1915.

My full style and address at the present time is Cpl. F. G., Attd. Signals, 9th Divn. H.Q., B.E.F. As I have recently been moved, I am likely to be here for some time yet. The move has not been an altogether advantageous one, as it has taken me out of the jolly chalk-country, where were divers sorts of interesting birds which I watched upon an hill, and has bogged me in Flanders. However—By the way, you write ' Everything turns on the gas, I believe, especially the wrong wind. ' You have got this mistakenly. The gas turns on the wrong wind, not the wrong wind on the gas. . . . I shall be a contributor to *Punch's* Charivaria yet.

You may observe a dried flake of good Flanders elay on the edge of this sheet. It came there through my dropping the bloek on my gum-boots. I have delightful clothes now. Best of all I love the leather jerkin. You know the thing, like the buff jackets of the seventeenth century.

This is my third conseecutive Christmas day off English soil. Truly I am becoming an inveterate exile. Two years ago I was at

Paris, one year ago at Marmagao. I shouldn't at all mind being back at the latter, reclining beneath a palm tree and drinking the juice of the Kacha (can't spell it) cocoanut, which is very good for master's body; and bathing towards evening in the Arabian Sea in a sandy cove with a theatre of blackened igneous rocks behind me and watching the moon in the heavens, rising like a new-minted rupee. All the same, I was almost as bored there as anywhere else.

To his Mother

Jan. 5, 1916.

The mince-pies were excellent. I opened them in the place where I feed. There were three soldiers besides myself and the two women who run the shop. As there were six pies, I made a distribution at the rate of one a piece.

The plum-pudding has given a little trouble. I gave instructions, but she wouldn't believe me. She wanted to boil it for ten minutes only—not to boil it but to heat it up. Eventually she cut it in half, put it straight into water and warmed it. I have enjoyed it better cold. She doesn't like it when I give instructions about the cooking. However, I have induced her to give up using butter to cook bacon in. She still puts a lid on the frying-pan, so it is always too greasy. I am treated as an awfully honoured guest. Her husband the carpenter, who uses such terrific *patois*, insists on my sitting at the end of the table, except this morning, when he was going to a funeral, when by tacit consent of all present he occupied not only the end of the table, but the greater part of the kitchen with himself and his shaving things and his black clothes, gradually being put on. Here a boot, there a waistcoat, there a coat.

Jan. 6, 1916.—An officer turned up to-day because one of the observers had committed suicide, and, as they knew I had known him a bit in the Artists, they wondered if I could throw any light on the matter. I am afraid he thought I was very callous, but I said I wasn't surprised; he was just the sort of chap who would commit suicide if any one did. He was a man I rather took a fancy to, who got very bored and was always trying new things, like me, but without my inexhaustible power of somehow supporting tedium. Hadn't trained himself by sitting in an arm-chair for years together doing nothing. All the same, it seems to me to be rather bad taste to commit suicide when on active service in a war.

To his Sister

Jan. 9, 1916.

It appears to me that the elements of asymmetry and symmetry are almost equally present in the date 6-1-16, and I am compelled to believe that your pausing to stigmatise it as symmetrical must have been due to bad conscience and the desire to postpone slightly, on any pretext, the confession which forms the chief theme of your letter. I read it at 1.30 A.M., a sensitive time of day, and it gave me a distinct pang. I get very attached to old clothes, even when I wear them and wear them out. Boots, good boots, have a tremendous attraction for me. I need not explain that. You have a natural love of good boots yourself. What, then, is my affection for my oldest pair of boots? But these were not only my oldest and most expensive pair of boots; they were also almost unworn, and therefore possessed also the advantages of new boots. Further, they were prodigal boots that had returned penitent, as soon as they perceived that my army-fatted calf was ready for them. For I wore them enough times in London and Richmond to find that I could now wear them with great pleasure. This had been a matter of great rejoicing to me. It is difficult to convey the amount of rumination I have spent on those boots during the last five years. The years of shame at having them and not feeling equal to wearing them. The resolution with which I tried them again. The despair when they blistered me again. The triumph when I conquered them at last. The pride that the era of feebleness before them was past. The anticipation, in which I have actually indulged, of walking in them in the future.

There was once an Eastern potentate, accustomed to regard and treat his harem, if not languidly, at any rate in the untemperamental spirit of an easy and assured routine, from which he anticipated no great surprises. He managed it on the whole sedulously and bought judiciously, if not ambitiously, in the usual market. It chanced, however, one day that he departed from his usual tastes and purchased a woman out of Kurdistan, that had been brought up to a free life of hunting and riding in the windy plains of her native land. He paid a great price for her. Either it was pure chance that led him into this experiment; or rather, as I think, Fate led her to him that by her he might be proven and roused from his equable life to greater energy and feats worthy of the traditions of his predecessors on the throne. She was taken to the palace and in due time he wooed her according to the etiquette of his country, his rank, and his religion. Now

the woman of Kurdistan, whose name was Kowheidah, was saddened by her exile and longed for the hunters of her own land, riders upon horses, all of them desirable young men. For her new master was one who governed by guile and chicane, and the other women of his harem were such as were especially able to exercise and instruct him in these arts of government. Howbeit, she reasoned with herself that, as Fate had caused her to be captured by the slave-dealers and she was fallen upon an evil and pent-up life, it was better to submit with indifference, to perform the duties of her position, and to conceal her sorrow. Accordingly, she permitted the sultan to approach her, and, being resolved that she should bear no reproach in his eyes, she embraced him faithfully, as he had been her own lover from among the Kurds. Now Kowheidah, when yet very young and passionately fond of sweet things to eat, had one day sallied from her father's house and tracked the wild bees to their nest. But when she would have taken the honey and eaten it, a great bear, that had been watching the growing store on his own behalf, came out from the hollow of the tree and attacked her. And he would have crushed her to death between his paws. But Kowheidah, putting forth all her strength, grappled with the bear and squeezed him till he snorted with pain and did not cease till she had crushed all the breath from his body, even as he would have done from hers ; and she ate of the honey and took the bear and laid him across her shoulders and brought him to her father's house. And of his skin she made her a hunting dress for the winter ; she wore his claws on a chain about her neck, and his teeth threaded on her wrists. And she and her father and mother and her brothers and sisters and their wives and husbands made a feast and they ate the bear ; and they anointed their heads with his fat. Such was the great strength of Kowheidah, and even so she embraced the sultan, so that he scarce escaped, all bruised and blistered, with his life.

Now was the sultan in great agony of mind and body. He was loth to part with the Kurdish woman, because of the great price he had paid for her, and because she was comely in her strength and he could not look upon her without desire. Yet durst he not summon her again. Nevertheless, after many months, he sent for her, and she was pleased, but in her simplicity she could not understand her own might, and again she all but crushed him to death. Indeed the royal physician despaired for a while of his life. But when he was recovered, he tried to put the woman out of his mind. And she lived apart

in the harem and knew not in her solitude why she found no favour with her master. And so she grew sad : for, if she did not love him, yet she had resolved to sacrifice herself to her fate, and she lifted up her voice in self-reproach that her sacrifice had not been acceptable.

Now the sultan could not prevent himself thinking of her. And he was torn between his desire of her and his fear of the iron bands of her arms. And, after several years, when he was away on a pilgrimage, the heat of the country where he was sojourning threw over him a lassitude. And at the same time great wars broke out among the men of the East. And the Great Khan that was his overlord was leading his men to war. But the prince was a man of subtlety and he thought not to follow the Khan, but was for completing his pilgrimage, which he had sworn should embrace many holy places and should keep him three years from his country. And in part he was wandering to efface the memory of the unapproachable Kowheidah. So, being afflicted with lassitude because of the extreme heat and steaminess of the land where he was, he took counsel with himself and said : 'It is hard to combat the will of God. By thought, though I be a man of many devices, I cannot turn my bones into steel and my skin into leather. I must give up Kowheidah. She can never be the delight of these weak limbs and fainting sinews. Neither may I keep her from another. She shall be my offering for the wars. I will send her, with many rich presents, and duly bedecked, to the Khan, who shall bestow her upon one of his chosen warriors—the greatest and strongest—whose bride she is worthy to be.' So the prince took his tablets and wrote to the Mother of the Maids in his palace that Kowheidah should be sent away. But Fate willed otherwise. For the Mother of the Maids had become herself attached to Kowheidah, because of her simplicity. Moreover, her great strength was useful for keeping the rest of the seraglio in order. And she wrote, temporising with her master's words, that she knew not for certain how to bring Kowheidah to the Great Khan ; for he was for ever moving his camp according to the fortunes of the war ; and surely the prince would not impoverish his house by the loss of so beautiful a woman, who was the envy of all the neighbouring princes. And the prince read the letter and in his languor cared not either way ; and so Kowheidah abode in his palace. But it came to pass that the armies of the Great Khan were sore pressed by their enemies. And being driven in, they gave ground, till the summer and autumn were spent, and the armies of the Khan and his foes took up their stations for

the winter season. And the prince, seeing that it was so, bethought him that God would give him back his pilgrim's vows. So he sought out a holy man and inquired of him concerning the will of God. And the holy one answered and said that God would release him if he went to fight for the Khan, for the prayers of the Khan were found acceptable and the sins of them that fought with him would be remitted. So the prince said, 'I am but a feeble man. How shall I go side by side with the warriors and mighty men of valour?' And the holy one, sitting beneath his sacred tree, answered again and said, 'Go, and God will make you strong.' Then the prince roused himself and returned to his country, and he beheld Kowheidah through the grille of the women's house and his desire unto her waxed greater than ever. And he sent presents round about to the neighbouring princes, and the factions of that land were stilled and the men of Cam caroused with the men of Isis. Now the prince was a man of Isis. And he gathered together the manhood of his state and rode forth at their head and joined with the men of the other cities and together they performed warlike exercises against the coming of the spring, that they might serve the Great Khan in the day of his tribulation. And they that were warriors instructed them that were men of craft and guile. And the prince humbled himself, being a man of craft, and exercised him with the sword and the spear, and he waxed strong so that he was scarce known to his own kinsmen. And they said unto him, 'Send hence the women thou hast brought with thee; for their ways are evil for war; and we will give thee others meet for a warrior.' So he dismissed his women, Seessessa of the rounded toes and the soft women that had not even any nails and the others, and they gave him Rashun and Ammon-Ishun, which were strong women, and, albeit with pain, he endured them. Then said the prince in his heart, 'Day by day I wax stronger; my ribs become as steel bands, and my skin is as tanned hide.' And he bethought him again of Kowheidah, and rejoiced that the Mother of Maids had not hearkened to his behest, but had kept her in the palace. And he sent for Kowheidah and she came, being nothing loth, and she embraced him, and he summoned all his new strength and with pain he endured her. Then did she embrace him again and his strength was equal unto hers, and greater, and he rejoiced in her. And he abode with her and Rashun and Ammon-Ishun in great peace and singleness of heart.

But the time was now come when those princes and their armies should go thence to join the armies of the Great Khan.

And because of the hardships of the journey and lest the camp should become over-large, it was decreed that each prince should take with him but one woman. Then spake the greater kings in the council and said to him, the prince, that was less than they in all matters of war, and subject to their commandments, 'Thou shalt take Rashun or Ammon-Ishun.' And he said, 'Nay, but I will take Kowheidah.' Then did they wax wroth, saying, 'Who is this Kowheidah? She is a woman of thy house, where we know that all the women are soft and unmeet for a warrior. Their skin is as milk, and they have no nails to their feet.' Then the prince answered them meekly, 'Kowheidah is a woman of a warlike race. You gave me Rashun and Ammon-Ishun, but Kowheidah I obtained at a great price, and she is greater than they; and my heart is fain of her.' But they hearkened not to him and said, 'The woman that thou takest with thee to the camp is for necessity alone and not for delight. Choose thou Rashun or Ammon-Ishun.' And the prince said, 'Kowheidah is my necessity and my delight; in her my necessity and my delight are one.' Then began the kings to mock and to jeer, crying out, 'How shall this thing be? Shall not delight soften? And shall not necessity harden?' Still the prince reasoned with them that he took delight in his own hardening. But this was a mystery and they understood it not. And they cried out again vehemently, 'Nay, Kowheidah is a soft woman of thy house, and we know of what manner of women thy house is full.' And they would not hold their peace, but began to abuse the prince and to say that he had ever been a man of subtlety and that he was fain of the pillows of peace and was no proper tributary of the Great Khan. Then the prince, though wroth and sorrowful at heart, for the greater peace and for fear of making disunion among the leaders, consented to send Kowheidah back to his city and himself took Ammon-Ishun and contented himself with her.

So the prince went unto the camp of the armies of the Great Khan. Yet his heart yearned ever for Kowheidah and he went not into battle; but, being learned in the stars, he became one of the Khan's chief magicians and cast horoscopes for his armies, so that when he said, 'The heavens are favourable,' they went forward; and when he said, 'The heavens are adverse,' they went back, and thereby he saved them much bloodshed and preserved the captains from error. And he was high in the favour of the Khan. For in his tribulation for Kowheidah, his spirit was chastened and he became a holy man and nigh unto God. And Ammon-Ishun grew sick and died, and he sent to

his city for Rashun, who had meanwhile been with Kowheidah and the Mother of the Maids in his palace. But, for that he was now a holy man, he neglected Rashun and took unto himself a woman named Gum, which was one of many women trained up for the service of the Khan's magicians. Yet ever he thought, 'One day I shall be done with Gum, and I shall abide the remainder of my days with Kowheidah and she shall be my chief concubine and we will walk together in the fields, even amid the scent of the flowering-plants, and beneath the perfumed trees of the forest and across the hills of my own country.' Even with such dreams did he comfort his heart.

Now it came to pass after many months that the Mother of the Maids tired of her watch, saying to herself, 'The sultan tarrieth at the wars. Of what use am I when he is away? The women grow old in his house. They whom I keep grow old and perish and their lord cometh not; and the purpose of my trust, that was mine honour, is taken from me.' And she shut herself in her chamber and would not look upon the face of the sun. Then came a man of Cam, that had been an enemy of the prince before the wars, unto a woman that dwelt in the house, and was a kinswoman of the Mother of the Maids, and oftentimes assisted her in her guardship. Now both the woman and Ches-hieh, the man of Cam, were sorcerers that changed men's eyes; so that they saw that which had been before invisible to them, yea, even that which was not; and that which had appeared small and mean now appeared great and desirable. So they looked at one another, and he bewitched her eyes, so that he seemed mighty before her. And she cast a like spell over him, and appeared before him huge and beautiful as an elephant. Then said the man of Cam, 'I am a man of power and valour, as thou seest. And I fight for the Great Khan, for that I give his warriors the sight of young eagles that they may see their enemies coming afar off and may be in wait for them and slay them. Yet is virtue departing from me. Wherefore I have taken counsel of a holy man, who saith that I shall make a journey to the top of the highest mountain of this country; and after prayer and fasting, virtue shall be restored in me. But he saith further that I shall be borne up the mountain in the arms of a strong woman. Where, then, is the woman that shall carry me?' And she, the woman, took counsel in her heart and answered him, 'O greatest and most beautiful among men, there is a woman here of the prince's, that is stronger than all other women. And he cares not for her; nor for that matter is he here at this time, having departed to the camp of the Great Khan. Take her

and she shall carry you, and virtue shall be restored in you.' And the young man of Cam thanked her and said, 'Let me see if this woman is as thou sayest.' Then the woman that was kinswoman to the Mother of the Maids, went in unto the women's apartments and sought out Kowheidah and found her, and said to her, 'Ho, Kowheidah, the prince, thy master, hath sent letters to the Mother of the Maids commanding that thou go hence and carry Cheshieh, the man of Cam, to the summit of the highest mountain in the land. And for a space thou wilt do the pleasure of Cheshieh, that is a mighty man of valour and appeareth great in the eyes of all men.' Then said Kowheidah to herself, 'Assuredly my lord loves me no more. Yet will I do his will humbly.' And she went out and pleased Cheshieh and put him upon her head and carried him up the mountain. And Cheshieh was well pleased in her, and virtue was restored in him.

Then came Cheshieh, the man of Cam, back to the woman that was kinswoman of the Mother of the Maids and spake unto her, saying, 'Thou hast done well in giving me for a space the woman Kowheidah from the prince's house. Now will I keep her for my own house, and I will pay the prince a sum of money for her.' And the woman looked at Cheshieh, and he put a spell on her eyes and he became great as Leviathan in her sight, so that she durst no longer refuse him anything; for virtue was restored in him. And she trembled at the promptings of her own heart and said, 'What sum wilt thou give, O fairest of the young men of Cam?' and he said, 'I will give thirty pieces of silver.' And the woman went within and pretended to take counsel with the Mother of the Maids, that was shut within her chamber, and came out again and said, 'The price is good. The prince hateth the woman Kowheidah, and not long since, when he was making a pilgrimage, he would fain have been rid of her; neither has he taken her to the wars, but has preferred the women Rashun and Ammon-Ishun, yea, and the strange woman Gum. Thus saith the Mother of the Maids, that knoweth the prince's will in these things.' So Cheshieh delivered the thirty pieces of silver and went his way rejoicing, taking Kowheidah with him. But Kowheidah was exceeding sorrowful, and she lifted up her voice, in a place apart, saying:

'Ai, ai, cursed am I among women.

Happy was I in my father's house.

There did I rejoice in my strength, and in the strength of the young men of the Kurds.

We rode to the hunting and together we slew the antelope of the plains. We rode after the ostrich and he could not escape us. Neither was I behind any in the chase.

In my father's house I grew beautiful and strong.

I slew the bear with my hands and ate of the wild honey of the hollow trees.

I grew strong on the flesh of the bear. I slew the lion with the spear, and his spirit entered into me. Yea, I was as a young lion, undefeated in battle.

My flesh was nourished with the flesh of the bear ; and the pride of my strength and beauty was increased.

I longed for sweetness, and the wild honey comforted my lips.

The young men brought me presents, but I regarded them not ; they brought me presents, even the skins of the beasts they had slain.

The chiefs of the land wooed me with camels and woven garments ; they sent for bright dyes into the towns ; and I regarded them not.

The young women murmured against me ; I chastised them with my hands, and they were silent.

The old women wagged their heads at me, but I regarded them not.

With my own hands I slew the bear, I took his skin to deck me ; his nails were about my neck and his teeth about mine arms ;

That all might admire me in the pride of my strength.

I anointed my head with the fat of the bear and my dark hair shone like polished ebony.

I washed my body in the clear rivers, and my beauty waxed continually ;

None was equal unto me in my father's house.

Then came the evil men by stealth ; they slew my father and my kinsmen ;

They bound me with thongs ; even in my sleep they bound me ;

Where were then the young men that made me presents ?

Where were the chiefs that wooed me with camels ?

Evil men took me, for gain they took me and bound me upon a horse ; my ankles were bound beneath the belly of the horse.

They took me into a far country ; they put me in the market-place to be scorned of all men ;

I stood in the market-place for a shame and a reproach ;

They sold me into bondage to a prince ; and I ate the bread of servitude in loneliness ;

Till at length I found favour in his eyes ; he lifted me up and I was the delight of his eye and the solace of his heart.

I walked soberly as became the favourite of a warlike prince ; and I strove to rejoice him.

Yet did he leave, when he went to the wars, preferring Rashun to me, and Ammon-Ishun, yea, and the strange woman Gum.

It was his will and I was content ; happy was I in my father's house, yet did I better things in the house of the master that bought me.

God, that cast me down, why didst thou again raise me up, if I was to fall again beneath thy hand ?

Cursed am I among women ;

My lord, with whom I found favour, has rejected me ; he has sold me to a strange man, even Cheshieh, the man of Cam.

My strength is gone from me ; I am softened : I could not slay the bear and take his skin.

I am undone at the last. Once was I cast down, but my lord, that bought me, was a good man and he raised me up again.

How shall I rise again, O God ? Shall I forget my own lord for the man of Cam ?

Slay me, O God ! Let thy lightnings descend on me and burn me up, lest I dwell for ever with the man of Cam.

I am as the wild falcon that is mewed ; as a plucked eagle, naked to the winds.

What have I done that I am cursed among women ? Have I not endured faithfully ?

Ai, ai, the end is not yet ; I am bondwoman to the man of Cam.'

And her strength departed from Kowheidah and her beauty became a soft thing, even as the beauty of other women. And Cheshieh took her and she had no strength and he was well pleased and said, ' Kowheidah is mine ; there is no woman more beautiful than Kowheidah ; for thirty pieces of silver did I buy her.'

Now it came to pass shortly that the Mother of the Maids came forth from her chamber, and the woman that was her kinswoman, meeting her, told her what had happened to Kowheidah. For she was afraid that the Mother of the Maids would ask for Kowheidah, with whom she was wont to converse. So said the woman, ' Mother, have I not done well ? For the prince will be well pleased to be rid of Kowheidah, even as he commanded you during the time of his pilgrimage.' But the Mother of the Maids beat her breast and cried out ; ' What iniquity is mine that I abode in my chamber while these things were being done ; and came not forth to save Kowheidah from the wiles of my kinswoman.' And she chid her kinswoman, saying that she doubted

of the prince's pleasure. For Kowheidah had found favour in his eyes, and she knew not whether he would not summon her again, even though he had not taken her with him to the wars.

But her kinswoman made answer cunningly and said, 'If the prince be wroth, he will be wroth with thee rather than with me. For it was thy duty to watch over his women; and if one that he loveth is gone, it is thou wilt suffer. But perhaps he will praise and honour us for this deed of mine. Then we may share his favour. Let us aid one another and bear, so far as may be, the praise and blame equally.' Now this speech was approved by the Mother of the Maids, for she knew not what else to think of the matter; but her heart remained in doubt of the issue. Then did her kinswoman, being afraid at what she had done, now that the young man Cheshieh was no longer with her, write to the prince and tell him what she had done. And the letter was brought to the prince in the middle of the night, as he was considering the stars. So when he had completed his observing, he took the letter from the messenger and read it.

And when he saw what the woman had done, he flew into a passion and beat the messenger, and drew his sword and would have slain himself there as he stood. But those about him restrained him. And in his torment he cried out upon them:

'Why do ye hold me, ye men that follow your masters to the battle?

Shall I live, now that my hope and delight are gone from me?

Kowheidah is dead, her feet are dragged down to hell by the wiles of a woman in my house.

She suffereth the abominations of a man of Cam; she is brought very low.

Ah, loose me, ye men of war, loose me that I may taste the sweetness of death.

Where wert thou, O Mother of the Maids, when Kowheidah was taken from me?

Art thou not the ruler of my house? Is it thus thou dost fulfil my trust?

Keep thy life, for no longer have I a house wherein thou may'st rule.

The delight of my house is gone, and its glory. Is there then any house?

She who was the proving of my strength is gone; she is filled with the abominations of the man of Cam.

Give me my sword, let me slay them together; shall she live

to be a mockery unto me ? Shall he live to mock me ? Shall I live to be mocked ?

O God, smite me with thy thunder. Let me not live on in shame.

Short were the days of my strength, and now they are ended.'

And he continued to cry out ; and the young men held him and took his weapons from him, and they placed him in a small room and set a watch over him, lest he should beat out his brains against the wall.

And fifty-and-seven were the days of his madness, during which he was seen neither to eat nor to sleep. But on the fifty-eighth he fell into a deep sleep. And when he awoke, his mind was become the mind of a young child, so that he remembered nothing of Kowheidah and of the man of Cam. And he passed out from among the warriors ; nor durst any of them speak to him, because of the fire that was in his eye. So went he forth from among them and wandered on the roads and passed through all the cities of the East, eating of the wild fruits of the wayside and of the gifts that women gave him at their gates. And in his wandering he came into Kurdistan and with a fixed gaze went forward till he stood on the ground where Kowheidah's father had pitched his tent at the time of Kowheidah's birth. And when he stood on the place where Kowheidah was born, he quickly threw up his hands and the earthly sight was restored to his eyes and with a loud cry he fell down dead.

And the vultures saw him and the wolves. But when they came near to him, they touched him not. And so in the morning was he found lying by a holy man ; round him the wolves, the hyænas and the jackals sat howling, and the vultures sat in ranks, with folded wings, before his head. And the holy man blessed the beasts and the birds and they went away, each to his lair and his eyrie. And the holy man dug in the ground with his nails, and about sundown he had made a grave big enough for a man. Then he laid the prince therein and covered him up, and the grass of the plains grew over him and no man knoweth where he lies.

Meanwhile another reigned in his country in his stead. And the Mother of the Maids was still Mother of the Maids. And her kinswoman remained with her.

And the man of Cam followed the ways of the world and grew rich. And he died full of years and honours. And his soul went down to hell.

And Kowheidah lived with him all the years of his life ; and

she was like unto other women ; and last of all she died also and was buried. And her spirit wandereth about the world, seeking it knows not what. Yet if the prince called her, would she go to him. But the soul of the prince lies with his body in the grave that the holy man made him. And he wanders not, neither does he call, for the holy man laid a spell upon him that he should rest there for ever, in peace.

This story is called 'à propos des bottes.' But what I want to know is, Quo warranto ? That 's it, Quo warranto ?

Why sell *my* boots, hang it ? Why not sell your own ?

Are you developing a sort of philanthropic kleptomania ? The ordinary shop-lifting variety would be more profitable to your relatives. There must be some explanation that I miss altogether. As it is, the thing leaves me staggered. Anyway, was 10s. enough ? They cost 28s. 6d., were almost as good as new, and I had worn them comfortable. But please don't think that I want the boots back, now that they are contaminated with the feet of the nauseous Tab. I must have grown quite sentimental about those boots ; probably, as I say, because they beat me at first, because I quite gave them up once and then got them in hand after all. No doubt I shall forgive you in time. But for the moment I don't like you a bit. There are three ways in which I can forgive you straight away :—

(1) If the man is really very poor and couldn't afford a pair for himself.

(2) If you can give a lucid and illuminating account of the mental process that led up to this crime. For I will always sell my soul or my sole for anything really good in the realm of morbid psychology.

(3) If he is so awfully charming a young man and you really love him. In which case, he can also have my blue suit, bought in 1913 and only worn once ; size 15½, a dozen soft and a dozen hard collars ; a dozen white pocket-handkerchiefs ; two ties and a selection of thin shirts and underclothing. But I make one stipulation : I am taking no chances ; he will find them waiting for him in the vestry *after* the ceremony.

To his Mother

Jan. 15, 1916.

I don't know how far you approve of my old custom of acknowledging the Pater's letters and parcels, as well as your own, to you. If you would care to open a separate account, I dare say

I could manage it. Probably I should still put the same letters in the same envelope.

I hope Edith didn't feel unduly bally-ragged about the boots : I was rather amused really. Please tell her so.

Yesterday an officer turned up with my rifle and kit : so now I am a real soldier again, after forty days without it. They have been very decent about this, as, if they liked, they could have inflicted pains and penalties, at any rate fines. It is one thing about the meteorological business, that you escape the discomforts of artificial discipline. I find that in the long run the effect of an external artificial discipline on me is bad, as it merely clashes with my internal discipline. The latter may be imperfect, and I am aware that you take up the attitude that it doesn't exist and that I am an irresponsible person : but you can't have two disciplines, anyway. Both may be good, but they are bound to clash and weaken each other.

I have just given in my boots and drawn a repaired pair in their stead. I don't know how I could weave this incident into the Eastern tale with proper delicacy. The Pater is right about the inconsistency of style. It would want rewriting to be any good. It was purely spontaneous, as I didn't know I was going to write it when I began the letter. The fresh boots are ripping ! all oil and softness. Every pair of boots I get I like better than the last.

Jan. 31, 1916.—The old woman, my landlady, is about sixty, unmarried ; her brother, do. ; lives here too. I have ascertained that they are notorious in the vicinity for their miserliness and ill-temper. She springs out on you and bellows at you about your dirty boots and so forth. I admit she has put my back up, so sometimes I laugh and sometimes I rag her in English, which she doesn't understand, and sometimes I ask her what she is talking so loud for (in French), etc. etc. She then proceeded to complain to the Sanitary Officer that I was an undesirable and dirty person. It is true that I only wash my gum-boots about once a week. I may say that in the whole house there is just about half a crown's worth of ancient matting and worn oilcloth. So there is no harm done. But she dislikes not having officers only in her rooms. This afternoon I was amazed to receive a visit from two N.C.O.'s of the sanitary section. They were equally amazed at my manners and appearance. I don't know what they had been led to expect. It so happened I had washed the gum-boots this very morning and hadn't worn them since. There they were, spotless. The room was also unusually neat and clean. I had had one of my periodical spasms this morning.

Further, I myself had invested in a hot bath and a hair-cut. I explained that I was really the Angel Gabriel in disguise, or words to that effect, and that the old lady was certainly mad. We then went and interviewed her together. I asked her straight out what she meant by it. Whereupon she proceeded to confirm my statement that she was mad. She thought I was part and parcel of the 25th Division and would depart with it. Obviously she was betting on that. No such luck for her. She says I disturb them every night when I get up, making unnecessary noise, etc. I suppose that is when I knock the alarm down. Anyhow, she declared I am no fit person for a house such as hers. One of her whims is that you should wipe your boots at the front door, the door mat there provided by her being a small sack doubled in two. You *can't* wipe boots on a sack. There is then a stone passage, which never gets very dirty, and only needs cleaning once a day. And the stairs have some antediluvian matting on them. My own room, of course, I do myself. However, I doubt if the incident is closed. It would be no hardship to have to move into a fresh billet.

Feb. 1, 1916.—Yesterday evening I gave the goffre woman and her husband and the other woman in the shop there an account of the above. They provided me in return with all the malicious gossip possible about Marie Cousin—that's the landlady. So, if there is any more trouble, I shall be able to state on good local authority that she is a bad-hearted woman and a pro-German and goodness knows what. As a matter of fact, she is too incoherent to be called really bad-hearted. She is merely bad-tempered; and as for being pro or anti-German, she is incapable of forming an opinion worthy of designation by such adjectives.

Feb. 3, 1916.—The landlady continues in good fettle. She is determined to shift me somehow. It turns out that there is some irregularity and she hasn't received any money for the room since it was first occupied by a met. obs. on Aug. 27. And nobody seems to have any papers about it. But I refuse to worry about getting another billet. I have told her that an officer brought me here and I shall stay here till another officer orders me out. Then she goes raging away to the officer of the A.D.V.S. (Vet.) on the ground floor and relieves herself about me to the sergeant there, saying that her house is reserved for officers and that she won't have soldats in it. 'Les soldats—pf-f-f,' with a disdainful wave of the hand. The sergeant, a stolid old chap, being a soldat himself, doesn't think this is quite tactful on her part. I take great delight in suggesting to her

ways of getting rid of me. I have recommended her to complain against me to the gendarmes, to the Mission française, and to the secretary at the mairie. These are various ideas I picked up in conversation with an interpreter and others. The only thing I won't do is to move without proper compulsion. I point out to her that *she* must arrange for my removal, as *she* wants it, but that, in consideration of the fact that we are foreign troops and that so it may not be easy for her to know exactly how to act, I am willing to give her all the advice in my power, but that unfortunately I am not an expert in billeting and further that I am not certain who billeted me here, whether it was the meteorological people, or the signallers, or the camp commandant, or who. So for the moment there is a fine fog over the whole matter. However, I can trust her to send some lightning flashes through it. I expect hourly to be cast out on the street. And I am wondering vaguely how to salvage all my stuff, if I have to move at a moment's notice.

To Miss Stubbs

Feb. 4, 1916.

My present address is Attd. Signals, 9th Division H.Q., not that I have moved again, but the other division has moved out. Your letter and the book were forwarded. They are both most welcome. I was dying for something to read, and the forty pages I have done so far are sufficient to show that your fears for its fate at my hands were totally groundless.

I'm sorry you found my last note so cross-grained. It is my fate that, somebody having made a statement, I contradict it, thinking that the argument is just beginning, while my correspondent or interlocutor is apt to take the line that 'if that's the way you answer me it's no good talking to you.'

Meanwhile, I am growing more and more cross-grained. There is a running fight with the landlady. She scored *one* this morning, by introducing a gendarme who told me to take my muddy boots off downstairs. I regard life so emotionally that I brooded on this for hours, and am only just recovering. There is always a storm brewing at the back of my head: and my philosophic faculty is chiefly employed in observing the fact, without wishing to impede its brewing and bursting in the least.

So I wrote to my commandant and told him that, as my eyesight was reported doubtful in my transfer to the R.E. (*i.e.* I should be given the chance to get glasses and if they put it right

I should go to the Cadet School) and as I am in a highly nervous condition, I could only request him to see if he could make arrangements for me to go up to the Cadet School. I recognise by infallible symptoms that one of my migratory periods is at hand. I cannot imagine any more disconcerting discovery for a man under military law. I have now been one year in the army and my native instinct for insubordination (which I knew might do me in when I joined) grows daily more insurgent. But any change would sidetrack it. If my eyesight is really below par, I oughtn't to be in the army at all. But I get very much agitated by the fact that I don't speak to an educated man once a week. I could stick the rest if it wasn't for that. I didn't know landladies were among the horrors of war.

To his Mother

Feb. 5, 1916.

The landlady has succeeded in getting rid of me. Having failed with the sanitary section she tried the gendarmes, and the Town Major came to the conclusion that, if we couldn't agree, I had better move. So they found me a billet a little way down the same street next door to where I feed. It is a much worse billet, but the people seem nice enough. It isn't really their house; they are refugees from the other side of the German lines. I did a comic turn in moving in. I hadn't eaten the two oranges that you sent with the apples, and I transported them, one in each gum-boot. So on arrival I presented Madame and her daughter each with a magnificent orange drawn from a gum-boot. They were surprised and gratified. I clean forgot my rifle and a pair of pants, and my former landlady was seen bringing them down the street after me. Humours of war, I suppose! All this happened to-day. So I haven't slept in the room. It seems to have no proper ventilation. Not that that matters so much, as I have the 1 A.M. observation to freshen me at night. But there's no room in it much to sit in in daytime, and I have longish periods only to be employed reading or writing. I suppose I shall be reduced to the soldiers' club, as at present. It's a depressing place. I don't think I shall be at this place very much longer. I am likely to be changed in a fortnight or so, I fancy, and it is on the cards that I shall be with John again in a double post.

Feb. 6.—Am wired to be prepared to leave *to-day*. New address unknown.

*To his Father**Feb. 13, 1916.*

I recently tried to get the commandant to send me up to the Cadet School. This he won't do, but he would almost certainly sign papers for me in a month's time. This was on Feb. 9. And, as a matter of fact, he might sign earlier.

Do you think you can possibly extract the offer of a commission out of any of your Middlesex pals, or out of anybody? Any commission in any unit. The fact is I'm too fed up with this job to face it permanently. To such an extent is this true that I sometimes contemplate refusing to go on, for the sake of experimenting in military punishment for a change. But you needn't tell anybody that: that's merely an inducement to you to do your damndest. You know my position: I joined in Feb. 1915, and did eight months with the Artists, five of them in France, and was trained as an infantryman and passed through the 'Colonel's class,' *i.e.* received a preliminary training for a commission. There is nothing also in the artillery commission business which is beyond me—four months as Met. Obs. You can make it appear rather a privilege to obtain my services. They can be disillusioned afterwards.

*To the Same**March 22, 1916.*

I am afraid in an evil moment I panicked you unnecessarily. The commandant has signed my papers, also the doctor, so they are now complete. The former was kind enough to describe me as keen, active, and alert (Ad.). The commandant, who visited us himself—an unknown event in my experience—the day after I sent him the papers, says there is no vacancy in the Met. section.

*To his Mother**April 22, 1916.*

I was very glad Billing got into Parliament. The truth of the matter is that one party machine is stronger than two; and coalition in the long run is a sort of mutual suicide, like the young people in love who jump into canals together by agreement. Parties have no *raison d'être* except to oppose each other. The *D. Chronicle* showed considerable inky spite in its attack on Billing, who is not impeccable but seems to play with his cards on the table. Steel-Maitland's reply was not very convincing, for clearly what happened was this: S.-M. talked judiciously and

carefully and advisedly, etc. etc., to P. B. (occasionally coughing a little and saying 'er' and doing that hesitation trick remarked by George Eliot of the solicitor fellow in, I think, *Felix Holt*). S.-M.'s idea was to convey a sense to P. B. without committing himself in words. P. B., however, happens to be rather a child-like creature and failed to understand all the nuances. S.-M. of course unconsciously reckoned on P. B. either understanding or feeling that he was up against something rather wonderful and perhaps dangerous. However, P. B. is much too simple for that. Whether P. B. talks pure wisdom or not I don't care, but it is as plain as a pikestaff that he has been unfairly countered and hasn't happened to be beaten, which is rather fun. Now, as for K. J., he is neither disinterested nor public-spirited, but he has points; he is a successful pirate, and there is always a lot to be said for enlisting such people. Their success is always a sign of weakness in society, which very possibly they alone can remedy. His electioneering methods rather pleased me. He seems to have simply advertised himself like a patent medicine and gone the whole hog. It was time somebody threw off the hypocritical timidity of electioneering advertising and imposed himself rather than solicited.

Asquith is a marvel. He has now only to declare himself to be Napoleon. The man is quite hypnotic. He does it by producing the most impossible situations and then finding a way out. It would be all right, of course, if he didn't so often make the situations himself almost gratuitously, as it appears. You see the idea. He is indispensable, because he creates difficulties which he himself alone can solve. If he didn't start by creating these special tangles, his indispensability would cease. Genius can go no further, but I think he is more Cagliostro than Cromwell.

May 6, 1916.—Thanks very much for your letter—also father's letter and the books. Sir Evelyn Wood's memoirs are full of good stuff.

I suppose they had to shoot a Sinn Feiner or two, life being cheap at present, but there may be some more 'remembering evermore.' Pearce was, I believe, a scholar and a schoolmaster, a gentle and idealistic creature, a bit greasy. He started a school with pictures of ideal childhood on the walls, instead of the fashionable views of foreign parts and foreign products and animals. I rather think that the kid who sat as model for the Ideal Childhood pictures was commanding troops in Dublin last week! Pretty, isn't it? Pearce wrote children's books in Erse. One was called 'Young Jesus' or something of that kind. He taught his children all about fairies and ancient Ireland and Kathleen

ni Houlihan. Macdonagh was also a sort of little poet: a lively, simple man, I believe, very much wrapped up in a rather symbolic way with his wife and children.

What is to be said for an administration that cannot stop its little poets getting themselves shot for desperadoes? Every nursery governess has to manage better than that.

Masses of nightingales and cockchafers in the trees here.

The people sorting their household effects from the barricades afterwards! Can't you see them? Probably vague Nationalists. 'Is it a republic? I'm very glad to lend the republic my mattress.' 'It isn't a republic after all. Well, it's no reason why I should lose my mattress.'

The whole thing TURNS ME UP.

I know they oughtn't to have revolted. But such kids! What the dickens is a constitution and a government and an organised community and all that for if not to stop things like this from happening? A government is always a beastly irksome thing, and its only possible excuse for existing is that it saves worse evils. But when you have the government—lots of it too, nowadays—and organisation and discipline and all the necessary horrors and evils, and on top of that any fellow with a bean in his head can have no end of a bloodthirsty run for his money, why, where are you? The palæolithic anarchy was better—you at least knew where you were. It's sickening beyond anything.

To the Same

May 9, 1916.

I saw no house martin till this morning. There were lots of them at G.H.Q. last year, but here they seem quite outnumbered by the swallows. I also saw a turtle-dove about the same time. John saw one yesterday, but didn't know what it was, and I didn't recognise his description till I saw mine to-day.

There have been masses of cockchafers here lately, with the usual mortality, intensified, no doubt, by the cold—52 degrees was the maximum yesterday. They lie, quantities of them, in the gutter outside our windows, having fallen off the maple-tree that now turns our room dark green. There they rock gently on their backs for hours, working their legs stolidly, as if doing physical exercises. They show no excitement, like cockroaches in the same predicament, but never cease exercising till they die. I am reminded of the people who swing Indian clubs uninterruptedly for twenty-four hours for a bet.

It is one of the ironies of nature that few animals are more unsteady on their legs than centipedes. I had one walking on a newspaper the other day, the lightest puff rolled it over. The legs are very feeble and set close to the middle-line. As they move them in bunches of about ten at a time, when walking, I can't see that they get full value for the number they have.

I watched a cuckoo for about half an hour the other day. He was in a leafless tree. There is no more vain and absurd bird. Flutters and flirts about as if he were a flycatcher. If he'd only keep still, he might pass for a sparrow-hawk, except that his tail is a bit too long.

To Miss Stubbs

July 7, 1916.

Love to you, Andrew, and Dede. Nothing like starting a letter at the other end for a change. Now, I wish I could go with you to Berkshire, for it is a good county, at any rate in parts. The angle of the Thames, south of Oxford, between Abingdon and Bablock-Hythe is only marred by the self-consciousness of the literary associations—there's a Ruskin Reserve where you can catch the scarce Greasy Fritillary by the hundred, and some ranunculus grows that isn't really a south of England plant at all. And the Berkshire Downs always look very attractive: and the V. W. H. What part are you going to?

I hope you don't get too much of the back-aching variety of virtue in Dartmouth. You don't sound as if you looked forward to it, after the stress of the term, short as it was.

I wish you would define your dislike of or indifference to Conrad. I quite understand the people who find in him our only writer; because he is, I feel sure, miles ahead of every one else in certain respects, *e.g.*, a kind of Elizabethan thickness in his prose, and a power of seeing devils in the physical world, especially of course the sea. This gives him a unique atmosphere of barbaric passion. He really is a primitive animist in a modern setting. But this superstition is not a throwback or perversity with him, as is seen in his perpetual delight in characters who can counter these devils. That is where he is unique. I thoroughly appreciate a morbid delight in devils—the sort of art which, as it were, sides with the devils,—but that is a mere *jeu d'esprit* compared with Conrad, to whom the devils are so absolutely real and credible that he actually sides against them. That is really unusual nowadays. He reminds me faintly of the Finnish Kalwala. I don't, of course, agree with the Conrad monomaniacs, but I

see their plausibility, their inevitability, assuming the existence of a number of sensitive people of an anti-Voltairean cast. It is amazing how Voltairean are even Chesterton and Belloc and Wells, let alone Shaw. Conrad's primitiveness gives him a certain atmospheric psychology beyond or behind all the others. If you feel inclined to try him again, I strongly recommend the *Mirror of the Sea*—not a novel but a sort of sequence of ruminative essays. An early work. The first Conrad I read was *Typhoon*, and the impression I got from that was stodgy confusion; I certainly think that you don't see through him at first.

The preface to *Androcles* is quite good—the manner of it excellent; the matter and conclusions I don't altogether agree with.

I'm not awfully impressed when I'm told that consistent fruitarians can live 250 years. I'd like to see somebody do it: or even 120 years—or a good crop of centenarians would do. But I can barely hope (on army rations) to live long enough to see the results of any experiments recently started.

As for reincarnation, why should it be just? It is only some particular person's idea of justice. And why should a single life, on the contrary, be merciful? It is only your idea of mercy at the end of term. Mercy and justice are purely human and social conceptions. They are just working instruments for adjusting vital relationships. Why colour the whole universe with them?

Or, even if you assume the universe is ruled by justice, it is equally logical to invent new sins to account for your dissatisfaction with apparent reality as to invent privileges to compensate for apparent injustice. Somebody says, 'One life is most unjust—I must have another.' It's just as sensible to say, 'Apparently I've only got one life—it must be all I deserve.' And as for mercy, to say 'Life is, at the last, merciful' means 'I can imagine worse': to say 'Life is merciless' simply means 'I cannot imagine worse.' The conception of mercy seems to me, when applied to things in general, to be purely a matter of mood. Your *doctrine* on the subject, if you must have a doctrine or a dogma, is merely the reflection of your prevailing mood, or of that recurrent mood which (probably for practical purposes) you choose to swear by.

A 250-year life would not, it seems to me, be essentially different from a life of any other length. Most people would get used to it: some would not. I don't agree with Swift in the *Struldbugs*—I don't see why they should all be so peevish. Even if they go dotty and imbecile, they needn't be peevish—

only some of them, as at present people of any age you like. Long life is the right mode for some people and not for others—just as some people write books in ten volumes and others epigrams in two lines—and the two works may be of exactly equal value.

Well, I must say you drop off some striking *obiter dicta* when you write in a hurry. Rapidity must be your mode whether length is or not.

To his Father

July 7, 1916.

Thanks for *L. & W.*, *Nation*, *Bird Notes & News*, *Fortnightly*, apples, and your letter of July 3.

Sorry you have been feeling sentimental : it is to be directly connected with your cold, don'teherknow. You know, I'm just as *comfortable* as you are. If you want to get sentimental on right lines, you may pity me for my curtailed freedom. I detest all restraint. I'd willingly wear a hair shirt, eat dry bread and drink only water and live in a cave, if only I was free, *i.e.* felt free. If there is no such thing as freedom, then it is the illusion of freedom which counts.

So I may die in prison yet, for I think that there's a jolly good attempt going to be made to keep up a quasi-military organisation and restraint of civil liberty *après la guerre*. In which case I may come to the conclusion that I am Jeremiah crossed with Tolstoy, with disastrous results.

The first thing they must do in Ireland is to take off the martial law. They have got the Defence of the Realm Act which gives them all the powers they want without it. And Sir John Maxwell has uttered a few epigrammatic remarks of the kind that provoke that bitter humour for which the Irish will kill and be killed. So, if they don't look out, it'll be *solitudinem faciunt, pacem appellant*. One thing is certain, we shall get the *pacem appellant* from some quarter or other, whether with or without the solitude, *i.e.*, there's sure to be some party or other saying that Ireland is all right at last, whether it is or not.

Well, I'm glad we've got Mr. Hughes out of the country and the papers at last. Of all the pretentious dotties ever hunted by the *Morning Post*! I ask you, have you ever seen a single remark of his (and he apparently had no difficulty in pouring forth about two speeches and two or three statements daily) which showed the least real intelligence or subtlety? He seems to me essentially one of those people who cannot see a foot beyond the obvious : and his favour was based entirely on the fact that he is

absolutely as stupid as the 'man in the street.' The humour of it is this. Being the sort of man whose power is derived (in England, I know nothing of his power in Australia) from saying the *same* thing as the mob, being in fact, for better or worse, a complete demagogue, he is taken up by the *soi-disant* anti-demagogic *Morning Post* as the great and wonderful antidote to the present Cabinet. Now the present Cabinet has its faults; but it's not fair to charge every Minister who has an opinion of his own with thwarting the true and deep desire of the English Nation or the British Empire (in big type) and every Minister who hasn't an opinion of his own with failure to lead public opinion. Yet that's what they do: with the result that a man like Hughes, who cannot think of anything for himself, but is such a self-hypnotic fool that, whenever he has caught an echo from the confused clamour of others, he suddenly thinks that he has got a sort of divine inspiration (*vox populi vox dei*, what?) and re-utters it to them with a fatuous emphasis of idiotically earnest conviction—such a man immediately appears to them to be THE MAN—the Mahdi who is going to lead them to universal trade supremacy (of all the will o' the wisps that ever led folly to destruction), the Messiah and everything else. Half England is nothing but dancing dervishes at present. Now, as for that Paris Conference, I don't think they can make it good—in which case it is the silliest rhetoric. If they can, it means bigger trusts, bigger corruption, dearer living. It is curious how patriotism, like every other ideal, uses itself up and kills itself at the last. For, after a bit, people get so patriotic that they insist on making their country not worth living in: after which I suppose they get unpatriotic again.

As for the commission I once applied for—do you think it would be much good for me to have it, with my Jeremiah-cum-Tolstoy mind? Of course, I shouldn't refuse it if it came after all—I blankly refuse to want it or shirk it. What upsets me is the endless trail of false ideals, illusions, lies, mental inflations or contractions, etc. etc., in which people seem to prefer to live at the present time. I don't suppose I should find myself more at home in the society of subalterns than I do in that of N.C.O.'s.

To F. W. Leith Ross

July 19, 1916.

I was very glad to get your note and especially to hear that Scudamore's wound is not serious.

I am on the same old job ; I was moved in February and again in May, besides two short temporary moves.

I found a very pleasant wooded marsh this spring. It has been full of birds and flowers and insects : one or two sorts of birds were new to me. And as for the identification of flowers and beetles, I was only sorry that I could not set up a library for the purpose. My own desultory knowledge was totally inadequate.

July 22.—You remember Æsop on the Lion and the Mouse ? Well, to-day I was fast asleep when the time for an observation came round. And I should infallibly have overslept it, if a mouse had not relieved me from the toils of Morpheus. On this wise. I had two traps set side by side on a shelf. A mouse trod on one and it clicked off and caught him by the very tip of the tail. Swinging round in his agony, he knocked down the other trap, the fall of which awakened me. I was saved. It was just time for the observation. I regret to say that, contrary to the teachings of Æsop, I killed the mouse brutally while the sleep was still on me. What will happen to me for such ingratitude ? I shall never be able to look a mouse in the face for the rest of my life. If only I could hypnotise myself into believing it was a German mouse.

That's all the news from this front : and you may observe that I have had to wait three days even for that.

Talk about letter-writing under difficulties !

I shall compose a book of Adventures in the Limbo of Nothingness :

'Nirvana,' by one who has been there—

'Beyond Being and Not-being,' by Frederick Nietzsche-
rologist.

Give my love to the World, the Flesh and the Devil (I am not referring to your family).

To his Mother

4TH (RES.) BATTALION ESSEX REGIMENT,
March 28, 1917.

This paper is deceptive and has nothing to do with my address. I am still at the Base. Thank you very much for Felixstowe washing, book and three letters (two from Pa). We started summer time on Lady Day. As I parade alternate days at 7.30 and 7.45, and have to get breakfast first, it is rather early. I was just getting into a train to go down town on Sunday when a captain said the car I was getting into was reserved for ladies.

It was the front car with the destination on it, viz.: 'Place d'Armes.' Some French! That's all the news. Love.

To the Same

'B' COMPANY, 2nd ESSEX REGT.,

Thursday, April 5, 1917.

I got letters from Edith and Father to-day, also two *Westminsters*, flask and *Punch*. These were all delayed by my moving. I joined here yesterday after two days in the train and four nights waiting about at odd places. The Adjutant asked us if we knew anybody and I said Ward (of the Artists'). So I am put in his Coy., though Ward really didn't remember me after all this time. We had a terrific blizzard on the morning of the 3rd; the tent I was sleeping in then blew down. I transferred to another, which blew down soon after I left it to get breakfast. We are in comfortable billets here. To-day is the first spring day we have had: in fact, by contrast it is almost painfully warm.

The flask is an excellent thing, for which please thank Edith very much; also for having my name put on it.

If a box of things reaches you, please unpack and have dirty things washed. I have been cutting down my kit very rigidly to weight. But it may not go further than a dump where I may recover it later. Don't send any parcels or important things on till I suggest you to do so. Love to everybody.

April 12, 1917.—This is in lieu of a field postcard. Thank you for yours of April 16: also for *Punch* and *Fortnightly*. We are in huts here. The Battalion has been in action since Monday, but not me. I saw over 3000 prisoners on Monday.

To the Same

April 20, 1917.

I must apologise for leaving you so long without a proper letter. We are back to-day in billets, decent farm built round a dunghill, all lovely. I was eight days in trenches, but not front line. We had very few casualties in the Easter Monday stunt, but the Colonel was killed during the week, the only officer who was. The regiment is lousy with souvenirs. Apparently they insisted on going round the dug-outs looking for watches, while the Germans formed themselves into fours and marched away without escort. There was at any rate one man who, having

knocked a German down with a butt, immediately went and got some water from a shell-hole and revived him again.

The acting C.O. is only twenty-four. I have been transferred from Ward's company to D. I am glad that I have got another decent Coy. Comdr. and that he isn't too young, forty-four in fact, and a sort of old Dally in style. The weather was beastly earlier in the week, and I was partially poisoned by some tinned curry.

The first things I saw when I got here were some extraordinary ducks; they look as if they were crossed with turkeys. This is not one of my phantasies. Everybody concurs with the diagnosis. Can you find out anything about them for me? The colour is black or dark grey and white, with a top-knot and a lot of bare red skin round the eye. The neck is rather long and snakey, and they bob it snakily with a much longer stroke than most ducks. The tail piece is long (pin-tail effect) and tail-wagging is greatly above average. They walk perpetually on the dunghill. Bill, pink. Size, large. Ducks smaller than drakes and rather lighter. The real colour is, however, a little doubtful, for they always live on the dunghill.

The second thing I saw here was a hawfinch. Willow wren, April 12. Swallow, April 13. No other migrants yet.

April 21.—We moved again to-day to another village. I got yours of 15th and Pater's of 15th and 16th. If you had sent me a blanket, I could have only thrown it away. I have dumped the one I took and may or may not recover it.

The padre of this battalion is Vicar of Cark-in-Cartmel, Taylor by name. When he had to cut down his kit to regulation 35 lbs. he packed his gum-boots with the hymn-books. I told him I thought it was one of the most interesting cases of ecclesiastical fraud I had ever come across. I should very much like a copy of James Joyce's *Dubliners*, published by Elkin Mathews. Can you also send me my copy of Arnold Bennett's *How to become an Author*? I think it is on the bookshelves at the front of the long room. It is for the Padre, who has written a novel and doesn't know how to publish it.

April 27, 1917.—The tobacco has arrived and has found great favour with all who have tried it. Also *Punch* (did I acknowledge this before?), *Field* and *Times* of April 18; two letters from father, April 21 and 22. The weather remains decent; we had sports here yesterday afternoon.

There are some birds in the orchard here which I take to be ciril buntings. Mainly greenish-yellow, with a chestnut tinge on the breast, black eye-stripe and some black feathers, I think,

in the tail. Shorter in the tail than a yellowhammer. The song is rather like a more monotonous and unfinished yellowhammer's. Does this agree at all with what the book says?

They sent round for officers to go to the Trench Mortar Batteries, and I put my name down (anything for a change), but I don't think it is going to come off. Love to everybody.

April 29, 1917.—Thanks for yours of the 24th. I hope that by now you have received mine of the 21st, 23rd, and 27th. What battalion is Bob in after all? Coz I think he might be somewhere about. Will you look up the formation in which storks fly? To-day is quite hot; but as it happened, we were up before five (summer time) and had reached our new quarters by ten, before the warmest part of the day. It is distinctly uncanny trying to keep *cool*. Please don't worry about sending food (except the one or two things I definitely asked for) as before. We get a lot of food out here—no meatless days—more than you do at home. And the mess is supplemented by tons of stuff—too much—from the canteens; and a certain amount of rather unproductive trouble is expended on moving said supplements to out-of-way places. However, the thing to remember is that I probably, most times, get hold of more to eat than you do.

Sometime or other you should receive a box and sandbag with my surplus effects. Please open them and take the things out. Love to everybody.

To his Mother

1ST CANADIAN CASUALTY CLEARING STATION,
May 17, 1917.

It is rather hard for me to know exactly what letters I have acknowledged, as I have had such a shock. At any rate, I never got the apples and Ward never got his parcel—not the P.O.'s fault. But I must ask you to excuse me writing at length. Ward went over the top on an unlucky stunt the week before last; and after lying three days out was shot by the men of another battalion in trying to return. Only one officer of those sent over with me came back quite unhurt.

Returning to myself, I was in reserve and support trenches from the date of the last letter you had in my own hand.

At 6.45 A.M. on May 12, an H.E. shell buried me in a low dug-out or shelter with my servant. I was soon found and dug out. My left leg was quite smashed below the knee. One way and another I got here the same evening and the left foot was ampu-

tated. On Monday morning I had another operation, as the face of the amputation was not clean. I believe that was the reason. I believe I might now proceed to the base quite soon. A letter *might* reach me here. I don't think any parcel would. On the whole, it is best to hang on till I am better and more coherent and stronger. This is practically the first time I have sat up at all ; and I should never get to sleep at nights without an injection. My controversies with the nurses are faintly interesting.

Cheeroh and love to everybody.

I got *Dubliners*. I must be feeling better this morning, as idea of raisins and biscuits is maddening.

Got Mother's of May 5, and Father's of May 6.

I reckon I saw storks. I better wait now for a note on flight of harriers, especially Montagu's. I reckon muscovy ducks were right. Stop all periodicals, please, till we know how we are. My first martins were not till May 3 ; swifts in a gloaming setting on May 8 ; did just hear a nightingale afar off on May 11. No cuckoo at all.

REMAINS

ON A NEARER PROSPECT OF MODS.

(*To E. J. R.-S.*)

ALAS ! Thou bidd'st me write as once I wrote,
Or e'er Mods. gloomed upon the near horizon ;
While yet was sweetness in the blackcap's note,
A lily still a thing to feast the eyes on :
The decadent soul, for verdancy that panted,
Gazed on the meads and drank in all it wanted.

Life, deep-encushioned in a light Canader,
Seemed ever gliding o'er the languorous Cher ;
While on the bowing sedges Zephyr played a
Soft, somnolent song, like hymn-tunes heard afar :
Beneath that faery sky, impregn'd with rest,
Small marvel if my sprite with song was blest.

But ah ! what means this sad wind on the stream,
This marring murmur from the heaving grasses,
This shudder blown from some sinister dream,
This breath of fear that 'mid the tree-tops passes ?
Are we doomed *here* of mortal things to borrow
Insinuations of their sordid sorrow ?

Yon clouds that bank the level air and leer
With alien turmoil—what mean they ?—what strange
And fitful palpitation cometh near ?
List to the flight of gossamer wings, that range
To airs more buoyant, and this place eschew,
Weird as a goblin vale in Xanadu.

The air is thund'rous, and the stocks and stones
Take each to itself some pallid, dwarfish form :
The songs that soothed my soul are turned to groans,
Unhappy witnesses of inward storm.
In fine, the upshot of these lueubrations,
Is that, next March, I 'm in for Moderations.

The 'Varsity, Nov. 15, 1906.

HERMES THE TOFFEE-BRINGER; OR, THE GODS
REVENGED ON PROMETHEUS

OLYMPUS' lord was wroth—oh my !
 Red danger lurked within his eye.
 Hera—his face a look so rude wore—
 Had most discreetly sought her boudoir.
 Demeter, feeling most forlorn,
 Decided that she 'd grow some corn.
 Hephaestus went and worked his smithy,
 Remarking in his accents pithy,
 ' I guess the guv'nor 's looking sick—
 He 'll waste the bolts 'tarnation slick ! '
 And Artemis had gone to hunt,
 For that was her especial stunt ;
 While Ares, finding Zeus a bore,
 Departed to arrange a war.
 Poseidon, sprawling in a cave,
 With mighty trident ruled the wave
 (Britannia, you must not forget,
 Was just the merest flapper yet).
 And all the other gods and goddesses
 Trembled within their breeks or bodices.
 For Zeus would take some limestone blocks
 And other palæozoic rocks
 And in a rage that verged on mania
 Would hurl them upon people's crania.
 Then half-a-dozen bolts of thunder
 He 'd kick into the vales down under,
 And root up immemorial oaks
 Just like Jerusalem artichokes.

The deities were looking blue
 And wondered what the deuce to do.
 ' He must have risen,' all avowed,
 ' This morn the wrong side from his cloud.'
 At length they begged of Aphrodite—
 (A handsome lass, but rather flighty)—
 ' Try, prithee, if a mild flirtation
 Will somewhat soothe this Bull of Bashan.'
 So Aphrodite, always ready—
 (Being, as noted, none too steady—

While Hera, with her eyes of meek ox,
Was busy feeding her pet peacocks)—
And willing for this kind of work
Went out to soothe the savage Turk.
But Zeus, as soon as she was near,
Seized on her by her pretty ear,
Then tuck'd her safely 'neath his arm
And smacked her well—which did no harm !—
And then unpinned each raven lock
So that they fell upon her frock ;
' There 's 'air ! ' he next began to shout
And ' Does your mother know you 're out ? '
And then exclaimed : ' Just look at this,
A perfect boarding-school young miss ! '
So Aphrodite sobbing fled
And, white with rage, went straight to bed.
Next, bright Apollo, with his lute,
Essay'd to mollify the brute ;
And to his lute-strings' tender tone
He sang ' a trifle of his own.'
But, quick as he began his verses,
Zeus drowned them all with horrid curses :
The bard observed with some decision :
' The boss is clearly no musician ! '

The Powers at this turned dev'lish yellow ;
And Hermes rose, a smart young fellow,
And called the butler, Dionysus—
' Now, you 're the Johnny to advise us !
There 's one thing left—As I 'm a sinner,
We 'd better stand the beast a dinner ;
And, Dionysus, be it thine
To recommend a heady wine.'
Whereat, a not immodest rose
Mantling upon the latter's nose,
Fulfilled of wisdom and of beer,
He said in accents far from clear :
' We 'll have—'tis no time to be thrifty !—
Six dozen of B.C. Twelve-fifty,
A vintage of the finest nectar
Laid down ere yet the world knew Hector.
The drink 's all right, but I 'll be hung,'
Proceeded the celestial bung,

‘ If I can see my way to victual :
Perhaps some other subtler wit ’ll
For this accurst Ambrosia try and
Discover a vicarious viand.

‘ Ambrosia for breakfast is
Quite nice in moderate quantities ;
Ambrosia for lunch—so, so !
Ambrosia for dinner—No !
Ambrosia at tea-time must
Fill any stomach with disgust ;
Ambrosia for supper—Zounds !
My godhead at the prospect swoonds ;
Ambrosia for nightmare—Zooks !
Is worse than fifty other spooks.
So, if the guv.’s a bit rampageous,
Such fare would make him—well—outrageous ! ’
(For Dionysus’—with a skinful—
Garrulity was something sinful.)
Then followed a prolonged debate ;
Each scratched his hyacinthine pate.
But still their utmost philo-sophy
Could not decide—No, not for TOFFEE !!
Till lastly, as a mere *pis-aller*,
They sent down Hermes to the valley,
To try beyond Olympus’ portals
The foods in favour among mortals ;
Although their hope was scant indeed
Their envoy’s mission would succeed.

Meanwhile they chose them for the feast
A spot well-sheltered from the East,
Where only Zephyr’s breezes warm and
Delectable could reach the gourmand ;
Then gave the stone a thorough scrub
To make it fit to bear their grub.
Next they expended several hours
Adorning it with ferns and flowers,
And set out all the glass and plate
So that the place appeared *en fête*.
At last they clanged the dinner-gong,
Assembling the immortal throng.

Apollo left the golden sun
All day his course unhelpt to run ;

Poseidon came all salt and slimy ;
And then Hephaestus grim and grimy ;
And Ares left a town half-sacked ;
And Artemis a boar untracked ;
Demeter all her teeming tillage
For storms to dash and thieves to pillage ;
And Hera, looking sulky still,
But dressed up simply fit to kill ;
And Aphrodite left her bed
And tantrums, though her eyes were red,
But quite forgot—I blush for shame—
To dress herself before she came ;
And lastly Zeus with eyes afire
And black brow stamped with truceless ire.

Then straight the banqueting began.
On reedy pipes the woodland Pan
Piped to them of the meads and rills,
Of flocks and herds, of vales and hills,
And am'rous swains who got in messes
With gay Arcadian shepherdesses ;
While Ganymedes poured the nectar
With Dionysus for director.
They ate from sofas—pagan gods
Are such a lazy set of sods ;
Yet, though all else could scarce be cosier,
They 'd nought to eat—except Ambrosia !

So 'spite the drink and goblets plated
And music, Zeus was not placated.
He called the butler up and swore
The nectar all was corked. He tore
The floral decorations up,
And hurled at Pan his jewelled cup,
Breaking that luckless artiste's tin-bone,
So that he couldn't play the trombone ;
Then smashed a pile of crystal glasses,
And called the Gods a pack of asses ;
Rapt out an oath I won't repeat,
And yelled for something fresh to eat.

Just as affairs had reached this pitch,
Lo ! Hermes, doubled up with stitch,
Came panting up the ether blue,
And painfully among them flew.

His peers looked on with gloomy air—
 Their hope was long become despair.
 He struggled up to Zeus' side—
 Who fierce the kneeling figure eyed—
 But, ere he could a word express,
 Fainted for very weariness.
 Yet, as upon the marble floor
 He sank, from out his scrip he tore
 A sticky slab of something brown,
 With white spots speckled up and down.
 Zeus viewed it with searce-hidden loathing ;
 While some one undid Hermes' clothing
 To give him air—and also nectar,
 A most efficient resurrector.
 On this Zeus gazed with haughty stare
 And purposely indifferent air :
 While half-unconsciously his finger
 Around the sticky slab did linger,
 Till, quite without the least reflection,
 He 'd broken off a tidy section.
 His lips received it—ere he knew it,
 He found he had begun to chew it !

Ah me ! How shall I tell how swift
 The clouds about his temples lift !
 Those eyes forget their seorching gaze,
 And dewy soft become their rays ;
 And all across the godlike face
 Wrinkles to dimples yield their place.
 He smiles ! Olympians, what relief
 To spy that signal on your chief !
 He smiles ! Reflected on each peer,
 The grin proceeds from ear to ear !
 For even Hera seems less snarling,
 While Aphrodite looks a darling :
 And all the other powers celestial
 Appear a healthy sight less bestial !

Meanwhile the nectar, or the air,
 Or nature's self—decide who dare !—
 Had so relumed th' extinguished light
 In Hermes that he stood upright :
 While round about him burst a series
 Of undistinguishable queries :—

Where had he been ? And whence had come
The sticky stuff that looked so rum ?—
What were the mortals who did eat
This wonderfully soothing meat ?—
And were they ever bright and gay ?—
And did their tempers ne'er give way ?—
For those who always ate such food
Must surely be extremely good !
And Zeus himself with questions eager
Did Hermes' luckless ears beleaguer.

Well, when the latter thought his word
Had half a chance of being heard,
He forthwith started to unravel
The details of his worldly travel.
(Which please excuse if quite in short
And not verbatim I report :
For all he told the lords ethereal
Would make this pithy sketch a serial.)
He first related how his quest
Of foods humanity liked best
Had led him among various nations
Who made him try their several rations.
He sampled 'mid the French the tibia
And femur of some boiled amphibia :
And sausages he ate in Germany,
Many of donkey and of eury many :
And, where the blue Pacific breaks
On coral isles, 'twas human steaks.
An æsthete next to his inquiries
Responded that a bloom of iris
Placed in a vase and viewed with thrills,
Beat all your gross, material grills ;
A lily too, or green carnation,
Was feeding unto satiation.
But, when he came to Chandos Street,
They wouldn't give him any meat,
But thought to fill his belly's chasm on
Some queasy-looking stuff called Plasmon.
Then, quite at sea where next to go,
Seeking the Tube, he went below,
Threaded the subterranean cavern
And came to Highgate Archway Tavern.

Then on a tram he mounted up an' he
 Asked the conductor for 'one tuppenny.'

Now, Hermes ! Smooth away that frown,
 For swift success thy quest shall crown !

Ah ! Dire Necessity, abstraction,
 That checkest even Zeus' action,
 How often have the poet's verses
 Assailed thy law with impious curses !
 Be mine the privilege and pleasure
 To claim thee as a perfect treasure !
 Congratulations ! 'Twas a treat
 The way thou leddest Hermes' feet !

For, gliding from the tram, he past
 By devious ways, but came at last
 To where a burner incandescent
 Lit up some people in a crescent.
 Before them something good to eat
 Reposing made the arc complete.
 The gas discovered that their faces
 Of deepest rapture bore the traces.
 ('Twas lucky Freda wasn't there—
 She might have marred their placid air.)
 They ate—but uttered not a sound ;
 Intensest silence wrapt them round,
 Save when some lump reluctant clung
 About the teeth—then might the tongue
 Be heard to jerk it, as it tried
 To turn it on its other side.
 Great Hermes marked each face and scented
 Success—they all were so contented.
 Invisibly he entered and
 Upon the viand laid his hand ;
 Then flitted, leaving all aghast
 That they could eat it up so fast.

When Hermes noted what his grab
 Had brought him, lo ! it was a slab
 Brown, sticky, viscous, flecked with white,
 In fact, a most unpleasant sight !
 But oh ! its sweetness on the lips
 All prejudices could eclipse.

He cried aloud : ' As I 'm immortal,
When Zeus tastes this, Gosh ! how he 'll chortle ! '

Such was the tale of his adventures
Which, punctuated well with quenchers
Of Dionysus' famous liquor,
Which loosed his tongue and fired his ichor,
He told upon Olympus' height,
And favour found in Zeus' sight.
The Promethean theft though late,
He 'd wiped from the Olympic slate,
And recredited divine
Prestige among Deucalion's line.
For, as he ceased, Zeus answered : ' Well
Thou hast deserved of us ! But tell
The name by which the humans know
This magic compound down below :
And say what transient human cub
Could make such simply top-hole grub.'
Then Hermes spoke ; each spell-bound God
Sat still and silent as a clod :—
' That which you ask I heard them say
Just as I took the stuff away.
It 's name is TOFFEE !!—I proclaim
Each drain a bumper to that name.
It manufacturer is GWEN !!!!—
The noblest of the race of men,
As her unrivalled works reveal her :
Come, quaff the brimming bowl !—no heeler ! '

Their essences divine drank up
The nectar from each foaming cup ;
Then spent the joyous hours like winking
With eating, laughing, chaffing, drinking,
Till lulled to slumber by a strophe
Pan improvised in praise of TOFFEE !

1908.

OLIVE'S BIRTHDAY

MY DEAREST O. You'd like, I dessay, to know why I am so empressé. Well, what you see before your nose, although it looks like vulgar prose, is truly poesy sublime with trope and metaphor and rhyme ; and even metre, if you please ! Give

here a pull and there a squeeze—the words are found to fit with ease. And so 'twas just these curst iambi that made me start so namby-pamby. This way of writing's rash, I know—ev'n suicidal, not to show this line's beginning, that line's end:—your wit shall all my blunders mend.

But second thoughts, they say, are best ;
So, after all, I'll write the rest—
For (seems to me, this way is mercy's)—
To shew the juncture of the verses.

Well, to my muttons ! I agreed
Last vac. to write what now you read,
A letter, neither short nor long,
Upon to-morrow's dénouement.
(That word is French : to me I own
Its sound and sense are quite unknown.
I hope it rhymes : just what it signifies
No matter if my verse it dignifies.)
So here's my blessing ! May your star
Remain ascendant—M. H. R. !
Be yours health, wealth, and happiness,
And may your shadow ne'er be less !
(Truly, you need not fear that fate,
If you keep growing as of late.)
And may you one day get the vote,
Though valued by you not a groat.
And, if the specie you can muster,
May you induct your life's fourth lustre
By going an almighty buster !

' Eheu fugaces ! ' Horace sings :
Time flies on too, too fleeting wings.
As old as was your bard when we
First met, to-morrow you will be :—
A solemn thought ! Pray pause a minute
And ponder deeply all that's in it.
As Horace sings : ' Eheu fugaces ! '
The years flit by,—but leave their traces.
For skirts drop down before our eyes,
While heels and hair and noses rise.
And I'm grown up—or so they say—
Although I wonder day by day

If haply 'tis not true that I 'm
 A rank impostor all the time !—
 But now, when moralising, I
 Am just 'a solitary fly.'
 Enough of this !—There 's little news :
 The world, according to its use,
 Wags on, just like Patricia's bitten
 Remainder when she spies the kitten,
 And that reminds me ;—How 's the poor
 Consumptive, who, when last I saw 'er,
 Lay tremblingly at death's own door ?

[Do you recall how poor old Ovid
 Took any mortal thing and shovèd ¹
 It into elegiae verse ?
 Well, I do that, but rather worse :
 Only, I use for my gymnasties
 Octosyllabie Hudibrasties.
 It chanced one eve—(that word 's a palindrome)—
 He fetched a copy of the ealendar 'ome,
 Called for a stylus and a litre
 Of wine and turned it into metre :
 Then actually had no shame
 To publish it above his name,
 Ne'er mentioning how all was based
 On seissors and a pot of paste.
 To prove my deftness at the game,
 I fancy I might do the same :
 'Twill pass the time ; for work is off
 Until I 've lost this filthy cough.

Here goes ! This month we 'll reckon done
 And start at February One :—
 On this day, 1887,
 Darby ² was born—she 's now in Heaven :
 Olive in '94 was hurled
 Upon an ever-grateful world :
 'Pheasant and partridge-shooting end '—
 Take not that line for mine, my friend !

¹ In reading, the portion enclosed within brackets may without disadvantage be omitted. At any rate, no detriment will thereby be caused to the artistic unity of the whole.

² Darby, you may or may not remember, was 'the veteran cat of Fallow Corner.' She survived to a black old age (with a few white hairs in front) and died in 1905 in the nineteenth year of her age.

Its source verbatim you may track
 In Whitaker his Almanack,
 The 2nd is Scotch quarter-day ;
 The sun will dart his rising ray
 At 7.39. The 3rd
 A saint whose name is rarely heard
 Owns for himself—He 's called St. Blaise.
 Which might a difficulty raise ;
 For ' go to Blaise's ' is a phrase
 Would probably be misconstrued
 As most gratuitously rude.
 Yet, since good Blaise has gone before us
 To warble in the heavenly chorus,
 Why, ' Go to Blaise's ' is as pious
 As ' Angels, guard ' or ' Saints, be nigh us ! '
 The 4th :—On this propitious morn
 In 1848 was born
 My Uncle William of Dalkeith—
 He still retains his natural teeth.
 The 5th is Agatha's—a saint
 Whose beauty never needed paint ;
 For hers was beauty of the soul,
 Which grief marred not, nor old age stole.
 And this may well be understood,
 For Agatha is Greek for ' good.'
 For names, I hold, have power to alter
 Our fates, and bid them speed or falter.
 Now Olive stands—sweet appellation !—
 For peace and reconciliation.
 And Olive was the sacred plant
 Of Pallas, Wisdom's maiden aunt :
 For oil and vegetable grease
 The Olive's use can never cease :
 And, served just after the *hors d'œuvres*
 At dinner, gourmets say, it covers
 A multitude of sins because
 It puts the palate where it was :
 All vintage-tasters know this tip,
 To bite an Olive 'twixt each sip :
 Olives, we hence may truly tell,
 Are useful, wise and good as well,
 Accordingly, upon the whole I 've
 Great confidence in those called Olive.

The 6th : in 1838
 Irving was born upon this date.
 The 7th : Septuagesima Sunday.
 The 8th accordingly is Monday :
 Half-quarter day we here must fix ;
 Lamps should be lit at two to six.
 The 9th :—was born in '38
 Sir Evelyn Wood upon this date.
 The 10th :—In 1775
 Charles Lamb began to be alive.
 11th :—If they 've reckoned wisely,
 Sunset 's at four past five precisely.
 The salmon-fisher now returns
 To Scottish lochs and Scottish burns.
 The 12th :—Immanuel Kant, philosopher,
 To-day did Death's dark river cross over :
 This happened years and years ago—
 ' Praise God from whom all blessings flow ! '
 The 13th :—1849,
 Lord Randolph Churchill ' toed the line.'
 The 14th is St. Valentine's—
 And here I 'll close these sample lines.
 I've done a fortnight into rhyme,
 And might do centuries in time :
 What though 'twould need a dynamo
 To make some of my verses go !]

Well, to resume my note !—How goes
 The world with you ?—Domestic woes,
 No doubt, as usual ?—I suppose
 The gasman soon will send his warrant in,
 And Freda's nearly out of quarantine.
 Tell me was macht der Herr Papa,
 Und was die gnädige Frau Mamma.
 And do the suffragettes still think
 They 'll get poor Gwen to go to clink ?
 And Beryl ?—wasting quite away,
 Because her waist grows day by day ?
 Her mirror ne'er will satisfy
 That ling'ring yet fastidious eye,
 And she will always fancy that
 She 's *just* too slim, or *just* too fat.
 And have you heard at all from Jack ?
 And when will he be coming back ?

And Peter !—did he pass matric. ?
 Or don't the lists come out so quick ?
 And Harold !—deep in legal lore ?
 And Pat !—no doubt she shuts the door.
 And Mr. Adams !—full of tales ?
 And how is Mr. Arthur Smales ?
 And all your other various dozens
 Of grandmas, uncles, aunts, and cousins ?
 And is the new-found Swedish girl
 A terror or a perfect pearl ?
 I trust you 'll write an answer to
 These questions all in order due !

For me,—as I 've already told,
 I 've got a beastly cough and cold.
 I 'm just as stupid as an owl ;
 I sit about the room and scowl :
 I cannot read a word of Greek,
 My head is so extremely weak,
 But hope, thanks to ammoniated
 Quinine, soon to be reinstated.
 Meanwhile, my only recreation 's
 Attempting to wear out your patience
 With versified congratulations.
 Once more then :—may your natal day,
 Returning oft, each year more gay,
 Be as a burning beacon-ray
 To light you through life's darkling way !
 O, would that I possessed the chink
 To have this typed in purple ink !
 For well I know how oft you 've tript
 In trying to make out my script.
 However, vain regrets get hence !
 Intrusion's but impertinence !
 So, lastly will you please excuse
 If this too long is to peruse :
 But, having nothing else to do,
 I simply write till all is blue,
 Careless if ev'ry word 's in season,
 And making light of rhyme and reason.
 So now I 'll take my buzzing head
 And put it tenderly to bed.
 And you would like a rest, too,—would yer ?
 Goodbye ! Yours ever, FRED'Rick GOODYEAR.

THE CHAUNT OF THE BRAZEN NOSE

‘That’s a brave god, and brews celestial liquor :
I will kneel to him.’

C. HOWARD SMITH (O.U.D.S.)

NASUS AENEUS *loquitur*.

I THINK perhaps the Brazen Head
Was not so far mistaken
In those ironic things it said
To good old Roger Bacon ;
But still I think I ’ll show it true,
And prove it to the letter,
That what a Brazen Head can do
A Brazen Nose can better !

I think I ne’er shall understand
This all-prevailing mania
For atrophying noses and
Hypertrophying crania :
The nose is the authentic seat
Of wit and solid learning,
And needeth liquor, sound and sweet,
To keep its beacon burning.

I think that Brasenose Ale ’s the best
Of liquor known to mortals,
And makes them blest, beyond the rest,
Who dwell within my portals :
It speeds the runner on the track,
Sustains despairing eightsmen,
And lends that journalistic knack
To midnight-scribbling Greats-men.

I think without it W—ce could not
His valiant squadron marshal,
Nor J—nk—ns—n could prove it rot
To talk of Truth as partial ;
Nor W—k—l—ng render hist’ry clear,
Nor St—ck—r laws magnetic,
Nor F—x contrive his ear to steer
At super-speeds phrenetic !

I think it taught the B—rs—r all
 He knows of churches Coptic,
 And by it the V—ce-Pr—nc—p—l
 Is rendered pansynoptic :
 The Register could only be
 Compiled by one who drinks it,—
 And as for Mr. Orp—n, he
 First *bibit* and then *pinxit* !

I think when Sutton speakers grow
 Impassioned or pathetic,
 When pundits of the Pater show
 The truth about æsthetic,—
 In fact whate'er of brain or thew
 My ancient college nurses,
 Is due unto the famous brew
 That fires these annual verses.

I think the buildings on the High
 Will look distinctly pretty,
 But find the failure to supply
 More cellarage a pity :
 Nor, frankly, can I care a rap
 For bath-rooms where 'tis mooted
 That nothing 's to be had on tap
 But water undiluted.

I think the city stipulates
 For ale at its Election ;
 The help ale gave the Candidates
 Cannot escape detection :
 For voters knew they could not fail
 To win at either venture,—
 They saw the ale in Mr. Whale,
 The ale in Lord Valentia !

I think by gazing in the bowl,
 Like true catoptromancers,
 We read the riddles of the soul
 In clear, prophetic answers :
 I think, if ' nought is worth a thought,'
 The remedy is drinking,
 And Brasenose Ale will never fail
 To keep a fool from thinking !

So, now, when on the eve of Lent,
 I watch the Square grow dimmer,
 And once again detect the scent
 Of pancakes all a-simmer,
 Let none forget the jolly debt
 He owes to hops and barley,
 But drink *Waes-Hael* in Brasenose Ale
 And stand a pint to Charlie ! ¹

NOTES ²

Introd.—The Ale Verses were formerly presented to the Principal by the Butler of the College on Shrove Tuesday, being written by some undergraduate or fellow. The earliest extant date from 1709. From about 1820 to 1889 they are almost annual. The College gave up brewing its own ale in 1886, the ale being brewed for it by an ordinary brewer (probably a peer). In 1889 the Ale Verses ceased, and were revived in 1909. Thus the enclosed are the second since the revival.

Motto.—The motto is from Caliban in *The Tempest*. C. Howard Smith, B.N.C., president of the O.U.D.S., was on Shrove Tuesday and the preceding nights playing this part at the New Theatre, Oxford.

Title, etc.—The title is imitated from Praed's 'Chaunt of the Brazen Head'; the metre and, to a certain extent, the style are also taken from it.

Verse 1, line 4.—Roger Bacon was a mediæval philosopher, credited with the invention of gunpowder. In later legend he got the reputation of a magician, in which capacity he colloquised with a Brazen Head. A curious round or octangular low tower, which stood for some centuries on Folly Bridge, Oxford, was said to be his study.

Verse 4, line 1.—Wace, a don, is a leader of the sect of the University Territorials.

Line 3.—Jenkinson, a don, tutor for Greats. In philosophical *credo*, he adheres to the Intellectualists, as opposed to the Pragmatists and Humanists. The Intellectualist says that a thing is either true or it is not (*i.e.* wholly true, or wholly not), and the test of Truth is its immediate appeal to the mind—*i.e.* there is no test of Truth other than itself,—and that this conception of Truth is of the essence of it. The Pragmatist says that the test of Truth is whether it works, *i.e.* we only know whether a thing is true by putting it into practice: moreover, some state-

¹ *Metri gratia.* It is hoped (if only for his own sake) that Weedon will not be the sole beneficiary.

² See p. 21.

ments, perhaps all statements that are true at all, are partially true and partially not. You, being a female and accordingly justly contemptuous of all abstract controversy, will, if you go so far as to deign to give the matter a moment's thought, agree that both the disputants have common sense on their side in so far as they say that they are right, but not when they say the other people are wrong. This view produces a pleasing impasse or cul-de-sac, much contemplation of which leads to a dangerous form of intellectual appendicitis. The fact is Truth is an ideal and unattainable in itself, but we can come indefinitely near to it; we can asymptotize ourselves to Truth. The Intellectualist is always thinking about ideal Truth, the Pragmatist of that very decent working copy which serves our purpose here below. So on the whole the Pragmatist has rather the better of it in this world. But in Heaven—won't the Intellectualist have a giddy time? But this is a digression. I shall be pleased to discuss this matter further on some future occasion. It has the advantage of being inexhaustible—*inépuisable*. But, I forget, you are justly contemptuous of all abstract controversy: I have the highest authority for saying so.

Line 5.—Wakeling, a don, lectures on History: a complete teetotaler.

Line 6.—Stocker, a don, lectures on Physics; he also walks on the average twelve miles a day. He is very fond of honey, and buys it in a very hard form in great terra-cotta jars, exceedingly handsome in a Doric sort of way.

Line 7.—Fox, a don, has purchased a motor-car.

Verse 5, line 1.—The Bursar, a don, named Butler, was tutor to the Khedive and has written sundry books and articles about Egypt, including one on the Ancient Coptic Churches of that country. He is a master of embarrassing silences and administers the College estates with a stern and unrelenting hand. He is just rather than merciful, and accordingly has to waste half his life putting himself in the right. That is the penalty for daring to be just.

Line 3.—The Vice-Principal, a don, named Bussell, talks incomprehensibly on all subjects by their own nature incomprehensible—from the early history of the Papacy down to the Primrose League. He has read innumerable books and begun to write even more. He has finished a few and published two or three. After his death his posthumous works, comprising notes for volumes dealing with all the habitual topics of his conversation, will be issued by *The Times* as a supplement to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*.

Line 4.—Pansynoptic: ‘seeing all things together.’ To be pansynoptic is the philosopher’s ideal. Matthew, Mark, and Luke, you may remember, were content to be synoptic, and to ‘see things together,’—a feat that any drunkard might achieve. The philosopher aims at enclosing in his mental vision at one and the same time the great principles and universals of things and their infinite detail and diversity: to see all things and to see them in order. On the whole I doubt if the Vice-Principal is really more than panoptic, or ‘seeing all things’: he sees all things, but chaotically.

Line 5.—The Register was compiled by the Principal, a don, named Heberden. I hope to dine with him on the 23rd anniversary of my birthday at about 7.45 P.M., in evening dress and the presence of Mr. Stephen Gwynn, M.P., late of B.N.C., one of the four Nationalist M.P.’s who were in their day at Oxford. The Register, by the way, is a register of all the men ever at the College from its foundation in 1509 to its quatercentenary in a year of which I leave you to calculate the exact date.

Line 7.—Mr. Orpen, not a don, but R.B.A. (or something similar), painted the Principle while the latter was correcting the proof sheets of the Register.

Verse 6, line 1.—The Sutton is the College debating society. Sir Richard Sutton was the lay founder. William Smyth, Bishop of Lincoln, was his ecclesiastical coadjutor.

Line 3.—The Pater is the College literary society; the only one still surviving. I founded it. Pater was a don in his day.

Verse 7, line 1.—New buildings, in honour of the aforementioned quatercentenary, are being erected on the High Street.

Line 6.—They will contain bath-rooms, a long-felt want. No, I take it back:—a long-seen want; it had not got so bad as feeling.

Verse 8, line 7.—Mr. Whale, not a don, was Liberal candidate for the borough at Oxford at the recent general election. He was defeated, if my memory serves me, by 1211 votes.

Line 8.—Viscount Valentia, not a don, was Conservative candidate for the borough of Oxford at the recent general election. He was victorious by the same margin as that by which his opponent was defeated.

Verse 9, line 2.—A catoptromancer is a man who prophesies by gazing in a mirror—especially a mirror held under liquid, e.g., the gleaming bottom of a tankard of ale. Generally speaking, pretty girls are catoptromancers—in the first and simplest sense.

Line 5.—The quotation is from Praed's 'Chaunt of the Brazen Head.'

Verse 10, line 2.—The Square is Radcliffe Square, over which the Brazen Nose, from its position in the college porch, gazes (or possibly, sniffs).

Line 8.—Charles Weedon is a notable scout. His father was a notable scout before him. He drinks : his father drank before him. He is a shred of the old sponge, so to speak. The note was originally inserted in order to prevent jealousy between the scouts, or at any rate the bibulous ones. It was amended in order to prevent confusion with the Principal, whose name chances to be Charles—an unnecessary precaution, I thought. In the same way I had to alter the line about Jenkinson (*supra*). At first I wrote 'Nor J—nk—rs prove it 's Tommy-rot'—a much better line. He is always known as Jenkers and he knows he is known as Jenkers. But the velluminous old book-worm, Madan, sub-librarian of the Bodleian, fellow of B.N.C., who oversaw the printing, would not let it through. Contemptible timidity ! I refused to be convinced, but as I was not paying for the printing, and he was the representative of the fund out of which it is paid, I had of course to give way. But I digress. To return to Charles Weedon :—He rather scored off me by complaining of the note and suggesting that he was quite capable of putting down all the pints he was likely to get stood, 'though, even without poetic admonitions to the College to treat him liberally, he is, I may say, by no means neglected—never permitted to wither and parch and desiccate like a superannuated pea.' Afterwards he said to me : 'I must thank you, sir, very much for handing my name down to posterity. When I first saw it, I was rather afraid what the authorities might think, but I 've sounded one or two of them, and I 've found they 're all right'—the fact of the matter being that he was actually perturbed lest his ingurgitatory propensities had by me been revealed to the dons for the first time ; whereas, as I have pointed out, the truth is that his pre-natal influences were notoriously liquorous ; so that it may be said that he was known to be a potential toss-pot or malt-worm even before he was born, and it only required the accident of birth to develop his latent possibilities. I answered him by thanking him for the use of his name, which had provided me with a most welcome rhyme, and concluded by calling him to take a pint. For thus are these things done. He goes to the buttery and orders his pint, which is put down in your College bills, which are subsequently paid by your pater. Simple, isn't it ? Thus our amenities were completely reciprocal.

ST. VALENTINE'S SONG

(Air: *The Modern Major-General*)

I AM the pith of saintliness and bane of secularity,
 I know the way to heaven *via* love and Christian charity ;
 I rescue prisoned damozels by climbing up their back tresses,
 And bring to sentimental youths the autographs of actresses.
 In a saintly way I 'devil' for the witless would-be sonneteer ;
 Describe your mistress' eyebrow, I'll extemporise upon it here !
 I aid the loves of Zoophytes as well as Homo Sapiens,
 And teach sonorous Chanticleer to serenade his happy hens :
 Sweet phantasies I bring to plants—to poppies and to marguer-
 ites,
 And almost soulful thoughts to him who sauerkraut with lager
 eats.

In short, as far as all-embracing love and Christian charity,
 I am the pith of saintliness and bane of secularity !

I wake susceptibilities, though seldom with success immense,
 In granite and in many other geologic specimens ;
 I quote without my Lemprière the loves of all the goddesses.
 I know the odes of Sappho and the pattern of her bodices ;
 I weep like any crocodile and sigh with plan insidious,
 I've analysed for use the *Ars Amandi* of Ovidius ;
 I draw in coloured chalks the whole of Solomon's economy,
 And know the tragic tale of King Candaules' fatal bonhomie ;
 I know the very rouge employed to colour up Pomponia,
 And quote the merry widows down from Helena to Sonia ;
 In short, as far as all-embracing love and Christian charity,
 I am the pith of saintliness and bane of secularity !

In fact, when I have mastered what is meant by homo-ousia,
 When Nonconformist sermons scarcely make me any drowsier,
 When Gothic-window attitudes don't give me quite so stiff a knee,
 And when I know precisely when are Advent and Epiphany ;
 When I can understand the creeds, Nicene and Athanasian ;
 When bishops don't afflict me with convulsions Rabelaisian ;
 In short, when I am garnished, swept, and properly depaganised,
 The Fiend himself shall say by such a saint he ne'er was agonised,
 For theologic doctrine since the era Anno Domini
 Is just about as clear to me as Double Dutch or Romany.
 But still, as far as all-embracing love and Christian charity,
 I am the pith of saintliness and bane of secularity !

ENCORE VERSE

When I can tell for certain a dalmatic from a erozier,
 And do without a West End tailor, jeweller, and hosier ;
 When I can see the moral force of keeping nuns untrystable,
 And ban (with Paul and Cantuar.) the late Deceased Wife's Sister
 Bill ;
 When I distinguish doctrines trans- and consubstantiational.
 And see why Education Bills *must* be denominational ;
 When I can grasp the papal anti-modernist encyclical,
 You 'll say that I in saintly eastigation of Old Nick liek all !
 For though I cannot find beneath a hot and itchy halo ease,
 And know far less of Jerome than of Abelard and Heloise.
 My Christian love and sympathy can never need apology,
 And still I am the model saint of all the hagiology !

New Age, Feb. 24, 1910.

DEDICATION

TO G. W. KILNER, ESQ.

GREAT homonym of him who 's been
 For nigh two years defender keen
 (Under a setless sun serene)

Of orthodoxy :—

Oft in thyself my host, and e'en

More oft by proxy :—

Whose reverend sires, devotion-led,
 Risked being forced the narrow red
 And olimentary way to tread

To cosmic union,

From priest translated into bread

At the Communion :—

Thyself more reverend—though they went
 And daily pitched their moving tent

'Mid continents inecontinent

With natives starving ;

While thou, in peaceful city pent,

Ne'er fearest carving :—

Thyself more reverend, as whose wit,
 Shredded to cram the blockish eit,
 The Jew, the Turk, and hypocrite

Within our portals,

Is sacrifice that makes thee fit

To join th' immortals :—

Thyself more reverend, who to please
 This god or t' other god, dost seize
 The naked-black-souled savages
 At heathen Poly,
 By gospel of Thueydides,
 From Sin and Folly :—

For one more sinner prithee feel
 Thy more than missionary zeal :
 First listen to his sad appeal,
 His dark confession ;
 Then, as his ease requires it, kneel
 In intercession !

For lines that hardly rhyme or sean,
 Thin thought and unperfected plan,
 Faults unforgiv'n by God or man
 Or bookstall column,—
 Avert, avert the threatened ban
 From my fourth volume !

Upon its headline let me write
 Thy name, itself a word of might
 To conjure out of darkness light !—
 For what 's to follow,
 But most for this I now indite,
 Be my Apollo !

1912.

AN ELK HUNT IN FINLAND

THE elk is hunted in Finland during only eight days in the year, namely, from Sept. 1 to Sept. 8. I was therefore very fortunate to be in the country during the short open season, and to receive an invitation to take part in a hunt. It is only in recent years that this animal has been shot in Finland at all, for it was formerly preserved as royal game, and the restriction was maintained long after kings had ceased to take advantage of their privilege. This led to considerable inconveniences. The elk increased in number and audacity, so that in places they became a nuisance to the farmers and peasants, leaving their native forests and invading the rickyards whenever food was not elsewhere obtainable. Their ravages caused the Government much in compensation ; moreover, the law, as it then stood, was apt

to lead to absurd situations. For instance, two dogs had run loose in the woods, and were worrying an elk, which they eventually drove on to a rock overhanging the waters of a lake. Thence it endeavoured to leap down, and in so doing broke its leg. The dogs naturally continued to assail it in the water, and in this situation all three were discovered. But nothing could be done to put the elk out of its pain until an officer had been sent for and had given the necessary authority. However, in various ways such anomalies have now been removed, and, in particular, organised elk hunts are permitted, as before stated, during the first eight days of September. Only the bulls are killed, and sportsmen intending to shoot elk have to give notice of their intention to the governor of the province before August 1, enclosing a statement of the number of heads to which they will limit their bag. If the number suggested seems excessive for the size and value of the shooting, the governor may at his discretion reduce it to a lower figure. Accordingly, the new facilities cannot result in a shrinkage in the range and distribution of the elk in Finland.

The scene of the hunt in which the writer took part is reached in about an hour and a half by steamer or motor-boat from Helsingfors. Sometimes indeed the town is visited by one of these beasts, which has swum into the harbour during the night and has failed to find its way back to the woods. This proximity of big game to the capital is in some sort typical of Finland, where a wonderfully progressive and efficient material civilisation is thrust straight upon the heart of nature. The country is new, with the newness of a rapidly developing colony. It is hard to believe yourself still in Europe. For better or worse, the whole *débris* of European tradition is lacking. The towns are founded directly on the solid granite, and not upon the dust-heaps of ages; even so, the spirit of the people is the spirit of youth, untrammelled by a past, confident and aspiring, and to the weary eyes of older and greater nations always a little crude and raw, always faintly inconsequent and absurd. In Finland, man's latest artifices are brought very close to nature, so that elk and telephones may be said to be found side by side amid the primæval forest. Thus, before we started out, we were able to hear that several elk had that night been observed within the limits of the estate on which we were to be entertained.

Our short voyage lay through a small section of the archipelago which spreads for hundreds of miles along the northern coast of the Gulf of Finland. The forest-clad islands and land-locked lagoons dreamed silently in the early morning light; the ripple

of the water beneath the prow of our boat was as startling and unchallenged as the song of the just waking bird before the dawn of a spring day. It was yet early when we landed at a wooden pier or quay of the type common all over Finland. We drove through the woods to our host's country house, and soon afterwards left in search of our quarry; nor had we proceeded far before we heard the dog giving tongue through the woods, two of the guns being already in position. Presently we came up with them, and creeping carefully among the undergrowth, we at length got a view of the animal we were pursuing. A cow elk with a calf was seen moving slowly away from the sound of the dog's barking. The dusky sepia of their coats made them inconspicuous figures in the half light of the thickly planted forest, but the big Roman nose of the cow occasionally showed up clearly against a patch of lighter background, such as a birch tree whose leaves lay open to the sky. However, no bull appeared at this point, and so no shot was fired. We continued to follow the dog, whose voice was now audible far away to the right, but we could not come up with him or with the object of his excitement. Once a hen capercaillie got up at our feet with a tremendous whir of wings, making one feel regretful that such a noble species of game bird should not be more frequent in those parts of Scotland which are suitable to its mode of life. We also heard a shot in the distance, and subsequently gathered that one of the party had got in a long shot at a bull elk, but had missed and the beast had got away. Then the dog became silent again, and we halloosed to each other through the colonnades of pine trunks, until at last we found that we were to assemble again at a point a little farther back in the woods.

On arrival at this rendezvous we were shown the cause of our summons—fresh elk tracks in the soft earth and moss. It is a large, bold spoor formed like a deer's, but as big as a horse's hoof. The rest of the party gradually joined us, four guns in all, followed at length by the huntsman, with the hunting dog, panting and straining on a thick leash. It was a great brown hound of undifferentiated breed, not a mongrel, but obviously belonging to a race of dogs not yet specialised and bred for points. He had a good-humoured face with a white mark on it and a very deep chest, giving a general suggestion of immense strength and inexhaustible powers of endurance. He was the generalised and typical hunting dog, mediæval in his character of representative and incarnation of one broad, unsubdivided human need. Such a dog Albrecht Dürer would have loved to draw, and almost such a dog is actually seen in Piero di Cosimo's

picture of 'The Death of Procris.' This noble and picturesque animal was set on the elk spoor, and was soon dragging and tearing at the leash down a sharp, marshy slope towards a narrow arm of the sea. We followed him on to some open greensward by the water's edge, where he turned suddenly to the left and led us to a high fence. Here we found elk hairs on the topmost bar. Encouraged by this further evidence of the proximity of the game we pressed on again into the woods.

As the dog approached the quarry, he began again to bark, and at about the same time the party divided into two sections with a view to cutting off the elk on a peninsula for which it appeared to be making. We dashed on through the thick timber, passing in succession patches of pine, fir and birch, which caused the air to be delightfully charged with that odour or rather sense of freshness which is vulgarly, at any rate, associated with the presence of ozone. The going was rather difficult, as the trees were thick; there was often much undergrowth, and the ground was for the most part very wet. But a grey day in a high northern latitude braces the sinews for heroic efforts. At length we again neared the shore, and just as we saw light through the trees we heard a loud noise of something rushing out into the smooth water. We burst out on to the open foreshore, and there a splendid sight met our eyes. A magnificent bull elk was standing at gaze up to the hocks in water. The dog was just running in in pursuit, when one of our companions appeared on the bank lower down opposite the animal and fired. It dropped suddenly, but immediately endeavoured to recover itself. However, it was now overtaken by the dog, which leapt upon its haunches, and for some time they were plunging about together in a confusion which rendered it impossible to fire again without endangering the dog. There was now a scene of great excitement, and cries of 'Camera, camera!' going up on all sides. However, our photographic artists declared against the light and the distance, and elected to wait till long exposures at close quarters should be possible. Eventually two more effective shots were put in, and the great beast rolled over and lay with only the side appearing above water. The dog was called off with some difficulty, a boat was sent for, and the elk was towed to land and, after the rope had broken once, hauled ashore. It proved to be a fine beast with antlers showing six and five tines respectively. The three bullets were found in the right shoulder, the lower part of the abdomen, and just in front of the eye.

To the millionaire cosmopolitan sportsman our day's sport might have appeared dull and amateurish—conducted, he might

think, in a light spirit unworthy of the best traditions of big game shooting. To one at least of the participants it had the interest of being a survival of an eminently fair and picturesque method of hunting, and seemed a good example of the natural sport of the landed proprietors of the far north. The flesh of the elk is pleasant to eat, and does not require hanging so long as ordinary venison. The Finns themselves speak of the animal as an anachronism, which somehow has survived its analogues of the Irish peat bogs. And from another point of view we are reminded that the elk is a survival by its name being found in company with those of the bison and the urus in a notable description of a good mixed bag which figures in the Nibelungen Lied. However, it is widely distributed in Finland and elsewhere. In whatever part of the country the chase took place, the scene would be much the same, but in the north, the birch trees would already, at the beginning of September, be bright yellow, and the rowans red, while in the east possibly more open spaces and cultivated patches would intervene to break the continuity of the forest.

The Field, Oct. 29, 1910.

THE NEW THELEMA

THE men and women of to-day are determined to build the abbey of Thelema. You may say that there is nothing new in that. But if you look deeper, you will see that, though the desire and the vision are old, a great change has come over the spirit in which they are conceived. Of course men have always been homesick for an ideal community. The Golden Age was relegated to the remote past; the Isles of the Blest were set among the unexplored ocean-stream that circled the confines of the habitable globe; the former was thrust out beyond the verge of human time, the latter beyond the verge of human space. And as for Heaven and the Elysian Fields, they were equally outside space and time, despairingly reserved for those who had sloughed off Being altogether. These pleasant fictions were the objects of yearning and illusory hope; they could not form the goal of a scientific and philosophic will. History, exploration, metaphysic, discredited them one after the other. Mankind, forbidden to dream, has been compelled to design. Fatalism and sentimentality have received notice to quit. They are indolent fellows who will not work for their living. Thelema, the soul's ideal home, has become a plain practical issue; we are already

instituting a competition of architects, and soon we shall be inviting tenders for the building. Thelema lies in the future, not the never-never-land of the theologian, but the ordinary human future that is perpetually transmuting itself into the past. These familiar to-morrows that keep breaking on the shore of the world throw up every time some priceless jetsam for its strengthening or decoration. No magic, no divine interference will effect the rise of Thelema. It will be independent of petty dynastic incidents such as the fall of Saturn or the accession of Jove. The wrath of the Lord of Hosts is powerless to blast it. Men shall build it ; this planet is its chosen site.

This vast access of hope that has come to the race has been conditioned by the growth of the evolutionary idea. Men have always sought for a permanent stable reality in this world of flux. At last they have found it in the principle of flux itself. Change, the old enemy, has become our greatest friend and ally. Because of the identification of the absolute and the relative we are able to look forward with confidence to the realisation of our wildest aspirations. We have all become futurists, for it is impossible to miss the moral implicit in Hegel and Darwin.

But surely if Thelema is such a practical proposition, we ought to be told what it is to be like. Nothing easier, but there is no necessity. Speculation for the future is the one sphere of philosophy in which our surest guide is to make our wish the father of our thought. Whatever you want, that is what Thelema will be like. Your desire is merely the evolution of the Thelematic idea working within you. Thelema will be the place where you do as you will. So it will be essentially a place of liberty. Liberty is the first condition of well-being.

Now liberty may be divided into two modes—one external, the other internal. Stress is commonly laid on the former ; it is the more tangible ; it is the business of the politician. But the art of the politician is merely obstetric. The external is but a shell which the internal liberty may inhabit. The true creators are the men who have to do with the latter. They are artists and philosophers, men not of action but of contemplation. So before our statesmen can build the new Thelema, artists have to create the free minds that may dwell therein.

The development of spiritual freedom is exceedingly strange. For freedom has to be organised as well as won. And organisation is like a curtailment of freedom. Yet consider. The mind of barbaric man is just a wilderness of nature, a jungle of competing tyrannies. Though there is no conscious restraint, there is a cut-throat competition of passions, with no margin for profit.

Organisation is essential. Part of the jungle is cut down and cleared and in its place there rises an ordered community. But now the man is divided against himself, and he will continue to be torn by internecine strife until the whole forest of his mind is controlled and regulated. An intuitive consensus of developed wills is the mechanism of the polity of Thelema. There will be a genuine convention there, a natural coming together.

Now the men who stay at home and carry on the business of the existing state, and the men who go out into the backwoods to enlarge its boundaries, are of two different kinds. The former are sleek and well-groomed, and feel comfortable in drawing-rooms; the latter, the pioneers, are lacking in cosmetics. They become roughened by their contact with the wild. They have to compromise with it in order to win something from it. In the same way there are academic and adventurous spirits within the world of Art and Philosophy. They all dream of freedom; but some are administering peace at home while others insist on conquering new realms abroad. They are brothers, and accordingly quarrel without ceasing. Now the men of peace, the stay-at-homes, need no defence; they always get their full meed of praise. But the pioneers are often scorned and buffeted during their lifetime, because they seem deliberately to have forsaken civilisation and sought to rebarbarise themselves. This is far from the truth. The call of the wild, green-sickness, *nostalgie de la boue*—name it how you will—is a true impulse towards conscious freedom. It comes to men who see instinctively that no man is certainly free till all men are free, that no part of even an individual can be rightly called free till all of him is free. In the future there are to be no pariahs in our streets and no pariahs in our souls; and it is neobarbarians, men and women who to the timid and unimaginative seem merely perverse and atavistic, that must familiarise us with our outcast selves, in order that we may learn that ultimate charity without which Thelema can never be built and occupied.

Rhythm, 1911.

THE CANADIAN KIPLING

A REVIEW OF *Rhymes of a Rolling Stone*. BY ROBERT W. SERVICE

MR. ROBERT W. SERVICE is known and advertised as the Canadian Kipling. The comparison, like all comparisons, is a challenge to the reviewer. Now it is perfectly true that Mr. Service deals in his poetry with the outposts of civilisation, the legion of the

damned, and various Kiplingeries of that kind. Moreover, his metres, his explosiveness, and his centripetal aim at those points of life where something illuminating rises like an arc-light between strong desires and strong inhibitions,—all that, too, justifies the advertisement. Further, he confesses in one poem in this book to having a Kipling on his knee. On the other hand, he has not his model's clearness and craft in writing—that could scarcely be expected; and to say he is not so good as Kipling is not of course to say that he is not of the Kipling clan. But there is something in the spirit of his verse, the angle from which he sees life, his implicit morality, that places him so far from Kipling as to make the juxtaposition of the two essentially deceptive, despite any lesser resemblances. It is something supersubtle; otherwise it could not be important. But it amounts to this, that, although Mr. Service has a certain plausibility, he certainly cannot attain artistic truth. I believe that it was Mr. J. M. Barrie who said that Kipling was 'born blasé.' No doubt he said it plaintively. But what he really meant was that Kipling was born an artist. To the sentimental an artist always seems blasé; and it is difficult to prove that he is not merely blasé, except by asking how on earth he turns out such thumping good stuff. The sentimental answer is that it is not good, because it is blasé; at which point the argument becomes passionate and physical. Now I cannot imagine any common man finding Mr. Service blasé; I cannot imagine him writhing in contortions of impotent envy because Mr. Service was a cut above him. True, Kipling does not get much writhed at; partly because he has disastrous lapses that reconcile the worst people, partly because he arms himself with humour, partly because his fondness for dramatic monologue allows him, very properly, to say what he does not mean. He is a liar, just as Homer was, according to Aristotle, the prince of liars. But poor Mr. Service could not lie; he believes abjectly in white men and white girls and vicious fellows who get pitchforked into Heaven, where they would feel hopelessly contemptuous and superior, in virtue of turning up some physical kind of trumps in the end. If he went out to advocate or oppose women's suffrage, he could not achieve anything like 'For the female of the species is more deadly than the male,' which, bad as it is, is surprisingly philosophical in its context. In fact, Mr. Service is melodramatic and uncivilised. For all his trick of words, he cannot be any better than the other Sourdoughs and Cheechakos. He sees the Yukon *sub specie* Yukonitatis: he is parochial. No doubt it is something to have delimited a parish rather

nearer the North Pole than any other littérateur. It is to me an interesting fact, which I appreciate much as I appreciate my dinner. But what has it to do with me when wrapt in my rhythmic cubo-spheroid? Nothing at all. In so far as I want more Klondyke, I want it banausically; my banausic self might go there, if my rhythmic self allowed it any energies. No, as a critic, I cast out Klondyke till it comes to me *sub specie aeternitatis*. Mahomet won't go to the mountain, and the mountain must be considerably astralised before it can be brought along to Mahomet.

Wanted in Alaska, a literary Picasso :—that's the gist of the matter.

Rhythm, March 1913.

THE STORY OF TIMOTHY THE MOLAR

A TOOTH, like the human of which it is a serviceable part, may pass through many vicissitudes before finding peace—or, rather, repose. Peace is only in the grave whither the tooth arrives along with the man, and like him there only finds peace—or maybe predeceases him by a little or much, just as by little or much it is epigonous. No, I don't mean ultimate peace; I mean the working peace, the nervous balance of maturity. I have a tooth which has just attained maturity, at least I hope and believe so, after an unusually rough and protracted period of *Sturm und Drang*. I may say at once it is a molar, nothing less four-square could have stood the strain. A mere incisor would have snapped irremediably at the first accident. In fact, once I had a front tooth knocked out by a hurtling chair—it was at school, and I think we must have been playing at Roman Senators, how the opposition broke up the seats in the Forum and used them as arguments on some agrarian question or other. That tooth was a second one. So it was ignominiously crowned (conundrum—when isn't a coronation happy and glorious?), and there its career terminated. I may add that I trace a continuity of existence between the first and second teeth that occupy the same site. This is, I hold, eminently philosophical, as the old tooth is pushed up, and eventually off, by the new. That is to say, a tooth makes a stepping-stone of its new self by which the old self is enabled to take off into the inane; and that (*pace* Tennyson) is the real and proper way of things. Well, the early years of this tooth were quiet, uneventful. I suppose I first made its acquaintance when I was about

four, and for nine years it served me without mishap. But then when I was thirteen came its first crisis. It was during the South African War. No, I never took it to the front, not at that age—is it likely? But in a manner of speaking we were all in the South African war. Certainly my tooth suffered as a direct consequence. It was the relief of Mafeking, which occurred, to use the terminology of the seasons I then employed, near the beginning of the cricket term. There was the appropriate half-holiday; and we all turned out to play. Unfortunately, the ground did not usually accommodate pitches enough to give all the school a game at once. Ordinarily, a system of rotation, plus absentees, made this immaterial. But we were all there that day. There was nothing for it. A pitch had to be hastily prepared at the bottom of the ground, where the out-fielding was notoriously rough. And it was in that game that I, including my tooth, went to take part. It was all right for a while. I took three wickets—always a peculiar joy to the non-bowler—and then it came to my turn to bat. Unluckily there was a notable plugger on at one end—a regular schoolboy terror of the recognised type, full of beans and very erratic. He gave me a short one on my body. In attempting to hook it, I mistimed it completely and it rose sharply. I turned my face away a little, offering my cheek, and the ball, kissing me rudely and treacherously, broke Timothy (that was the molar's name) into three fragments. What exactly had happened I did not, however, discover immediately—not in fact till the following September when I was away on my holiday. I was lying on a hillside above Sandgate, in Kent, and I bought for consumption and consolation some extra fine large flat caramels. Their adhesiveness, or viscosity, induced temporary lockjaw at intervals, release from which was accompanied by a loud popping sound, recalling the passage of cavalry through a morass. It was not a bad game to play at on a warm lazy afternoon—getting the jaws stuck and then releasing them with a violent muscular effort. I had done it innumerable times with different caramels, when I suppose I must have chanced upon one of unusual power. At any rate, I soon got stuck in my chawing and, straining hard to get parted again, I found the lesion had come at an unfamiliar line. My interest being thereby piqued, I introduced my fingers into my mouth, with as much delicacy of manner as my youth and the solitude of the spot made me deem absolutely necessary, and found to my horror that Timothy, who, I have forgotten to mention, belonged by rights to the upper jaw, was now mortared by a thick slab of caramel to the lower. Caramel and

Timothy, who emerged tripartite, were with a little ingenuity removed bodily ; and I am bound to state that, despite my advanced years, I was at some pains to discover a sympathetic, *i.e.* a scientifically and æsthetically sympathetic, admirer. She was soon forthcoming. I soon made her a present of the whole concern, as even an encaramelled tooth palls after a while as a curiosity, and anyway I had no spirits in which to preserve it. She said I was horrid. Timothy's need of admiration had been our only real bond of sympathy, so I gratefully took her at her word and we parted for ever. Thus the first indentation (were that word not already booked by others) of Timothy was last seen in a ditch in a lane near Sandgate. That may be called the story of Timothy's childhood. There followed a distressing vacant period when Timothy seemed scarcely to exist. It was long before the adolescent Timothy began to make himself a power among provender. However, when he really began to work for his living, he proved himself very different from the child that had been his father. He was a ramping, roaring individual, marvellously effective even with walnuts and brazils ; aided by his partner in the lower jaw, he flung at these things in a frenzy of youthful vigour. I should have needed the digestion of an ostrich in order to keep him satisfied. For he would have liked to try his powers on coppers and tenpenny nails. Luckily he was too far rearward ever to get a go at my pipe, or he would have cost me a pretty penny in new mouthpieces. But the pacc was too hot to last. It is always the same with these excesses of the young. A pitcher may go often to the well, but will get broken at last. And Timothy's day came. It was a cherry-stone did it. Not that he hadn't tacked cherry-stones before. And he went at this one with his usual eagerness. The fact was I was feeling melancholy that day—I must have taken somebody else at her word, I suppose—and I was lugubriously devouring cherry-kernels after dinner for the sake of the prussic acid I understood was contained in them. Perhaps Timothy saved my life—in which case no doubt it is my duty to be grateful. Perhaps, in fact, it wasn't an unusually hard stone to break after all, but he purposely took it at an awkward angle in order to crack himself and thereby create in me a diversion from my suicidal fare. After all, there's nothing like a little physical pain to divert suicides from their intentions. Be that as it may, there was no end of a crack and jar, a great slither came off the side of him, and I ate no more cherry-kernels that day. Of course if I had been properly grateful I should have taken him straight to the dentist's ; but I was selfish in those

days, like most people futilely bent on suicide, and a phase of my selfishness was a cowardly fear of dentists. So I never took him ; and, his spoiled, splintered shape making him peculiarly pervious to the attacks of disease, I callously watched him wasting away. For the most part I didn't think of him consciously. I refused to. I lied to myself the Platonic lie in the soul. But deeper down I never once forgot him ; and at times I consciously though secretly wondered when, growing too carious for use and endurance, he would be revenged on my pusillanimity by offering me the alternative of the dentist aggravated like a postponed Gregory powder, and the customary agonies of toothache. Well, in course of time he naturally began to make himself felt ; and it was now my cowardice stood me a while in good stead. For the first touch of pain drove me sweating to a dentist—I was already experiencing the more frightful aches of which I knew this was but the prelude. Moreover, I was at the University by this time and was in for my finals at the close of the ensuing term. And as I knew very well that my work was in such a state of preparation that I should have to trust to the inspiration of the exam. room to rescue me from deserved disgrace (my cowardice not being by any means limited to my treatment of my teeth), I felt that complete physical ease would be peculiarly indispensable to me at the moment of crisis. But even so I was only able to get myself to the dentist at the very end of my vacation, so that he found it quite impossible to finish his job with Timothy before my return. He accordingly arranged to repair the ravages in Timothy with some temporary substitute, and after my exam. I was to go back for the final restoration. But alas ! cowardice has a form, laziness ; and, accordingly, being out of immediate pain, I did not go back. Moreover, I had paid half the fee and was going to pay the other half on completion. So I was wondering what the dentist would do if I never went back and—oh ! monstrous romantic self-deception—the temporary repairs held permanently good. In this state of mind, with occasional periods of impotent panic when I foresaw and presensed all the agonising horrors that must be in store for me whenever the temporary stopping should at last have faded away, I remained, paralytically unable to move either hand or foot to reach the dentist. I could only wonder perspiringly whether the nerve was killed (I knew nothing of the practical details of dentistry, being too frightened when in the chair of torture to make any observations on the physical world), and whether, if I had to have it out, the operator would make a mistake with the gas, so that the time of my unconsciousness would not synchronise

with that of his activity. At times the thought of this possible accident obsessed me entirely.

So months and years passed by, and then one day my brother went to the dentist and brought back a message that he would like to finish my tooth. Later a bill came from him—not so soon though as you might have expected—for the amount due on completion. The arrival of this gave me more twinges of conscience, and I wondered acutely what was the moral and legal position. He certainly had not completed the job, but that was not his fault; he had declared his willingness and it was I who had failed. Undoubtedly, but for me the tooth would by now have been permanently stopped. Accordingly was he or was he not entitled to ask me for the full amount of the agreed fee? I assumed, by the way, that by now—it was already three years ago since I had visited him—he had forgotten the exact circumstances of the case, and that the bill had come in merely owing to his having seen some unpaid amount down in his books, without his knowing that it was for an uncompleted piece of work. As transpired afterwards, he had really sent it in as a reminder that I was to go to him again—and he *did* know all about it. The bill eventually got paid among some others without being noticed. But all unknown it was working—it *had* worked—in the unconscious part of me.

One day, being sick of life and plunged in a grumbling fit, coupled with a 'necessity for self-calumniation' (like Byron's), I got on to the subject of my teeth, and of Timothy in particular. 'Rotten weather,' I said, and flew off at a series of tangents, e.g., 'I haven't done any work to-day'—and—'I shall never by any chance make any money—nobody would employ me—and I shall have gout before I'm much older—I had a premonitory symptom in my big toe this morning just before I got up. That's the worst of lying in bed too long—it gives all your incipient diseases time to make themselves apparent—but I can't help it. Of course it may have been pins and needles, but I'm sure it really was gout—we're a gouty family, you know, and it missed the last generation—and even pins and needles is probably only a sign of approaching general paralysis; and then my teeth—there's that tooth I broke on a cherry-stone years ago and has never been properly stopped—that's sure to wake up again soon and give me zip'—and so on and so forth. I have only one rule on these occasions—and that is not to wind up, as other people do, with 'such is life' or some other submissive formula. No, I refuse to be beaten—I refuse to disbelieve in my own bad temper—for it is the last remnant and reminder I possess of the

romantic dreams of my youth. So I cling to it. But that's by the way.

Just about this time my brother was going again to the dentist in his straightforward efficient way, and he offered when there to make an appointment for me. I believe he meant it in kindness. And, as I have said, the idea of the bill—being paid, mind you—had been working in my subliminal self, so that much to my surprise I agreed. Probably he had timed his offer with the accuracy born of long experience of me. There is a time between grumbles, when you have just finished one and haven't got on to the next, when in fact you are merely jockeying for place in the next grumble—a time when you are at the mercy for the moment of the most sensible suggestions. So I accepted the offer, and in due course found myself committed to a visit at 10.15 on the following Monday morning. It was surprising how little I brooded on the coming crisis. But what bore me up was my vain sense of my own courage—I was actually anticipating the pain—I was going to the dentist before experiencing the ache. I was overwhelmed by this consciousness of my own forethought and bravery in facing the music. And vanity cast out fear—just as a swashbuckler could fight better with a big ostrich feather in his hat. In fact, my knowledge of my own virtue and pluck was a sort of war-paint to me. So Sunday passed quietly. But Monday morning is always a ticklish time. It is the worst day of all the week for getting up—worse even than Sunday—for on Sunday you are helped by the knowledge that you needn't really get up at all if you don't want to; and accordingly you leap from your bed—oh, just to prove what a decent fellow you are when not driven too hard. But Monday—there's the reaction then, and all the week to face, moreover. The dentist lived an hour's journey away, so I needed to finish breakfast by 9.15 or earlier—a proposition that proved hopelessly unfeasible. My brother said: 'You always let me down like this—you let me make an appointment for you and then you won't trouble yourself to keep it.' I said: 'Oh, bother! Umberto (that was the dentist's name) knows I'm an old fraud by this time, so three-quarters of an hour more or less won't make any odds. Besides, I'm already three years and a half late—what can a few extra minutes matter?'

So I arrived at Umberto's at 11.15. I don't imagine Monday morning is a very busy time with dentists. Anyhow, he seemed quite gratified to see me. I entered the sanctum. I took the chair, feeling very heroic meanwhile. Here was I doing the thing I hadn't dared to do all this time. Umberto did the trick. I won't dwell on my emotions at this point. He declared the

rest of my teeth sound, and added : ' You must enjoy very good health.' This was a frightful double blow for a confirmed hypochondriac. However, I stood it fairly well, and answered like a successful worldling. Umberto found that Timothy's temporary stopping had not entirely disappeared. Though he had built for but six months, it had remained for forty-two. I complimented him on his really Egyptian thoroughness. There was something pyramidal in the solidity of a temporary stopping that endured so long. So Umberto made a good job of it and finished it off. Of this period I have but one observation to make. It concerns holding your mouth open when the dentist turns away to get something. If he would leave his finger in your mouth or anything like that, there would be little or no difficulty, but to be left entirely on your own and gaping is very hard. It's very hard to keep it up. I found the best way was to pretend that one of the big disc-shaped patterns on the window-curtain was the moon, and at this I gazed with the abstraction demanded of the admirers of that satellite. I disposed my mind to vacant awe. This plan worked admirably. Vacant moonstruck awe of itself demands an open mouth, and I became so absorbed in my astronomical trance that I scarcely noticed when Umberto returned from his exploration among the neighbouring cupboards.

Well, I was done. The miniature pickaxe, anvil, and bellows were all removed from my mouth. I said Thank-you and went out rather guiltily, because I wasn't paying (though in paying I should have presented just as guilty a mien). For it was at present only subconsciously that I knew that bill was already paid. I only discovered it for a fact several days later in looking through a receipt-file. Umberto said : ' It mightn't be all right another time,' and I answered : ' No, I don't intend to leave it so long again.' And as I went out of the door, I reflected that Timothy had at last reached his maturity, that now he could settle down, battered and patched though he was, to anticipated years of useful service. I felt strangely light and the whole texture of my flesh was loosened, as I was flashed along in the Tube and determined to write his history.

1913.

L'IMBECILIO

I AM a muddle-headed ass.
The moments and the minutes pass
And mingle to a blob of Time.
My weltering spirit cannot climb

To its old pinnacle of Will
 And hold the seconds disparate,
 But in the marsh I sprawl and spill,
 Like some amœba, grown too great.
 The senses bring their former gift
 Of data that I cannot sift.
 Before me, as I sit and write,
 The paper spreads a stupid white :
 I 'm conscious of its wild attack,
 But blow for blow cannot give back.
 And that geranium with its head
 Of bloom, a vaguely-outlined red,—
 What is it, but a senseless blur
 That makes no pattern in the mind ?
 It sits and stares, nor seeks to stir
 A thought of anything behind.
 O heathen world of love and hate,
 Made true because desire is great,
 What art thou when desire grows dim
 And all thy sound and sheen and smell
 Are suddenly too sadly prim
 For shimmered Heaven, welded Hell ?

HELL

For Hell 's a solid-looking place ;
 Dull smoky gold it glooms each way ;
 Thick satiating fumes efface
 Its molten metal's native ray.
 To see and hear avail not much,
 But all 's subservient to the Touch.
 To breathe there is to gasp and bite,
 And, moving through its half-lit night,
 Are figures which to grasp and hold
 Reveals as fully firm and bold.
 No thought, no art, no culture there !
 Nothing grows tenuous and rare :
 No dream or doubt is ever known :
 The soul, contentedly concrete,
 Is solid as a paving-stone,
 And probably is good to eat.
 And—good for you, you devilish race !—
 The *n*th dimension rules your space.

So contact is perpetual
 Between each thing within Hell's bound :
 All deathless bodies touch with all
 The others on that ghostless ground.
 And yet the Ego's lost, compressed
 To mingle vaguely with the rest
 And make a slab impersonal—
 Each to himself is all in all.
 O tactile value, welded Hell,
 How might I win with thee to dwell ?

HEAVEN

Now Heaven is compact of light,
 A kinoplasticon effect ;
 Above, below, to left and right,
 The shafts unsubstanced intersect.
 Whatever of illusive shape
 Appears there to an alien eye
 Is owing to their power to ape
 The qualities of density.
 Ethereal strands in millions cross
 And close into a twisted knot,
 And so the *mind* is at a loss
 And thinks a *Thing* within that spot.
 That kernel of hallucination
 Is but the soul's transfiguration.
 For whom the holy spirit saves
 Is turned to light-inducing waves.
 All personality is lost ;
 The Ego, infinitely split,
 Resolves to nothings ether-tossed
 The primal qualities of it.
 It were an unattractive fate,
 If it did not eliminate
 With Being all desire to be—
 The Absolutely-Nil is free !
 I don't like Heaven so much as Hell,
 But if I'm breaking up . . . O, well ! . . .

LIMBO

If souls in Limbo do or don't
Exist I cannot tell,—so won't.

But this I tell is strictly true :—
 My soul does there—whate'er they do,
 And does it now, and all the while,
 And, though I fain would vent my bile
 In anti-limbar diatribe,
 The place somehow I can't describe.
 It 's instant, yet it isn't real,
 It 's not material, nor ideal ;
 No realm of phantasy and dreams,
 No region of romance and rhyme ;
 Part negative it is, yet seems
 Half boggled up with space and time.
 Desires endure a half-eclipse,
 And ever on its people's lips
 You hear these accents peevish-sad :—
 ' I 'd like to want and wish I had.'
 Yes, Limbo is a nasty hole,
 Revolting to my Stoic soul.

EARTH

Then Earth—Well, what about it ?—Damn !
 That 's in a way just where I am.
 Yet somehow since my hour of birth
 I couldn't quite hitch on to Earth.
 Yet—Damn and Blast ! And Blast and Damn !—
 The Earth is surely where I am.
 I 'm on the Earth, I 'm on its crust,—
 I must remember that, I must !
 But O ! it is a hopeless strain
 To bear that fact within my brain.

Meanwhile, six inches from my head
 Gaillardias blossom orange-red :
 I look at them—they look at me—
 Free-will and Immortality !
 And parsley lies upon a plate—
 What *is* the sense of fighting Fate ?
 There 's nothing new beneath the sun !—
 O Solomon, O Solomunn !

LOYAL AND HEROIC BALLAD OF THE BLOODY
WARS IN FRANCE

WHEN I listed for a soldier in the bloody wars in France,
I rather wanted for to die, and 'twas a likely chance ;
For Joy she was a fickle quean and Sorrow was a dun—
If I didn't like the Germans, I 'd a hatred of the sun.

I listed for the trenches, where I thought I should be sent,
But Regent's Park and Hampstead were the places where I went ;
They drilled me and platooned me, and they tried to make me
strong,
Till they put me on a troopship, that was sailing to Rouong.

So there was I in bloody France, but never in a trench,
For they set me in a little yard, a-guarding General French,
Staring blankly at a rose-bush, an hour or two to stand,
With my bayonet in my rifle, and my rifle in my hand.

And as I stood communing there, I thought this sort of war,
If it wasn't very dangerous, was certainly a bore.
But every day I thought and thought, until one morning I
Found somehow I was thinking that I didn't want to die.

But they said, ' You 'll be an officer,' and stuck to it until
The day I lost my temper at the Sergeant-Major's drill.
The Sergeant-Major glared at me—his eye was apple-green—
He ticked me off before them all—and, fit to burst his spleen,

Says he, ' I 'll have to talk to you—and thank your lucky stars
You aren't inside the guardroom, behind the iron bars.'
So I went for him to talk to me at twenty-five past four,
And he talked to me most sorrowful, like a parson to a whore.

Says he, ' If I 'd gone on like you, I 'd be a private yet ;
For there 's *one* rule in the army that you never may forget—
So long as you don't *show* it, you may *think* just what you please,
But to-day what you was thinking—why, I saw it all with ease.'

Next morning the lieutenant—I had to go to him :
He was a pleasant gentleman, most tender, neat and trim ;
I 'd heard him sing the tenor songs, a-puckering his brow—
So softly as a little bird, he murmured to me now :

' You were laughing, you were sulking—yet the charge is incomplete ;
Gross insubordination might be entered on your sheet :
But I *won't* give you field-punishment, I *won't* give you C.B.,
You hereby are admonished, but otherwise go free :

' And you can't have a commission till you 've learnt more self-control.'
I didn't know when that might be, but I pondered in my soul
It was pleasant to be labelled as ' Not good enough to die '—
Yet the barracks were a dungeon, and they made me long to fly.

But though I went on thinking, I couldn't make a plan,
Till I heard there was an opening for an educated man
With the Chemical Adviser, somewhere south along the line ;
Thinks I, ' He is the man for me, we 'll suit each other fine ! '

They asked, ' Do you know physics ? ' but I didn't change my plan,
I kept repeating gently, ' I 'm an educated man.'
They looked at one another and they said, ' He doesn't know
A thing, but time is pressing, so we 'd better let him go.'

They taught me how to measure wind, then sent me in a train
To the Chemical Adviser, who was stationed at ——
With the sanitary section, a low-down sort of men,
I lodged, and studied a machine for breathing oxygen.

I also fed canaries, but I didn't like the work,
And all my time was spent upon devising how to shirk ;
In the Y.M.C.A. reading, I would recreate my mind,
Till one day I told an officer, ' I much prefer the wind.'

Next evening I had orders down to —— to go,
A motor-car was waiting in the stable-yard below ;
The sanitary section may I never meet again—
I left them playing pitch-and-toss by the grease-pits of ——.

So here I am at ——, and walk upon the hill ;
Although I measure hurricanes, my heart is calm and still ;
The temperature and pressure I watch them rise and fall,
But my heartstrings never waver, they are steady through it all.

And so, Long Live His Majesty, likewise our gracious Queen ;
God Save and Bless the Prince of Wales, wherever he be seen ;
May we, their loyal soldiers, never lack a tot of rum
To help us send the Kaiser on his way to Kingdom Come.

1915

RIPAE ULTERIORIS AMORE

SOMEHOW I keep remembering
How years ago I went
Up to the pass of Semmering,
And the day that there I spent.

The torrent's rock-bed parches
In the August sun, and still
The train climbs o'er the arches
And tunnels into the hill.

Under the rocky arches,
And into the glare with a burst,
Over the brickwork arches
That hang to the cliff, the first

Of the mountain-railways ascending
Fills the engine with groans,
As did their toil unending
The men who cut these stones.

Craning your neck and bending,
You see, just over the way,
The hills, and the engine ascending,
Like the back and wings at a play.

The beetle that scurries and skims on
A velvety ribbon must
Be a motor-car painted crimson
On the highway white with dust.

A road of metal and camber—
But their bones still rot below
Who trafficked the secret amber
From the Baltic to the Po.

And here where the gorge runs narrow,
 And crags frown over the breach,
 Where a single well-spiced arrow
 Might carry from each to each,

The fang-like stones of the ruin
 Show where the baron made
 His eyrie for the undoing
 Of the little folk of trade.

* * * * *

Here 's the station ! Your ticket !
 Max there, give up your half !
Give it to the man, don't flick it
 Into his face and laugh !

Max and Rudi and Moritz—
 Twenty were we in all,
 Twenty or thereabouts, for it 's
 Beyond me now to recall.

And out of the twenty, some sixteen
 I s'pose, were lovely girls ;
 We males, a quartette, were mixt in
 Like swine 'mid buckets of pearls.

All wore low-necked dresses
 And ostrich plumes in their hats,
 Musical-comedy dresses,
 And musical-comedy hats.

Gisi, with whom I was smitten ;
 Mizzi, who tried, when she sat,
 To fidget about like a kitten—
 Mizzi had grown to a cat.

Her finger-nails they were talons ;
 She was twenty-six, if a day ;
 But slim—she refused all the gallons
 Of lager that came her way.

Gisi—eighteen or under—
 She 'd never care to be lean—
 Lips just parted asunder,
 Primrose teeth in between.

Corally-pink her complexion,
Hazel-green were her eyes,
Coppery hair—a confection
Of colour-scheme harmonies.

And one was flaxen and German,
And another a Magyar brunette,
But each was a text for a sermon
On the world, the devil, et cetera.

How did we spend the day there ?
It 's years ago—I 've almost
Forgotten—of course we 'd a way there
Of drinking and crying ' Pros't.'

To the pass's top we wended,
The white stone there to sean,
Where Lower Austria ended,
And the Styrian land began.

And we climbed a little mountain,
And at the top, or near,
We came to a little fountain
Of blessed lager beer.

Little else could we see there,
Though cyclamen bloomed in our tracks
And high in the gentian ether
The desert peak of the Rax.

What did we eat there ? Ah me !
Memory fails : no doubt
'Twas butterbrot, salami,
Leberwurst, sauerkraut.

Let me again return there,
And watch the blue smoke wreath
From the incense I may burn there
To thy primrose-coloured teeth.

I will go dreaming and dawdling :
Green are the memories,
Gisi, o'er which I 'll grow maudlin,
Greener than thy green eyes.

FREDERICK GOODYEAR

But a curse on the lust of nations
 (Or whatever it is is wrong !)
 'Twixt me and my heart's foundations
 The long war waxes strong.

And I must await, though I want so
 To muse on the ghost of our youth,
 The Italian on the Izonzo,
 The Muscovite on the Pruth.

And oh that my heart could utter
 The thoughts that arise when I fear
 That you're probably stinted of butter
 And ices and lager beer !

Does a lack of delikatessen
 Seem a divine reproof ?
 Are you seen every day confessing
 Under St. Stephen's roof ?

Before the monument florid
 That tells how Poland's king
 Chased the Muslims abhorred
 Away from Vienna's ring,

Where John Sobieski's impression
 Grows in the marble and gold,
 You told me your last confession
 Was certainly three years old.

And ' Three black bugs those creatures '—
 So you englished your hate
 Of the anabaptist preachers
 In Meyerbeer's ' Der Prophet.'

No ! Never shall Inanition
 Prevail over Fancy's dart
 To harrow with superstition
 Thy easy and careless heart !

* * * * *

I ouass nit ouass soll es bedeiten
 Doss isch zo traurisch bin,
 That you're one of the enemy ' leiten '
 And to name you is almost a sin.

Hans Breitmann has got him a hyphen,
 And he 's grown mean and sad ;
 There used to be twice the life in
 The cheerful old drunken ead.

He 's given up all his soobyectif—
 And he can't kiss the Mexican frau,
 Matilda Yane—I suspect, if
 He ever makes love to her now.

And the earth grows little and paltry,
 Even Hell is damped and shrunk,
 And Eden's pride, the tall tree,
 Is now but a rotten trunk.

And nothing is worth the singing,
 And the only folk who sing
 Are the folk who wouldn't be singing
 Were there anything left to sing.

Though the heavens are open o'er me,
 They are but the grave made plain ;
 For a sign has erashed before me,
 A shell-ripped aeroplane.

I sit in the twilight : night falls,
 W.O.T.B.G. ¹
 The star-shell white and bright falls,
 The Brigade is gone O.P. ²

O Semmering ! O Rax-top !
 Ye memories of peace !
 When shall the world's war-wrack stop ?
 When shall we have surcease ?

Oh schönes Austrian maid with
 The copper-coloured hair !—
 But I 'm glad I haven't stayed with
 You in the Austrian air.

I fear I 'd never have got in
 The K.K. weather-büro,
 And by now I 'd have gathered a shot in
 Somewhere 'twixt head and toe.

¹ = Wipe Out The Bloody Germans.

² = Over the parapet (here).

FREDERICK GOODYEAR

Wert thou a visitation,
 Gisi, of Satan revealed,
 To me that thy fascination
 Might lure me to death on the field ?

Was 't of the fourth dimension,
 The power in thy green eye-ball ?
 Thank God, I fell in intention—
 'Twas better than not at all !

Ah well, I 'm a dull sort of fellow,
 As dull as a drone in a hive—
 But I 'll never forget Gisela—
 And thank my stars I 'm alive !

1916.

THE METEOROLOGISTS

' He that observeth the winds shall not sow ; and he that regardeth the clouds shall not reap. The fowls of the air do not sow or reap . . . Yet Solomon . . . , etc. etc.

WE are the men the Kaiser fears
 In all his machinations,
 Who turn his lordly smiles to tears,
 His hopes to desperations.

The rifle, bomb, and bayonet,
 The howitzer and maxim,
 Are well enough, of course, but yet
 They 're not the thing that whacks him.

For idle is the rifle's crack,
 Machine guns idly rattle,
 And idly aeroplanes attack,
 When fog divides the battle.

Thick thawing snow delays the assault
 Before the bullets volleyed—
 What, were the weather men at fault,
 And swore 'twas frozen solid ?

And who would spurt the stifling gas,
 When wild north-easters raven ?—
 Who spy from air the Huns that mass
 Within the cloud-bank's haven ?

* * * * *

The weather-men they sit at ease,
 Unpraying and unfasting,
 Fate laid upon their breech'd knees
 By charting and forecasting.

They say, ' The balmy zephyrs blow,
 Force three, direction twenty ;
 Then let the poison gases go,
 And give the blighters plenty ! '

For weather-men that sit at ease,
 And seem so mild and lamb-like,
 Grow proud upon their breech'd knees,
 And devil-like and damn-like.

And men, who, clad in trousered tweeds,
 Earth's beaten track trod plainly,
 Now 'tired as if to grapple steeds,
 Walk puffily and vainly.

They say amid the threshing rain,
 ' Behold, the breeze is veering,
 The conscious metal mounts amain—
 To-night the sky is clearing.

' Though cirro-stratus' milky stain
 May blur the azure crystal,
 Launch boldly to the aery main
 The Farman and the Bristol.'

When red-hats crave in suppliant tone,
 They chant their answer mantic :
 ' Beware ! The sinister cyclone
 Whirls up the mad Atlantic.

' One shining day we grant, and then
 Cast hence thy weight, O ether !
 Back wind, lower sky with nimbus ten,
 Fall rain without a breather !

'Be warned ; thou proud, red-hatted man,
 Resign thy schemes chimeric,
 Attacks will pass beneath the ban
 Of demons atmospheric.

'Remember bold Sir Patrick Spens !
 Like Scotland's royal master,
 Who spurn their expert weather-men's
 Advice, embrace disaster.

'Spens knew of no mercurial aid,
 Nor e'en the scale of Beaufort ;
 Though lacking method in his trade,
 He 'd something else to show for 't.

'Untrained, he yet had wisdom, so
 List humbly to yours truly ;
 We are both wiser than you know,
 And educated duly !'

* * * * *

O'er hills where airs benighted float
 On light untrammelled pinion,
 Companioned by the fox and stoat,
 We send our faithful minion.¹

His feet disturb the sleepy lark,
 The wavering star-shells blind him,
 He hears the distant watch-dog's bark,
 The night-owl shriek behind him.

With knightly thrill he sees the lights
 Grow dimmer in the valley,
 When towards the well-known feeding-sites
 The clucking coveys rally.

And flocking finches leave the grass
 With busy twittered trebles,
 Or rippling, myriad-rustling, pass
 Like water over pebbles.

¹ That 's me (Author)—All poets given to indirect egotistical allusion should adopt elucidatory footnotes of this kind.

He also sees that other thing—
 The crescent light grown colder :
 Day pauses ere she dare to spring,—
 God taps him on the shoulder.

He steps below the rounded crest,
 Past is the watch assigned him ;
 He steps towards the homely west.
 Yet must he look behind him.

(So turned that figure in her path,
 Who fled from Sodom's burning,
 A moment saw the nameless wrath,
 And stiffened in her turning.

So Cain was turned to meet God's ire,
 And saw His banners flaring,
 The smoking and the smokeless pyre,
 The curse-thing dumbly staring.)

He sees the Void, enormous, white,
 Stretch upward shapeless fingers
 Into the hanging arch, where Night
 Still falteringly lingers.

Then one might meet him in the vale,
 Fast striding o'er the stubble,
 With brooding eyes like some old tale
 Of vague and muted trouble.

Across the plough he fades from view,
 The clods about him spilling,
 As if the scholar-gypsy too
 Had taken the King's shilling.

* * * * *

Wow, wow ! We are the weather-men,
 The always-tell-you-whether men,
 The horned, great, bell-wether men
 Who lead the silly flocksters.
 Ha ha ! You scent the cloven hoof !
 Ho ho ! We are the final spoof !
 No tile is loose upon our roof ;
 We get a bag of public oof
 To tuck beneath our oxters.

But hush ! That was not our authentic voice ;
Some enemy within us spoke the words ;
And now we hear a sweeter, purer strain
Preparing in our inner consciousness.

O mystic Meteorology,
Daughter of old Astrology,
Who dost thy servants dower
With horoscopic power
To tell the lucky hour,
That every mortal man who would
Encompass his appropriate good
Must seek thy chosen prophet,
Or else he will make nothing of it,—
Thou who can'st tell the farmer when to reap,
Seeing great anti-cyclones slowly sweep
Hither across the western deep,
Lulling the rains to sleep ;
Thou bidd'st the Arabian sailor trade no more
To palm-wrapt Mangalore,
But port his buggalow
Ere the monsoon shall blow ;
Thou whisperest in the passive moujik's ear, ' Oh,
Cease thy toil,
For months far under zero
The mercury declines : ' so may he rest
Prone on the stove, thrice-blest,
And only rise the samovar to boil,
Or haply the long-prisoned fires to stoke,
And his inventilable beard to choke
With trickles of eye-reddening smoke ;

And thou the boot-black boy
Starving 'mid dry north-easters comfortest,
Promising cumulo-nimbus to deploy
The passing showers he ever loveth best ;

By thee the lover knows which night
The moon will blossom in unclouded splendour,
Making his mistress a most tempting sight,
Making her words exceptionally tender ;
By thee he knows, by thee he knows aright
The advent of another darker night.

O Meteorology, by thee all things
Are brought to all men. Lonely Fate is highest,
Yet of all powers that sit beneath her wings
Thou art her chosen dear one, thou sit'st nighest,
Thou seann'st the secrets of her inmost heart,
Inscrutable to others. For thou art
A very goddess, and a queen of gods
Whose honoured rites depend upon thy nods.
The tizzicky old lady, very wealthy,
Thou tellest of next Sunday's fogs unhealthy ;
Infallibly thy words confine her to
Her mansion and of weekly church deprive her,
So shall the sidesman pass an empty pew,
And Jesus Christ is poorer by a fiver.

Thou lovest them that bow to thy behest,
But terribly, great Queen, thou visitest
Thy wrath upon the unrighteous who forget.
'Twas thou the insolent Austrian priests didst wet
Who, when the land with months of drought was parched,
Robed in their rich emblazoned vestments, marched
In long procession up the mountain way,
There on the summit impiously to pray
Their god for water. Ere they could return,
Their eyes beheld with undisguised concern
Their prayers, it seemed, were answered. Helter skelter,
Clutching his skirts with womanish weak hand,
Each broidered priestling bustled into shelter,
Marring effects most sedulously planned.
Too late, too late ! The thunder-cloud broke madly,
And tarnished crimson cloth and costly laces,
And shamed the tinsel, gilt and fustian sadly.
A thousand priests thus ran a thousand races,
And caught a thousand chills. For no one there
Had taken his umbrella to the prayer.
But, Goddess, had they sought thy divination,
Thou would'st have saved them their humiliation.

So may our enemies be ever thine ;
Reveal us ever more the certain sign
Of pressure systems gathering in the West ;
So may our arms with victory be blest.

But if thou show them in the hated East,
Then have we sinned against thy Goddeshead
And are undone before the German Beast.

Have mercy on us, for thou art most dread.

1916.

CONFESSION OF A METEOROLOGIST SITTING IN AN ARMSTRONG HUT

LIKE a Buddha in his shrine,
Here I sit cross-legged in mine
On my sacking bed, and pore
On the world beyond my door.
There the world goes day by day
All along the open way.

Men go marching by whose knees
Bend beneath their heavy packs,
Like the figures in a frieze,
Watching each the next man's tracks.

Officers of doubtful mien
Often are ariding seen,
Stieking out their shiny boots
And acknowledging salutes.

Mobile anti-aircraft lorries
Like fire-engines seek their quarries.
Or the motor-cycles hum—
Tum-tum-tum-tum-tum-tum-tum.

And above them in the sky
Aeroplanes go labouring by,
Round about them break a few
Shells like cotton on the blue,
While I watch the smoky track
From the brewery chimney-stack.

When I see the wind-rose cleft
By a fading smudge to left,
Then I know the wind is west
And the British gas is blest.

But, if towards the right it blows,
Then 'tis time to mind my nose,
Lest a whiff most chlorinous
Waft me down to Tartarus.

But we 'll change the subject, for
I don't want to talk of war.

Just before me I behold
Pear-trees rooted in the mould ;
And, beyond, the flattened bogs
Filled with clucking chirping frogs.
In and out the growing crops
They perform their curious hops.
Swallows swoop above them, and
Cuckoos cry on every hand.
On the wire the yellowhammer
May be heard to wheeze and stammer
Or the wagtail with blue head
Softly calls his mate to bed.
Skylarks in the middle sky
Seem no larger than a fly ;
Midges just above my forelock
Loom as big as broom-spied warlock :
Judgment is entirely wrecked, if
You allow not for perspective.
Then the breeze comes puffing out.
Turns the willow-leaves about,
Till, where formerly was green,
Only white and grey are seen.

Like a Buddha here I sit
Till I 'm fairly sick of it.
Yet I 'm not like him, for I
Get no pious offertory.
Though I sit for ever here,
None will bring a mug of beer ;
Ev'n if that be thought improper,
None will substitute a copper.
No, no man of dusky tint 'll
Place a thing upon my lintel.
So, when I have Buddhed long,
I must join the earthy throng,

And, to nourish my intestine,
 Ask the cook to fill my mess-tin.
 Then I Buddh again till bed,
 While the mice eat up my bread ;
 And the nightmare, growing strong,
 Screams into my ear ' How long ? '

* * * * *

PART II

Hence, oh hence, abhorrèd labour,
 Of unrest the friend and neighbour :
 Though with boredom I decay,
 Let me Buddh and Buddh away.
 Better anything than work—
 Let me die, or let me shirk !
 Only now and then my feet
 Shall divide the rye and wheat
 And shall press a path to where,
 Upright in free-moving air,
 I behold my standard's top
 Lifted o'er the bowing crop.
 There six times a day I 'll do
 Mete propitiation to
 Æolus, the windy king.
 Bulgar, Magyar, Hun nor Turk 'll
 Ever harm me in a thing,
 If I guard his graded circle.
 Then I 'll speak in straining tone
 Down the tingling telephone,
 Using words whose sound intense
 Well belies their little sense.

Weekly, too, to keep my skin in
 Sanetity I 'll take a tub,
 And thereafter bear my linen
 To the woman at the pub.
 In the soapsuds she shall dip it,
 Wring it, mangle it and rip it.
 Then to fetch it I shall go,
 And to pay her what I owe.
 Looking out with pale-green eyes,
 Where one fleck of sepia-brown
 Makes the pupil twice its size,
 She 'll proceed to do me down ;

Charging extra for her grin,
Where I seem to tumble in.
Thereupon I 'll drink a beer
And return to Buddhing here.

Sometimes, too, I 'll take a pill,
To prevent my growing ill.

Such the cycle of my life,
Free from danger, free from strife.

* * * * *

PART III

Blessed boredom, thou who dost
Dull the iron in the soul
With thy velvet sheath of rust ;
And that stone that fain would roll,
Named the heart, dost anchor down
With thy moss and lichens brown :
Who with decent cobwebs screenest
Every nook and niche obscenest,
Where the hag-witch Memory bakes
Her own ordure into cakes :
Who dost note Life's garment, where
It has grown too rough for wear,
Leading out thy gentle moth
To devour the stubborn cloth :
Who the wanderer's bleeding feet
Guardest if he keep thy trust,
Letting fall the slow soft dust
O'er the too-well-metalled street :
When above us looms the peak,
Thee in patient faith we seek ;
Frost and heat the crag can humble,
In an age or two 'twill crumble ;
We will pass it, when its crown
With the vales is levelled down !
Thou dost eat the works of man,
Loosing forth the sacred wild,—
Thou canst rot the bridge's span—
By thy hand the silt is piled
Till the rivers bear no burden
And the harbours get no guerdon.

Bridge and temple, train and tram,
 Ratchet, rivet, shaft and cam,
 Tube and cylinder and wheel,
 All the shapes of stone and steel
 Thou shalt jumble in thy lap,—
 Then shalt turn at last to scrap :—
 Fill the mine and block the sap,—
 Break the pioneering spades—
 Burst the ribs and snap the blades !

Thine the grasses 'twixt the stones,
 Thine the powdering of old bones ;
 Thine the desert sands that gain
 O'er the cities of the plain ;
 Thine the she-wolf, when she bays
 Where the untended arch decays ;
 Thine the slowly broadening rift
 Where the Atlantean lift
 Of the fungus, crushing through,
 Splits the paven floor in two ;
 Thine the mildew and the mite,
 Thine the locust, thine the blight ;
 Thine all little things that creep
 While the lords of Order sleep ;
 Thine the chaos that resumes
 Sway above the carven tombs !

Peace, my soul ! Thrice-happy fate
 Blissfully to percolate
 Past the hard-edged vaults of Life,
 Past the corner-stones of Strife,
 Past the driven piles of Time,
 Towards the soft maternal Slime,
 Sweet Nostalgie de la Boue,
 Guide me as I filter through !
 Lure me by thy force osmotic
 Through the membrane wall between
 Cosmic things and things chaotic,
 There to swoon and sleep unseen.

Ordered toil of ordered men,
 Toil of sword and toil of pen,
 Everything of meed and measure,
 I shall fade beyond your ken
 Towards my everlasting leisure.

Yet a little time for sorrow—
I 'll be more decayed to-morrow.
Slow and sweet Decomposition,
Sloth and softest Inanition,
Stealthily I feel you grow ;
And the still-diminished glow
Welcome, as I watch my verse
Retrogressively grow worse ;
Till at last my senses balked
Tell me that enough I 've talked,—
Sink me to my settled term,—
Time for Silence and the Worm !

1916.

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